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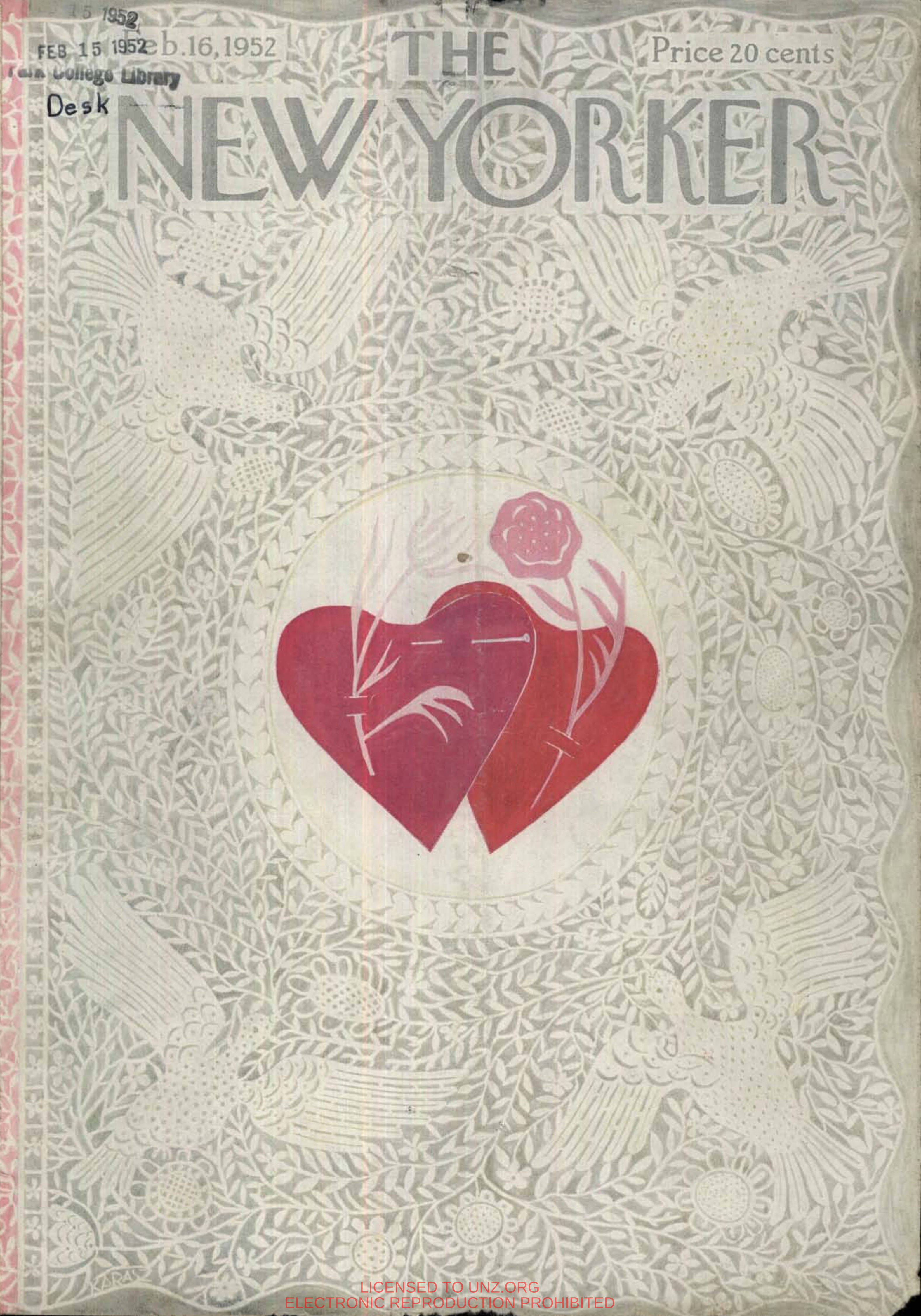

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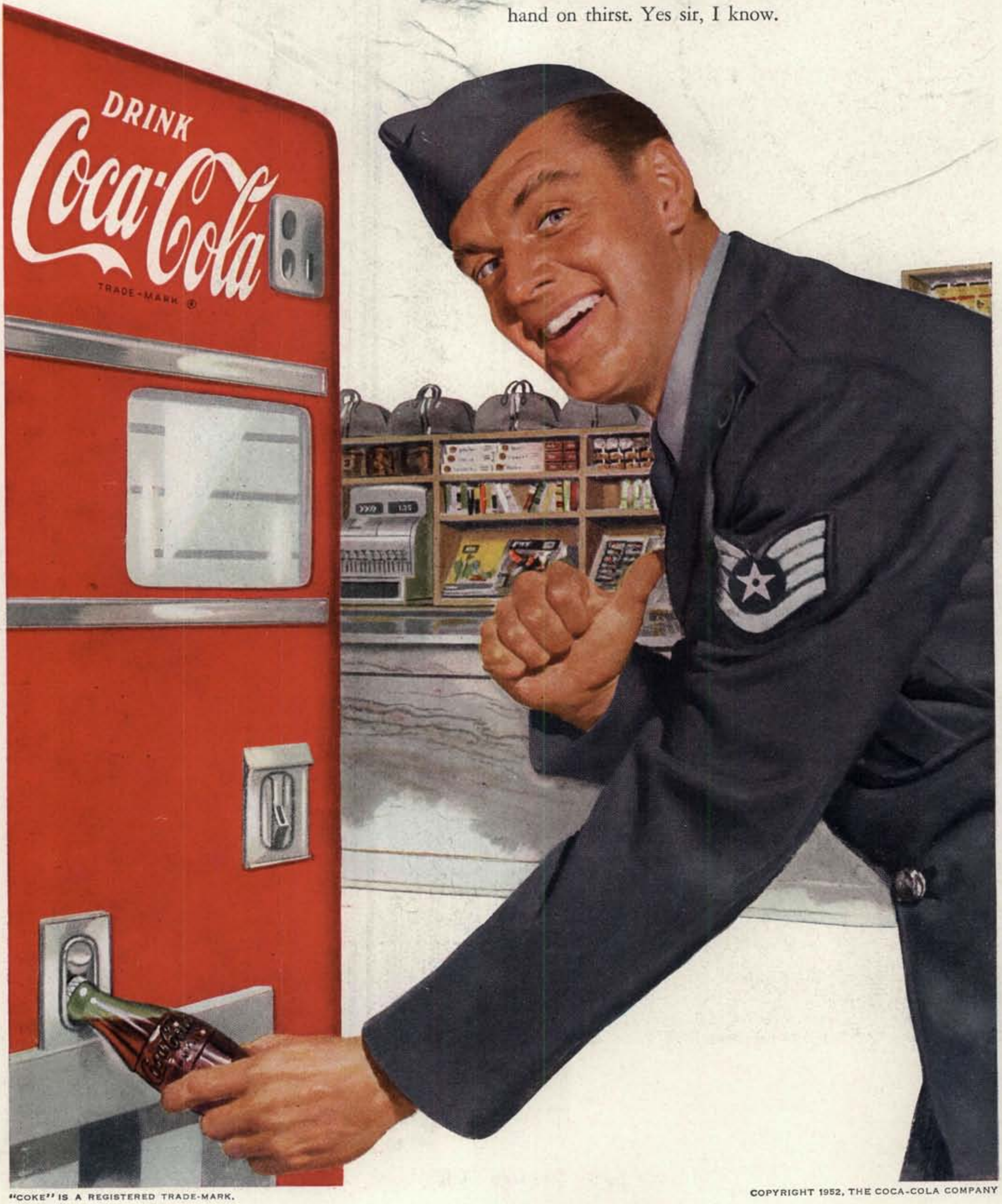

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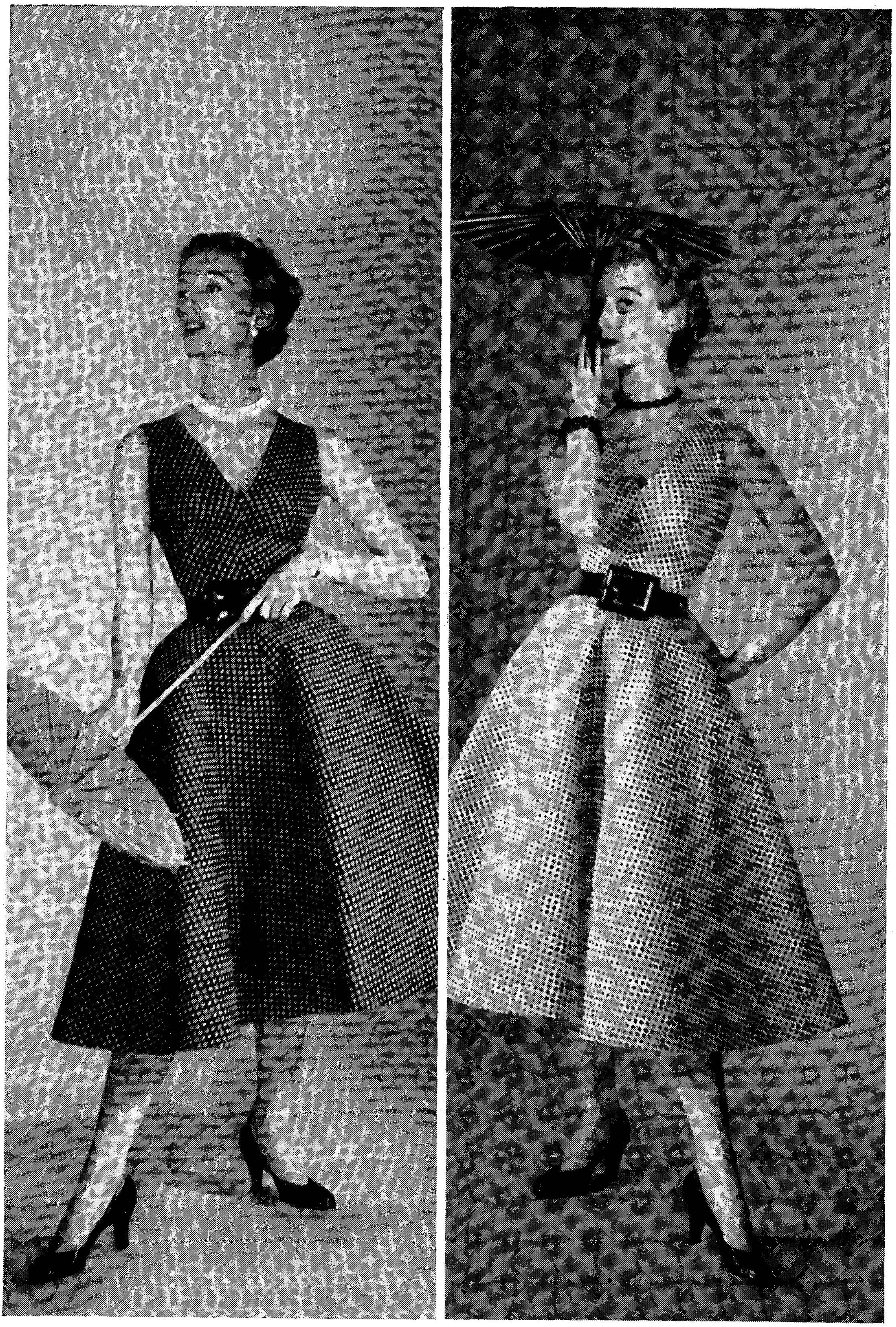

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Caesar and Cleopatra and **Antony and Cleopatra**—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, as stylish as usual, in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Thursday evening, Feb. 14; Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 16; Tuesday evening, Feb. 19; Wednesday matinée, Feb. 20; and Friday evening, Feb. 22. "Antony and Cleopatra": Friday evening, Feb. 15; Monday evening, Feb. 18; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Feb. 20-21; and Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 23. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, April 12.)

The Constant Wife—Somerset Maugham's 1926 comedy concerning a lady who has remarkably superior views about sex has been revived with a cast headed by Katharine Cornell and including Brian Aherne and Grace George. In spite of the efforts of these talented people and of Guthrie McClintic's direction, it shows its age. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Desire under the Elms—Another revival and a good one. Involved in Eugene O'Neill's tragedy about life in a somber New England farmhouse are Karl Malden, Carol Stone, and Douglas Watson. The first in a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. For information about tickets, call JU 2-2660.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are both excellent in Jan de Hartog's play about a not especially eventful marriage. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Gigi—Anita Loos's lively dramatization of the Colette novel. As the young lady whose relatives are determined to establish her as a leading demimondaine in Paris, Audrey Hepburn is altogether charming. Gilbert Miller has provided convincing period surroundings for her, and has given her the aid of such capable actors as Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

I Am a Camera—Julie Harris is wonderful as a high-class British tart in John van Druten's lively, if not particularly distinguished, adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories." With William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Jane—Edna Best and Basil Rathbone, ably supported by Howard St. John, make this drawing-room comedy by S. N. Behrman move along more smoothly than it might otherwise have done. A Maugham story supplied the plot. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Point of No Return—Henry Fonda as the J. P. Marquand hero who chases after success and then isn't sure he wants it when he catches it. Paul Osborn has made an ingenious adaptation of Mr. Marquand's novel, and the production is superlative. Mr. Fonda has the assistance of Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Remains to Be Seen—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse seem to be in an antic mood in this comedy-melodrama having to do with love and homicide, and the outcome is not exactly fortunate. Among those employed in it are Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and James Rennie. It is rocky going for every one of them but they show few signs of strain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Shrike—Joseph Kramm's play, about a man who tries to commit suicide and the woman who drove him to it, is one of the most intelligent and disturbing works of the season. José Ferrer, who is also the director and coproducer, plays the unhappy hero, and his mate is played by Judith Evelyn. Among the others involved in the action, which takes place in a hospital ward, are Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Isabel Bonner, and Kendall Clark. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens—Made up to look like the author, Mr. Williams gives some first-rate recitations from the novels and stories—his best being based on the opening passages of "A Tale of Two Cities." (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday. Through Saturday, March 15.)

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Long Runs—affairs of state: Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick are around, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **the moon is blue:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a boy-gets-girl comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **stalag 17:** A group of ribald American airmen in a German prison camp. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Venus Observed—Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer head the cast of this Christopher Fry comedy. Directed by Laurence Olivier and presented by the Theatre Guild for a limited engagement that will run through Saturday, May 31. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Paint Your Wagon—A piece concerning a California mining town during the Gold Rush, which suffers a bit from a rather untidy plot but has a lot of fine singing and dancing. James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and James Mitchell are among the prospectors and the ladies who complicate their lives. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Pal Joey—A happy recurrence of the famous musical show that John O'Hara and Rodgers and Hart put together twelve years ago for adults of all ages. Harold Lang, Vivienne Segal, Helen Gallagher, Elaine Stritch, and Lionel Stander have a jaunty time putting it through its paces, which haven't slowed down a bit over the years. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—A superbly funny, if elementary, musical, in which Phil Silvers demonstrates that a caricature of Milton Berle can be a lot droller than the model. He is cleverly helped out by Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Two on the Aisle—An up-and-down revue that gets its best elevation when Bert Lahr is running through skits involving spaceships, ball players, opera singers, and Sanitation Department men. Dolores Gray and a good company support Mr. Lahr handsomely. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Long Runs—call me madam: Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Richard Eastham, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner still have the leading parts in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** George Britton is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

MRS. MCTHING—Helen Hayes, Jules Munshin, and Brandon de Wilde in a new play by Mary Chase. The second in a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 20, and will run through Sunday, March 2. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

DEAR BARBARIANS—A comedy by Lexford Richards, with a cast that includes Cloris Leachman, Violet Heming, Betsy von Furstenberg, Donald Murphy, and Nicholas Joy. Produced and directed by Gant Gaither. Opens Thursday, Feb. 21. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Washington's Birthday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Feb. 14: "Concerto Barocco," "Ballade" (première), "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk." . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 15: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 16: "The Duel," "The Pied Piper," "Pas de Trois," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 16: "Serenade," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 17: "Swan Lake," "Ballade," "A la Francaix," and "La Valse." . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 17: "Concerto Barocco," "Lilac Garden," "Age of Anxiety," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 19: "Mother Goose Suite," "Divertissement Classique" (première), "Tyl Ulenspiegel," and "Cakewalk." . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 20: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," "Pas de Trois," and "The Pied Piper." . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 21: "Card Game," "Bayou" (première), "The Cage," and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 22: "Swan Lake," "Orpheus," "Lilac Garden," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Bayou," "A la Francaix," and "La Valse." . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 23: "Symphonie Concertante," "Firebird," "A la Francaix," and "La Valse." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 16.)

TALLEY BEATTY—In a dance recital called "Tropicana." (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

VAUDEVILLE—Through Sunday, Feb. 24, Judy Garland, Señor Wences, Giselle and François Szony, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—On the floor of the sedate Trianon Room, except Sundays, there's dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band. At cocktail time, William Adler fools around with his violin in the rotunda.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet provides string music during dinner in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays. Except Sundays, the quartet plays at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—It won't remind the veterans of the dear departed Ritz until they discover that Emery Deutsch's musicians are still on hand at dinner in the big restaurant. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A hanging garden that must have been left over from comfy, carefree old Babylon. Ted Straeter and his hand-picked henchmen start their rhapsodic dance music around nine-thirty. There's a rumba band, too, for addicts. . . . ¶ In the small, good-looking Plush Room, George Feyer's piano, which is European in flavor, begins at eight. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and kings eventually depart, but only because of the curfew. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room's ice show, the pretty girls are sometimes costumed as daiquiris and sometimes as Confederate pfc.s, but the discerning eye can easily penetrate these innocent disguises. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has Hildegarde, the girl who made Milwaukee and Mack trucks famous. Dancing to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band. On Sundays, a dinner show only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper every night in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jean Sablon, bland, benign, and beguiling, puts those old Sablon touches on a bunch of presentable ballads in the Persian Room, where the adagio-type Andrea Dancers are also appearing. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's orchestras take care of the guests' exercises. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras slither from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Freddy Martin's great big band is now ensconced in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a practice hall for new songbirds this season, has just moved Juliana Larson up from the junior varsity. She sings at dinner and supper; the dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around the whole evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Hugo Pedell is again the host of the social little Carnaval Room, where his band and Jan Brunesco's play perkily from dinner through supper. Odette Myrtil, one of the older but brighter lights of Broadway, sings for your supper. Closed Sundays.

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tex Beneke's orchestra rumbles along during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A crossroads general store you may have heard quite a bit about. An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Young people—among them Bill Norvas and the Upstarts, who sing; Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine, who dance; and Beverlee Dennis, who clowns—having wonderful time. Carmen Torres, also concerned in the doings, has a tremendous voice and some lively Spanish arias. Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gloria De Haven, a pretty slip of a girl soprano, hasn't been told about children just being seen. Bob Fosse, who dances between his chalk talks, is in the same boat. They're in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. Victor Borge, a pianist with a quick tongue in his head, replaces them on Thursday, Feb. 21. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands thump away all evening. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's dance orchestra starts warming up in the Peacock Lounge at seven. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—A romantic view of New York 19, N. Y., and one or two other glamorous areas, is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room's cocktail lounge, which is open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The moving spirit here is Eddie Davis, whose dance music is wedding-party and whose smile is all-embracing. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A gathering spot for young ones who have a few hours to kill before dawn. Louis Hawkins serves as moderator, pianist, and bulletin board from eleven on, and Van Wood, from the *boîtes* of Paris and Capri, serves as troubador after nine. For a change of pace, Herman Arminski plays concert piano, and, on Fridays and Saturdays, little Jo Hurt pipes her cheery ballads after the theatre. Mr. Hawkins is also at the piano evenings from six to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain embellishes the starlit hours between ten and one, except Sundays, with his nostalgic piano. . . . **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Another refuge for those who find a gentle piano the best apéritif at the cocktail, dinner, or supper hour. The music is by Lynn Mullinax, and the décor and nourishment are by Daniel, the East Side caterer. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for one of the town's most energetic bunch of conversationalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except on Sundays, Cy Walter lays his light, fantastic fingers on the local Knabe during dinner and supper. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, a quiet but persuasive man with a baby grand, is here from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Andalusian Eddie Condon, has returned to the podium here. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan's festive piano adds a pleasant condiment to dinner and supper here. On Sundays, Harold Cooke sits in instead. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This worldly pantry and bar affords, as always, Harry Meyerowitz's piano at

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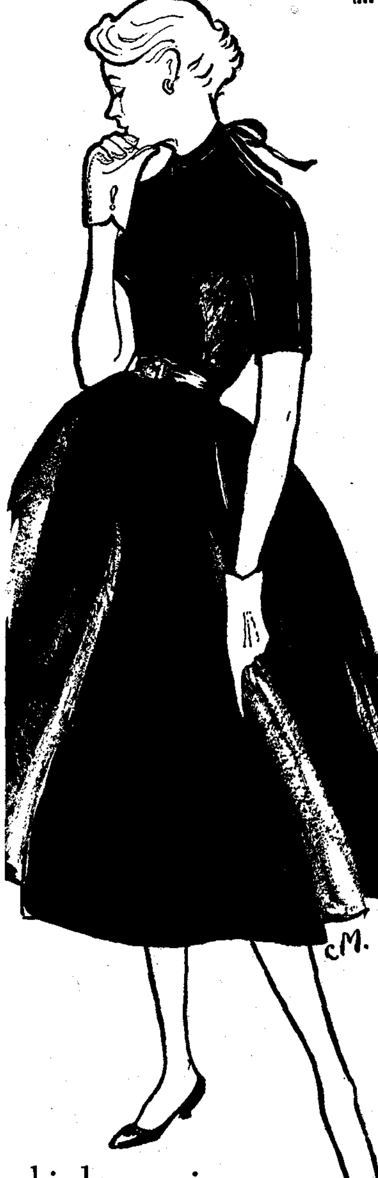

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jan Murray's jokes are intramural enough to require a little translating, but Toni Arden's songs need no program notes. There are also the Chandra Kaly dancers, nine tons of costumes, and any number of girl employees. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Dorothy Dandridge dishes out her songs on the wings of a tropical heat wave. Carl Ravazza's *canto* is very, very *bel*, which is more than can be said for his lyrics. Dance music, too, mainly by Phil Moore's trio. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): An assortment of foolish silent movies, singing waiters, singing customers, burlesque, sawdust, hubbub, basket parties, and stupendous puns by Paul Killiam. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Elsa Lanchester, a fey *diseuse* walking in her own special midsummer-night's dream; Harry Belafonté, a diverting newcomer to the art of folk song; and Marti Stevens, one of the handsomest of all the young ladies who love to sing of an evening. The richly inlaid background music comes from the Ellis Larkin Trio and Stuart Ross. . . . ¶In the lounge, except Tuesdays, Bart Howard provides piano music at the dinner hour, and, after two in the morning, starting Sunday, Feb. 17, Portia Nelson will pour forth her high-style soprano and Billy Roy will play extrovert piano. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham, or Psychoanalysis Can Be Fun; Bibi Osterwald (through Tuesday, Feb. 19), who takes her songs the way Grant took Richmond; Ellen Hanley, a lyric lass; a collection of new comedians called the McCormicks & Bill Jacoby; and an impetuous but engaging young tenor from Italy named Rimo Sentieri. The Norman Paris trio plays celestial music, and Julius Monk is the *conférencier*. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Eartha Kitt, a vibrant passion flower, sings about all kinds of love in all kinds of tongues, and John Carradine, the Village's answer to the First Drama Quartet, declaims prose and poetry from Brook to Baudelaire. The humorist is George Hall, a joker with an original turn of mind. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright looses her slings and arrows at a few standard American types, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): On Friday, Feb. 15, Kirkwood and Goodman, the twentieth-century Walrus and the Carpenter, will start prancing here. Also quite audible are the steam-calliope ditties of Mae Barnes and the spoofing ditties of the Three Riffs. There are more romantic ones by Jimmie Daniels and Irene Williams, as well as barrel-house piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson and the buoyant beat of the Herman Chittison Trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Hogarthian Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's very special collection of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, whose happy little hunting horn echoes from wall to wall, is aided in his lifework by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and even Mr. Condon, when he isn't table-hopping. Ralph Sutton will return, as interlude pianist, on Monday, Feb. 18. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Barbara Carroll, a dedicated look on her young face, plays real advanced dinner piano amid her trio. Around nine, she's joined by Teddy Wilson's lighthearted quartet (Buck Clayton on trumpet) and Red Norvo's mood musicians (Tal Farlow on guitar). The Carroll group is off Monday, the others are off Sunday, when Dixieland raises its robust head. On Thursday, Feb. 21, the Wilsons and the Norvos will give way to the posses led by Erroll Garner and Mundell Lowe. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin takes off on Saturday, Feb. 16, and Phil Napoleon checks in the next night. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's group, which includes Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford, performs its special brand of welkin-ringing. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): Billy Taylor's trio, with Charles Mingus on bass, is the principal reason for getting an earful here. Jam sessions Mondays, when the Taylor boys are off duty. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On Feb. 15, a group of famous faces, among them Georg Brunis, Pee Wee Russell, Max Kaminsky, Oran Page, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Buster Bailey, Sonny Greer, Cliff Jackson, and Lou McGarity. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 15-16, a display of old-time fireworks by Wingy Manone, Red Allen, Big Chief Russell Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Sol Yaged, and the Dixieland Rhythm Kings of Dayton (Ohio, that is). Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3, tea music by Conrad Janis's tailgaters and Mr. Manone. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—At the **CARLEBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Pieces mainly from the Paul Guillaume collection; through March 15. . . . **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: A showing of tribal sculptures from the French colonies, sponsored by the Cultural Counsellor to the French Embassy; through March 3.

CAROL BLANCHARD—Recent paintings by an artist who is also known for her fashion and magazine illustrations; through March 1. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—New stabile and mobile sculptures, graceful, whimsical, and inventive as usual; through Feb. 16. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

FEDERICO CASTELLON—Oils, water colors, and etchings in this artist's first showing in over ten years, featuring his change from Surrealism to Expressionism; through Feb. 16. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—First one-man showing in this country of paintings, bluntly abstract in design, by one of the younger Italian artists; through Feb. 16. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

JIMMY ERNST—Thirty-three gouaches and one large collage, all abstract and all done recently; through Feb. 23. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57th St.: About fifty oil paintings by members of the National Association of Women Artists; through Feb. 16. Weekdays, 11 to 6. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists such as Winslow Homer, Albert P. Ryder, Sol Wilson, and Elliot Orr; through March 1. Closed Washington's Birthday. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Seldom-seen works by a number of veterans of the modern movement, including Mondrian, Ben Nicholson, Morgan Russell, and others; through Feb. 23. Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 1:30 to 5:30. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park: The annual water-color ex-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hibition by American artists; through Feb. 28. Daily, noon to 6. . . . **PORTRAITS, INC.**, 460 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A loan show called "Portraits of Personalities—Past and Present," with works by, among others, Sargent, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows. For the benefit of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York. Through Feb. 16.

CARL HOLTY—Eighteen abstractions in oil, painted during the past year; through March 1. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

GEORGE INNESS—Italian landscapes by this American painter, who died in 1894; through March 1. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

JACK LEVINE—New paintings, some of them demonstrating interesting variations from his established style; through Feb. 16. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

RICHARD LIPPOLD—About a dozen constructions in stainless steel and wire, among other materials, by a teacher who was formerly an industrial designer; through March 1. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Paintings, 1939 to 1945, in a collection that includes a good many that have never been seen here before; through Feb. 28. (Carré, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.)

ATTILIO SALEMME—Oils mostly, as well as some water colors and drawings; through Feb. 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

JOHN SLOAN—Paintings dated 1944-51 and etchings and drawings from various periods; through Feb. 23. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.) The Sloan exhibition at the Whitney Museum may be of interest in this connection, too.

SAUL STEINBERG—Ink impressions of Venice, Paris, and elsewhere, all done in his pizzicato manner, in a collection that overflows two galleries; through Feb. 16. (Parsons and Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, of Haitian and other subjects, by an artist who is rapidly becoming an expert on semi-tropical stylizations; through Feb. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

VLAMINCK, LÉGER, MIRÓ—Some early Fauvist paintings by the first-named, in a generally interesting assortment; through Feb. 16. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

J. ALDEN WEIR—An exhibition of paintings, drawings, and etchings, assembled to commemorate the birth of this American artist a hundred years ago; through March 30. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.: Ben Benn; through Feb. 29. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Charles M. Russell; through Feb. 23. Closed Washington's Birthday. . . . **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Miné Okubo; through March 1. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Jean Dubuffet; through Feb. 29. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Max Weber; through March 8. Closed Washington's Birthday.

NOTE—An exhibition and sale of paintings by contemporary American artists, among them Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Stuart Davis, and John Marin, continues at the Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St., on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 14-15, from 11 to 10, for the benefit of the scholarship fund of the City and Country School.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred Rouault prints from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Pottery, textiles, and other work of contemporary Japanese craftsmen; starting Feb. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Selected Old Masters and other works from the Harkness Collection; through March 18. . . . ¶ A rather awkwardly arranged but generally interesting display of sculptures by

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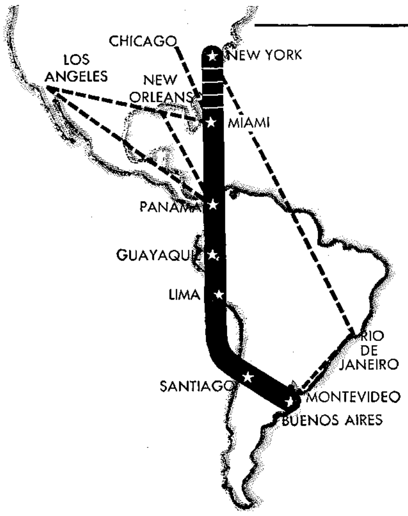
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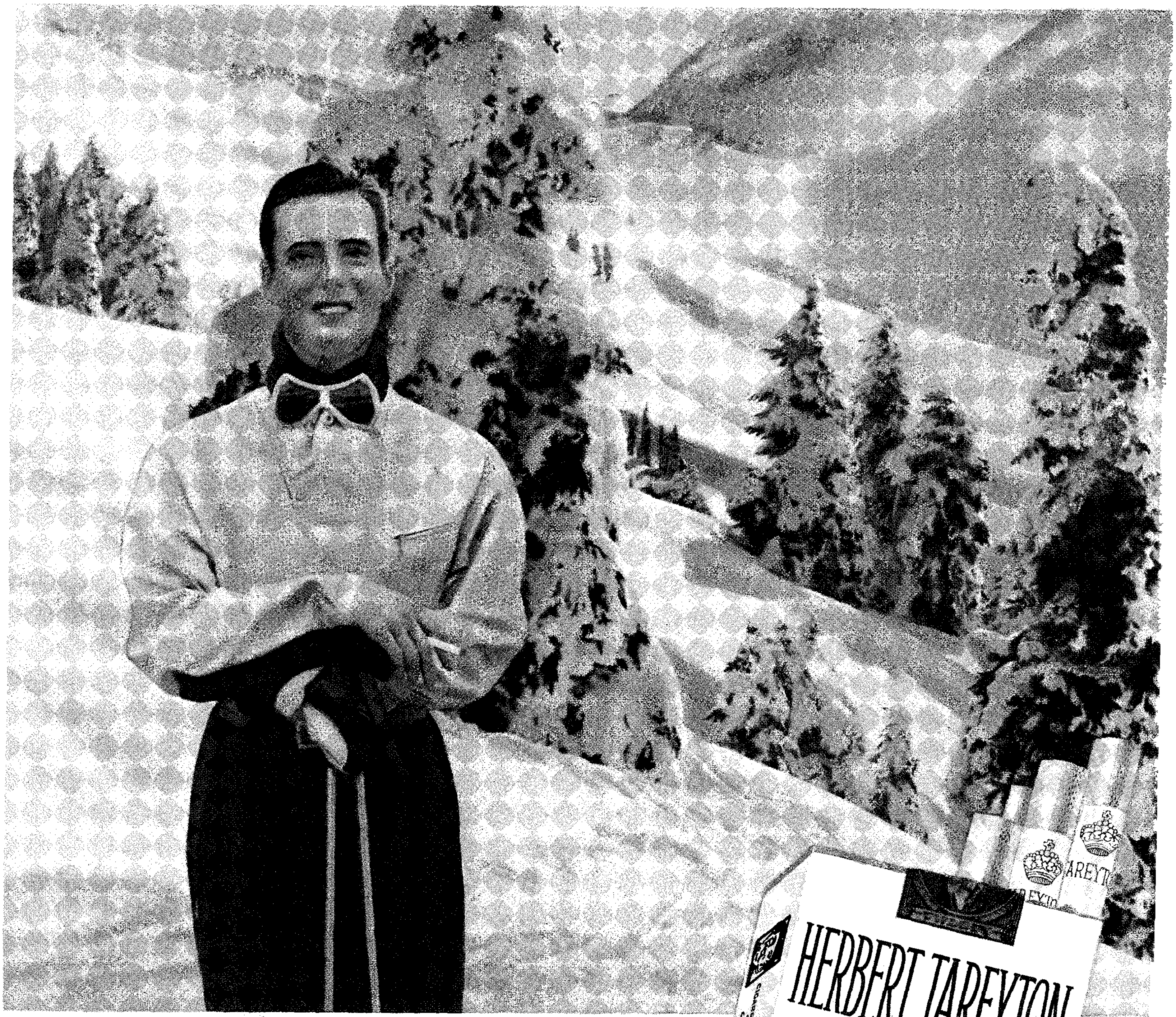

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American contemporaries; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ "Ribbons and Laces and Old-Fashioned Faces"—an array, got up by the Costume Institute, of Early American portraits and costumes installed in the rooms of the Museum's American Wing; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and sculptures purchased through the Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund, including, among others, a rare and handsome Futurist Umberto Boccioni; through March 23. . . . ¶ Etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs by Picasso in the first survey in America of his graphic art, along with drawings and lithographs by Odilon Redon; starting Feb. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 7.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A retrospective of the works of John Sloan, who died last September. The exhibition comprises ninety-eight paintings, sixty-seven etchings, and forty-three drawings, as well as a number of lithographs and illustrations. Through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A good complement to the exhibition is the Sloan show at the Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

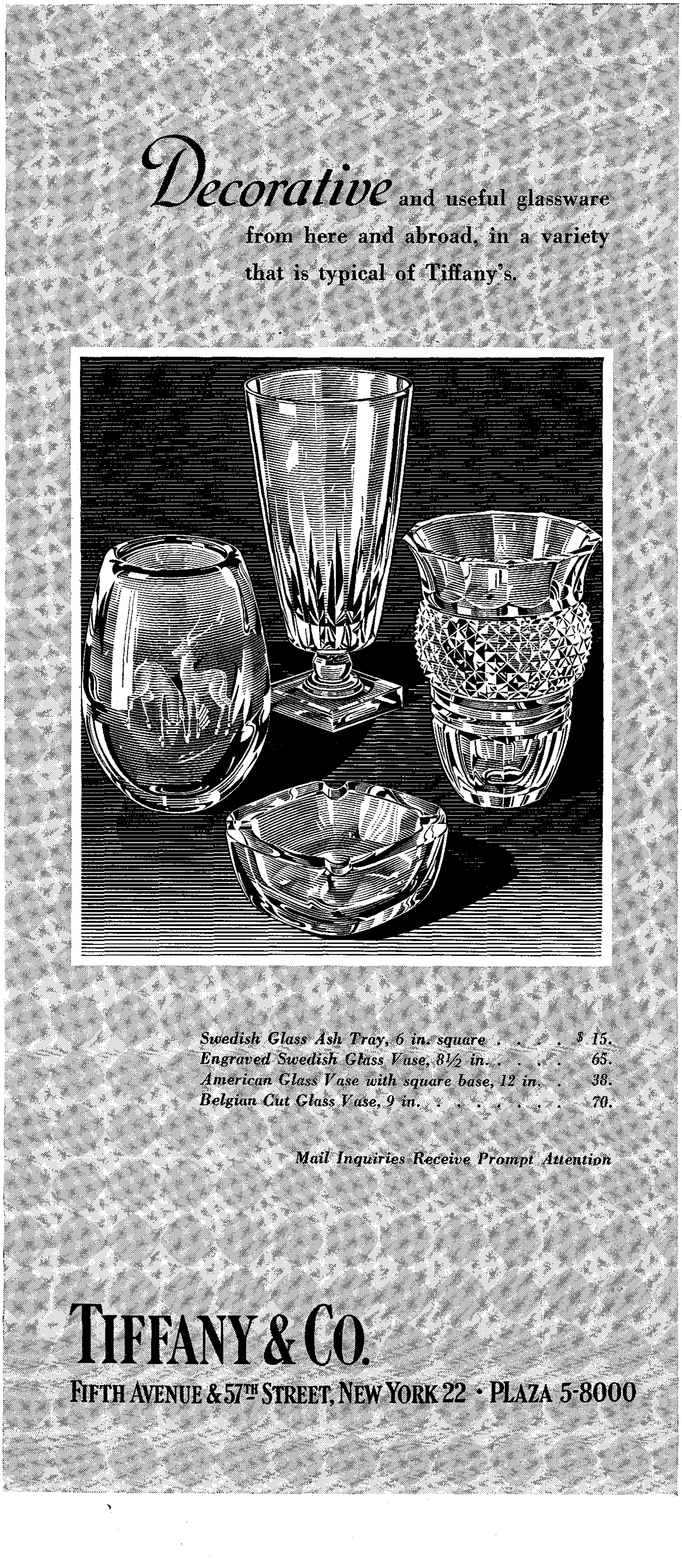
Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Hilde Gueden, Jan Peerce, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Otello," with Eleanor Steber, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, and Paolo Silveri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Mildred Miller, Giacinto Prandelli, and Frank Valentino. (A benefit for the Manhattanville College Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call EN 9-5413.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 18, at 8:45: "Elektra," with Astrid Varnay, Elizabeth Hoengen, Walburga Wegner, and Set Svanholm. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Mario Del Monaco, and Paolo Silveri. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Otello," with Eleanor Steber, Martha Lipton, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Aïda," with Delia Rigal, Margaret Roggero, Mario Del Monaco, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nadine Conner, Cesare Siepi, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2:30: "Elektra," with Astrid Varnay, Elizabeth Hoengen, Walburga Wegner, and Set Svanholm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Anne Bollinger, Kurt Baum, and Paolo Silveri.

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"Patience." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 21-23, at 8:15.)

Falstaff—Verdi's opera, produced by the Juilliard Opera Theatre. For the benefit of the Student Aid Fund. (Juilliard School, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 33. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 15, at 2:30 (both with Frances Magnes, violin); Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:45, and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2:30 (both with Whittemore and Lowe, duo piano); Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 (concert performances of Monteverdi's opera "Orfeo," with the Schola Cantorum and vocal soloists). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting: Saturday,



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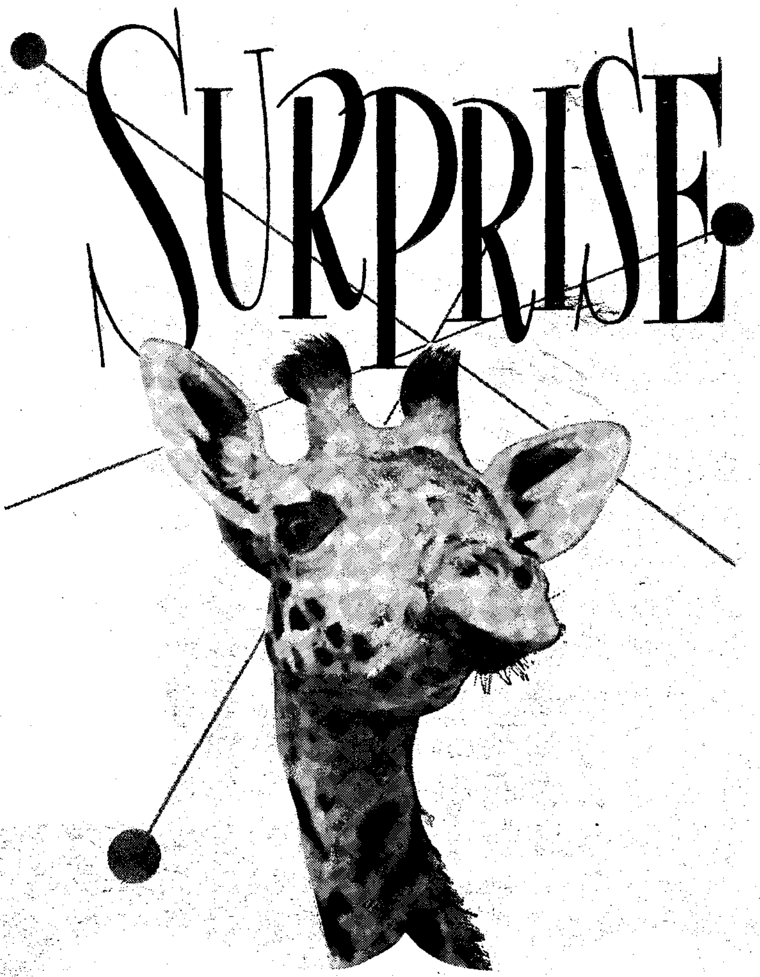

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Feb. 23, at 8:45 (with Frank Glazer, piano).

Boston Symphony—Ernest Ansermet conducting, with Arthur Grumiaux, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Alexander Hilsberg conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Fredell Lack, violin, and Madeline Foley, cello. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Chamber Orchestra Concert—Milton Katims conducting an orchestra composed of members of the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Choral Masterwork Series—Robert Shaw directing the Robert Shaw Chorale, the Collegiate Chorale, and the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra in Beethoven's Missa Solemnis. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Norwegian Singing Society—Fred Axman directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

John Ranck—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Solomon—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:40.)

Grace Castagnetta—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Mary Bothwell—Soprano, in the second of a series of three recitals. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

Stuart Fastofsky—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 5:30.)

New Friends of Music Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 5:30.)

Fred Thomas—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Jerome Rappaport—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Giovanni Bagarotti—Violin, with an orchestra conducted by Leon Barzin. The last in a series of three programs presenting a cycle of Mozart concertos. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

New Music String Quartet—The second in a series of five chamber-music programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:40.)

Griller Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Monique de la Bruchollerie—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

Suzanne Bloch—Playing the lute and singing Renaissance, Elizabethan, and baroque music. Other vocalists and instrumentalists, too. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 5:30.)

Hungarian String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—The Griller Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 19, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Kurt Weill Concert—Kitty Carlisle, Lotte Lenya-Weill, Ralph Herbert, Stefan Schnabel, Gabor Carelli, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

WNYC American Music Festival—National Association for American Composers and Conductors concert, with Irene Rosenberg, piano, and others. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3.) . . . ¶ A folk-song program, with Oscar

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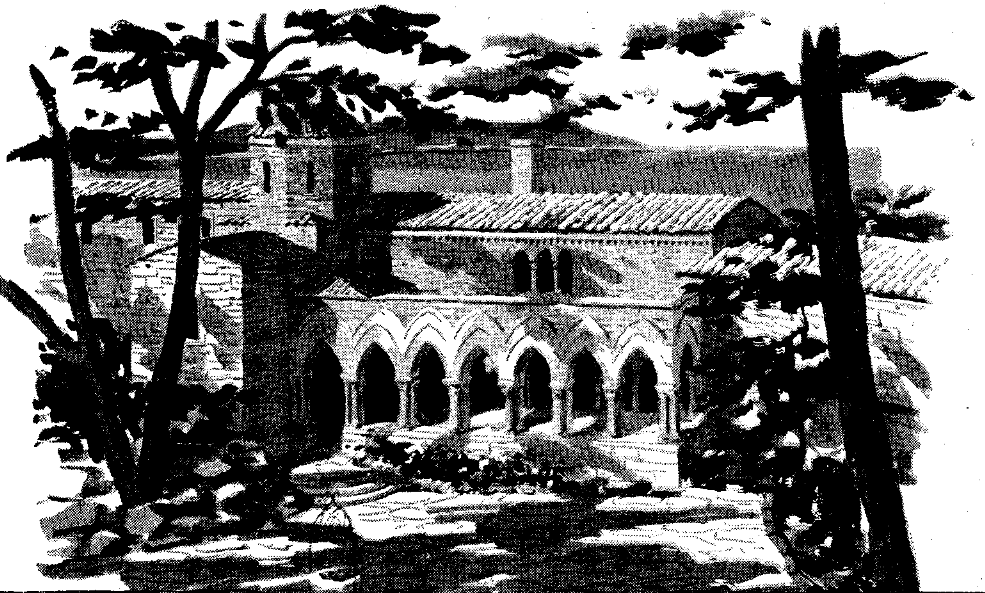

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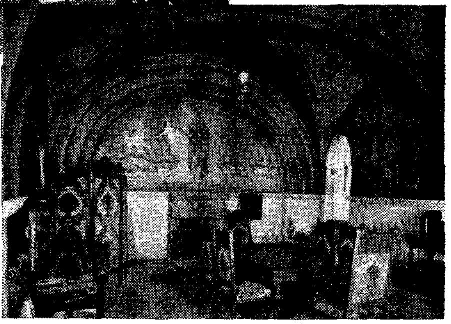

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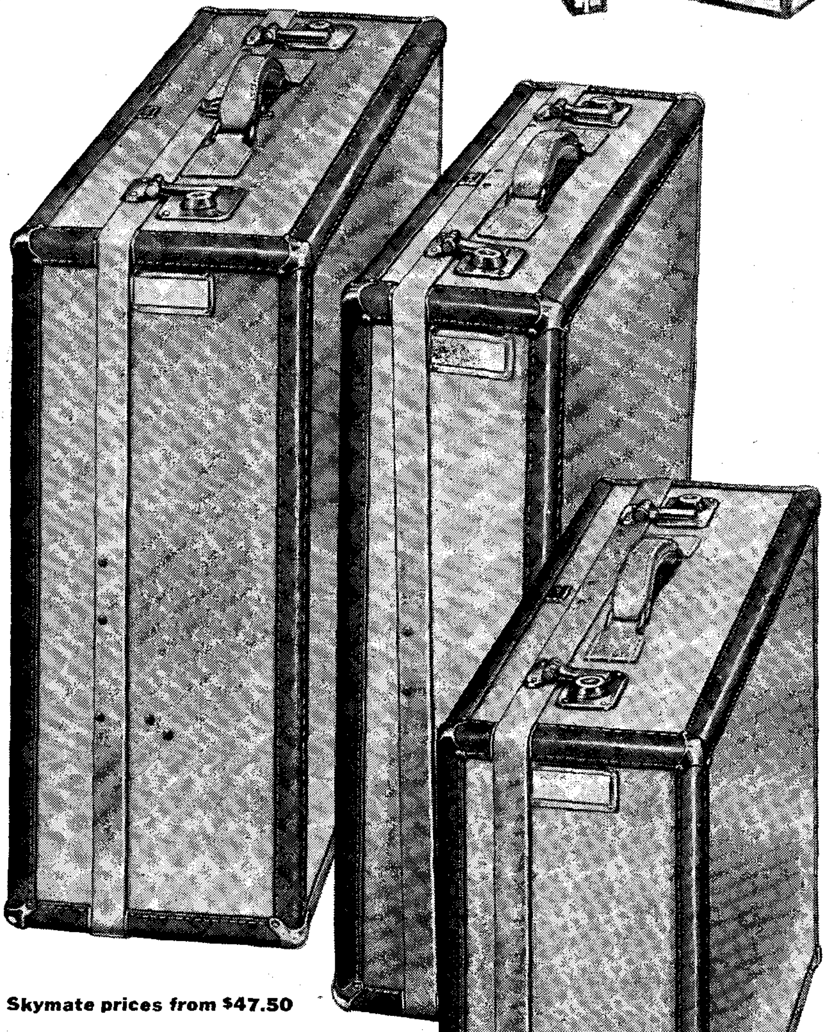

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Brand, Jean Léon Destiné, and others. (Cooper Union, Cooper Sq. at 7th St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 5:30.) . . . ¶ The United States Air Force Band and Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Colonel George S. Howard, with Herman Neuman as guest conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 5:30.) . . . ¶ Columbia University Music Department concert. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ Mu Phi Epsilon String Quartet and a choral group and an orchestra directed by Herman Neuman; Jean Madeira, contralto; and Mildred and John Wummer, flutes. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 4.) Tickets to individual programs can be had by writing WNYC, New York 7, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Billy Graham vs. Jimmy Herring, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Friday, Feb. 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Monday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

FENCING—All-Eastern Intermediate Championship, Sabre Team. (Rohde's Academy, 169 E. 86th St. LE 4-9170. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 12.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 17: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 20: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:30.)

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships (tentative schedule)—Saturday, Feb. 16, at 10: Men's and Women's Singles. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 17, at 1: Men's Doubles and continuation of Singles. . . . ¶ Monday through Thursday, Feb. 18-21, each day at 5: Women's Doubles and continuation of Singles and Men's Doubles. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 1:30: Semifinals in all divisions. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 24, at 1:30: Finals. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

TRACK—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 16, at 12 and 8: National A.A.U. meet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 8: I.C.A.A.A.A. meet.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—*The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting the final children's program of the season, an audience-participation concert performance of "The Pirates of Penzance."* (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

PLAYS—By the MERRY-GO-ROUND THEATRE: Dickens' "The Magic Fishbone." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 11 and 2:30. For tickets, call PL 9-2585.) . . . CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL: "Valentine Time." (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2.) . . . PLAYMART: "Puss in Boots." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," Saturday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Washington's Birthday and Saturday, Feb. 23. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Afternoons at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE: "Little Women." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 3.) . . . HANS MANN'S CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE THEATRE: "Cinderella." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3.) . . . JUNIOR PLAYHOUSE: "Green Sleeves and the Magic Wish." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Washington's Birthday at 3.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until the Trusteeship Council starts meeting on Feb. 27. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

National Sportsmen's and Vacation Show—The annual indoor view of outdoor life; to wit, logrolling, canoe-tilting, fly-casting, and the like, besides Indians (Jim Thorpe among them), Eskimos, and retrieving dogs. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Saturdays, Feb. 16 and 23, and Washington's Birthday, 11 to 11; Sundays, Feb. 17 and 24, noon to 10; and Monday through Thursday, Feb. 18-21, noon to 11.)

Sinclair Lewis—Chronologically arranged memorabilia tracing Lewis's life from his infancy in Sauk Centre, Minn., to his death in Italy last year. In the display are photographs, school report cards, college papers, letters, newspaper articles, manuscript pages from "Main Street" and other novels, the Nobel Prize medal and citation, speeches, his green eyeshade, and his battered fedora. Through March 30. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Miniature Railway—The New York Society of Model Engineers' annual public showing of the intricate workings of their toy railway, a project so lifelike and infinite in its variety as to make their hobby seem completely fascinating; through Feb. 24. (Lackawanna Railroad Terminal, Hoboken, N.J. Weekdays, 5:30 to 10; Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 10.)

Valentines—More than two hundred billets-doux, mostly lacy types popular in the eighteen-forties and eighteen-fifties, although one cutout design with verses dates back to 1790; through Feb. 24. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—Reproductions of Washington's home, Mount Vernon, and its grounds, and the Continental Army's camp at Valley Forge, along with a large display of such flowers as tulips and daffodils; starting Feb. 15. (Opening day, 1 to 4; daily thereafter, 10 to 4.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Architectural books and drawings, in an exhibition that includes Italian, French, and English works of the fifteenth through the eighteenth centuries, starting with the earliest printed book on architecture, published in 1485. Also, original drawings by Robert Adam. Through April 12. . . . ¶ Lincoln and Washington material, including autograph letters, plus autograph manuscripts of the Walt Whitman poems written as tributes to them, "O Captain! My Captain!" and "Ah, Not This Granite Dead and Cold;" through Feb. 29. (Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 9:30 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "A Trip to Mercury." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, except Washington's Birthday, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, at 1:45: French furniture of the Louis XV, Louis XVI, Directoire, and Empire periods, as well as objects of art (some by Carl Fabergé) and decorations, owned by Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 19-20, at 1:45 and 8: Several thousand items pertaining to Lincoln, among them autograph letters, documents, manuscripts, photographs, newspapers, and personal relics, collected by the late Oliver R. Barrett. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: Modern French and American paintings and drawings by, among others, Pissarro, Utrillo, and Grandma Moses, and in addition some sculptures and prints, the property of Gomez de Vaez, of Paris, and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 1:45: Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English furniture, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American furniture, silver, paperweights, and other objects of art, owned by Alvin C. Detwiler and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 16.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—Gershwin tunes and a jaunty book by Alan J. Lerner make this a wonderfully entertaining musical. Gene Kelly is a most diverting American artist on the loose along the Seine. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 20, tentative.)

Cry, the Beloved Country—Made in and around Johannesburg, this film is a compelling adaptation of Alan Paton's novel about the struggles of the black man to survive in South Africa. Canada Lee is superb as a put-upon, back-country preacher. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215.)

Detective Story—A galvanic adaptation of Sidney Kingsley's play about doings in a precinct stationhouse. Heading the enthusiastic cast are Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Feb. 19.)

The Greatest Show on Earth—Cecil B. DeMille's rooty-toot description of the workings of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus. Just the thing for big-top buffs when Mr. DeMille sticks to the circus in action, but rather on the silly side when he starts bleating about the troubles of lovers cavorting under the Ringling tent. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame, and James Stewart. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Feb. 20, tentative.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—How a mild little fellow in the Bank of England manages to do his employers out of a million pounds, amid the nicest sort of hilarity. Alec Guinness is the employee of the bank, and Stanley Holloway is his redoubtable colleague in this English picture. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Light Touch—A moderately humorous account of the theft of a masterwork from a museum in Sicily and of the subsequent machinations among art lovers, dealers, and crooks to get hold of the canvas. The cast, headed by Pier Angeli, has a pleasantly wry attitude toward all the carefree melodramatics. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 20.)

The Magic Garden—A comic trifle made in Africa and enacted by a native cast that has to do with the uproar a thief causes in Johannesburg by leaving a purloined forty pounds here and there about the native quarter. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Miracle in Milan—A funny Italian picture about an inspired foundling who becomes the teen-age leader of a mob of highly picturesque tramps living on a dump near Milan. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, the film is reminiscent of the fine old works of Chaplin and Clair. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Oliver Twist—A British adaptation of Dickens' story of poverty and greed in nineteenth-century England, turned out by Robert Neame and David Lean, who were also responsible for "Great Expectations." Though not up to its predecessor, it has expert characterizations by Alec Guinness, as Fagin, and John Howard Davies, as Oliver. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Feb. 17, tentative.)

Quo Vadis—Never before were thirty thousand actors employed so footlessly as in this version of the Sienkiewicz novel about hard times for Christians under Nero. Robert Taylor, the thirty-thousandth actor, helps not at all. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Badge of Courage—The Northern Blues against the Southern Grays, in a picture, made by John Huston, that somehow isn't anything like as compelling as the Stephen Crane novel from which it derives. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Feb. 15.)

The River—A film made by Americans in India. Distinguished by striking topical detail and a script, based on a novel by Rumer Godden, that makes a most absorbing business of adolescent love as experienced by three young ladies. Directed by Jean Renoir, the film includes Arthur Shields and Nora Swinburne in its cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:40, and Saturday evenings at 11. Reserved seats only.)

Tales of Hoffmann—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Tony Draws a Horse—English whimsey exploiting a number of the more peculiar facets of British society. A bit too broad to be entirely satisfactory, but amusing nevertheless. With Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 20.)

Viva Zapata!—A film that gets awfully snarled up when it lets its characters burble about the significance of Mexican revolutions, but that has some rousing moments when all hands mount their mustangs and charge around the landscape. With Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn, and Joseph Wiseman. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 18-19.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Feb. 17.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, *plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic* millionaire. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 16.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shrangri-la, where people live forever. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Feb. 14.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Sally Benson's story of childhood in the golden Middle West. With Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070; starting Feb. 15.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's British thriller involving spies, the Gestapo, and the like. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 16.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Feb. 15.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Vera-Ellen, and Frank Sinatra singing and dancing to some music by Leonard Bernstein. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Feb. 17-19.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Feb. 14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 17: "The Stars Look Down" (1941), by A. J. Cronin, with Michael Redgrave, Margaret Lockwood, and Emlyn Williams. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 18: "Le Jour Se Lève" (1939), a French film with Jean Gabin. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Feb. 20 (tentative): "Lone Star," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner.

Cinema 48, 121 W. 48th. (CI 5-4246)
"Passion for Life" (in French).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Feb. 20: "On Dangerous Ground," Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Sailor Beware," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Feb. 20 (tentative): **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"A Girl in Every Port," Groucho Marx, William Bendix.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
VIVA ZAPATA!

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Feb. 14: "Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire.
From Feb. 15: **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS**, revival; and "Babes in Arms," revival, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Feb. 18: "The Big Trees," Kirk Douglas, Patrice Wymore.
From Feb. 19: "Retreat, Hell!," Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
MIRACLE IN MILAN (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"A Simple Case of Money" (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Feb. 19: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.
From Feb. 20: "Distant Drums," Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon; and "On the Loose," Joan Evans, Melvyn Douglas.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 16: **NIGHT TRAIN,** revival; and **CITY LIGHTS,** revival.
Feb. 17-20: "I'll See You in My Dreams," Doris Day, Danny Thomas.

Murray Hill, Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
Feb. 14: "Westward the Women," Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel; and "F.B.I. Girl," Cesar Romero, Audrey Totter.
Feb. 15-16: "I'll See You in My Dreams," Doris Day, Danny Thomas; and "The Tanks Are Coming," Steve Cochran, Philip Carey.
Feb. 17-19: **ON THE TOWN,** revival; and "Magnificent Obsession," revival, Irene Dunne, Charles Butterworth.
From Feb. 20: "Double Dynamite!," Jane Russell, Groucho Marx; and "Slaughter Trail," Brian Donlevy, Gig Young.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Feb. 16 (tentative): "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.
From Feb. 17 (tentative): **OLIVER TWIST.**

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Feb. 19: **DETECTIVE STORY;** and "Darling, How Could You!," Joan Fontaine, John Lund.
From Feb. 20: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr; and "Crosswinds," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lady Possessed," James Mason, June Havoc.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 19: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.
From Feb. 20: "Distant Drums," Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon; and "On the Loose," Joan Evans, Melvyn Douglas.

Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE LAVENDER HILL MOB.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Feb. 15: "Westward the Women," Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel.
Feb. 16-18: "Elopement," Clifton Webb, Anne Francis.
From Feb. 19: **THE LIGHT TOUCH.**

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7241)
Through Feb. 17: "St. Matthew Passion," Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, and other soloists. Illustrated with great paintings by Italian, Flemish, German, and Spanish masters, and edited by the late Robert Flaherty.
From Feb. 18: "The Woman in Question," Jean Kent, Dirk Bogarde.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Feb. 19: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 20: "Navajo," Francis Kee Teller.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE MAGIC GARDEN.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Feb. 15: "Golden Girl," Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson; and "The Lady Pays Off," Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally.
Feb. 16: "Two Weeks with Love," revival, Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban; and "The Yellow Cab Man," revival, Red Skelton.
Feb. 17-18: "The Unknown Man," Walter Pidgeon, Ann Harding; and "The Wild Blue Yonder," Wendell Corey, Vera Ralston.
Feb. 19-20: "Westward the Women," Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel; and "The Sea Hornet," Rod Cameron, Adele Mara.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 20 (tentative): **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Feb. 19: **DETECTIVE STORY;** and "Darling, How Could You!," Joan Fontaine, John Lund.
From Feb. 20: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr; and "Crosswinds," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 15: "Small Back Room," David Farrar, Kathleen Byron.
From Feb. 16: "Daughter of the Sands," a Moroccan film.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Feb. 14: "Thunder on the Hill," Claudette Colbert, Ann Blyth; and "Flame of Araby," Maureen O'Hara, Jeff Chandler.
Feb. 15-16: "Golden Girl," Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson; and "The Lady Pays Off," Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally.
Feb. 17-18: "The Barkleys of Broadway," revival, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.
Feb. 19-20: "Anne of the Indies," Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan; and "Assassin for Hire," Ronald Howard.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Feb. 14: "Joan of Arc," revival, Ingrid Bergman, José Ferrer.
Feb. 15-16: "Too Young to Kiss," June Allyson, Van Johnson.
Feb. 17-18: "Bonnie Prince Charlie," David Niven, Margaret Leighton.
Feb. 19-20: "I'll See You in My Dreams," Doris Day, Danny Thomas.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 19: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.
From Feb. 20: "Distant Drums," Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon; and "On the Loose," Joan Evans, Melvyn Douglas.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 19: **DETECTIVE STORY;** and "Darling, How Could You!," Joan Fontaine, John Lund.
From Feb. 20: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr; and "Crosswinds," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Feb. 15: "Golden Girl," Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson; and "The Lady Pays Off," Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally.
Feb. 16: "Broken Arrow," revival, James Stewart; and "Tarzan's Desert Mystery," revival, Johnny Weissmuller, Nancy Kelly.
Feb. 17-18: "Anne of the Indies," Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan; and "A Yank in Korea," revival, Lon McCallister.
Feb. 19-20: "Another Man's Poison," Bette Davis, Gary Merrill; and "The Whistle at Eaton Falls," Lloyd Bridges, Dorothy Gish.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Feb. 14: "Westward the Women," Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel; and "The Unknown Man," Walter Pidgeon, Ann Harding.
Feb. 15-16: "Golden Girl," Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson; and "A Millionaire for Christy," Fred MacMurray, Eleanor Parker.
Feb. 17: "Behave Yourself!," Farley Granger, Shelley Winters; and "The Racket," Robert Mitchum, Lizabeth Scott.
Feb. 18-19: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "The Galloping Major," Basil Radford, Jimmy Hanley.
From Feb. 20: **THE LIGHT TOUCH;** and "Tell It to the Judge," revival, Rosalind Russell, Robert Cummings.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 18: "I'll See You in My Dreams," Doris Day, Danny Thomas.
From Feb. 19: "Elopement," Clifton Webb, Anne Francis.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Feb. 14: **LOST HORIZON,** revival; and **THEODORA GOES WILD,** revival.
From Feb. 15: **THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE;** and **NINOTCHKA,** revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 19: **DETECTIVE STORY;** and "Darling, How Could You!," Joan Fontaine, John Lund.
From Feb. 20: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr; and "Crosswinds," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Feb. 14: "Joan of Arc," revival, Ingrid Bergman, José Ferrer.
Feb. 15-16: "The Barkleys of Broadway," revival, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.
Feb. 17-19: "The History of Mr. Polly," John Mills; and "Beware of Pity," revival, Lilli Palmer, Cedric Hardwicke.
From Feb. 20: **TONY DRAWS A HORSE;** and "Tomorrow the World," revival, Fredric March, Betty Field.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Feb. 19: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.
From Feb. 20: "Distant Drums," Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon; and "On the Loose," Joan Evans, Melvyn Douglas.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Feb. 16: "Westward the Women," Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel; and "F.B.I. Girl," Cesar Romero, Audrey Totter.
Feb. 17: "The Whistle at Eaton Falls," Lloyd Bridges, Dorothy Gish; and "A Yank in Korea," revival, Lon McCallister.
Feb. 18-20: "Man in the Saddle," Randolph Scott, Joan Leslie; and "The Family Secret," John Derek, Lee J. Cobb.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Mr. Lord Says 'No'!," Stanley Holloway, Kathleen Harrison.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Feb. 17: **UN CARNET DE BAL** (in French), revival; and "Gigi" (in French), revival, Danièle Delorme.
From Feb. 18, at 9:15: "Jour de Fête" (in French), Jacques Tati. (Opening night is a benefit for the Saint Nicholas Foundation; for tickets, call the box office.)

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Rashomon" (in Japanese).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE RIVER.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 19: **DETECTIVE STORY;** and "Darling, How Could You!," Joan Fontaine, John Lund.
From Feb. 20: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr; and "Crosswinds," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
OLIVER TWIST.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Feb. 19: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.
From Feb. 20: "Distant Drums," Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon; and "On the Loose," Joan Evans, Melvyn Douglas.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through Feb. 16: "Ten Tall Men," Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland; and "The Magic Face," Luther Adler, Patricia Knight.
Feb. 17-19: "Golden Girl," Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson; and "The Lady Pays Off," Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally.
From Feb. 20: "Let's Make It Legal," Claudette Colbert; and "Fixed Bayonets," Richard Basehart.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Feb. 19: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.
From Feb. 20: "Distant Drums," Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon; and "On the Loose," Joan Evans, Melvyn Douglas.

ADVERTISING DEPT.

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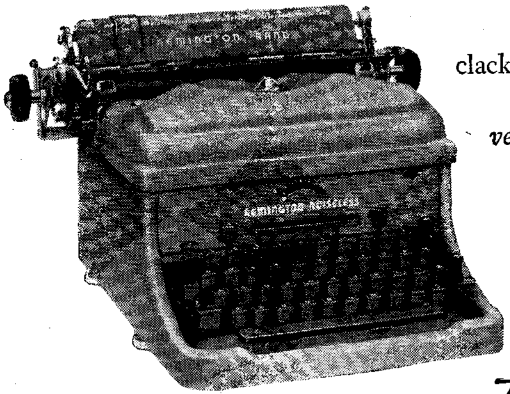

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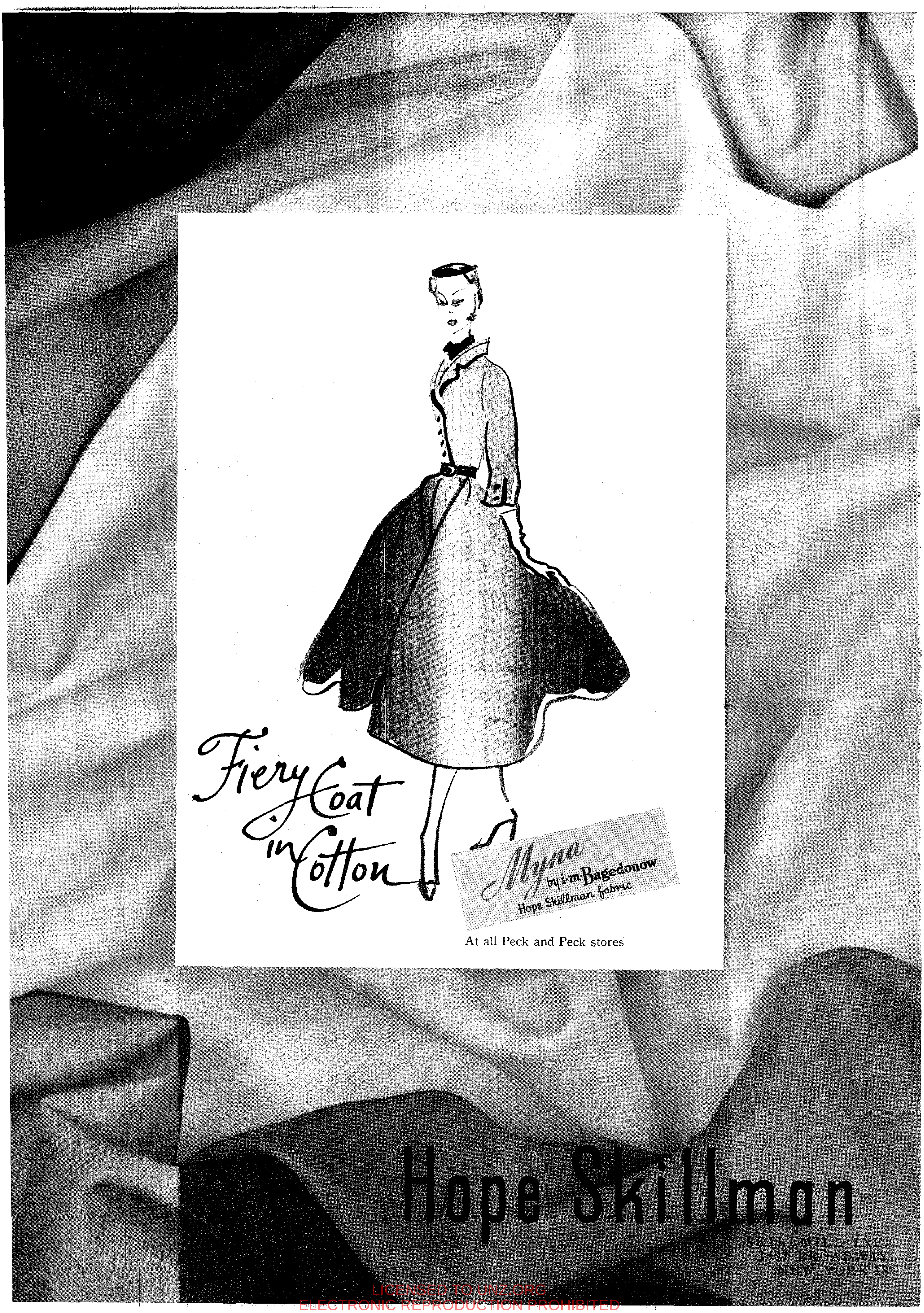

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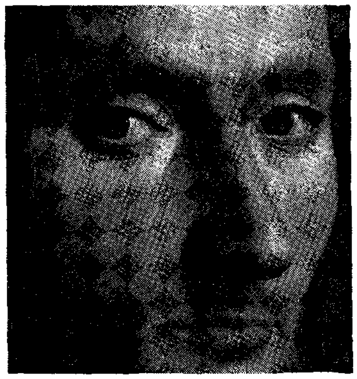

MAY I BE no man's enemy, and may I be the friend of that which is eternal. May I never quarrel with those nearest me; if I do, may I be reconciled quickly. May I devise no evil against any man; and if any should devise evil against me, may I escape uninjured and without the need of hurting him. May I love, seek, and attain only that which is good. May I wish for all men's happiness and envy none. May I never rejoice in the ill-fortune of one who has wronged me . . . When I have done or said what is wrong, may I never wait for the rebuke of others, but always rebuke myself until I make amends . . . May I win no victory that harms either me or my opponent. May I reconcile friends who are wroth with one another. May I never fail a friend in danger. May I always keep tame that which rages within me. May I accustom myself never to be angry with people. May I never discuss who is wicked and what wicked things he has done, but know good men and follow in their footsteps. — FROM AN OLD PAGAN PRAYER.*

If the spirit of the Pagan Prayer above, reproduced from the first issue of Gentry, appeals to you then it may be that Gentry is the magazine for you.

You are one of the 100,000 men (we honestly believe there are no more than that number) who are a blend of certain characteristics. We don't mean physically; nor do we mean wealth or mental qualities alone. It's pretty hard to pin down, but these are men who have matured in their thinking.

It is always *why, why, why,* with these 100,000 men who look no different from all the others; who may have more or less wealth than many of the others; who may do any kind of work, or no work at all, for their daily bread. They want always to *know* more, so that they may *contribute* more to people near them and to the world they live in.

This is, as we visualize him, the GENTRY reader; and if you feel . . . as he does . . . that you are literally surrounded by a forest of paper and ink, of which very little has true depth . . . then *perhaps* GENTRY will be a publication from which you will derive pleasure, profit, right stimulation and inspiration.

The worth of a magazine depends upon both the *ideas* within its covers and the *form* of presentation.

It is hard to give a picture of GENTRY for the reason that there is nothing in the world like it. For example, GENTRY NO. 3 prints a story on fishing; our technique calls for the swatching of an actual trout fly in the book. Or, perhaps we talk about smoking; in this case it is quite natural for GENTRY to enclose a tobacco leaf to illustrate a point which is being made in the article.

What's in this current (No. 2) issue? Tipped on one page you will find a cellophane bag of oats. Another page has a full color reproduction of a priceless painting. An article by a scientist reveals that man's brain is parallel in structure with, and no less miraculous and mysterious than, the universe around us. . . . A few of the many additional editorial features you will find in this issue of GENTRY indicate the breadth and scope of the fascinating subject matter:

Skiing: 11 pages of illustrations on the technique of Downhill and Slalom Ski Racing.

Locomotives: Profusely illustrated Portfolio of Locomotives contains 4 detachable, framable color prints of old locomotives.

Leonardo Da Vinci: The Prophecies, Puzzles, Philosophy and Art of a Man with an Enquiring Mind.

The Many I's In Every Man: A fascinating psychological evaluation.

Photography: How realistic is modern photography? A 4-page article illustrated with rare examples.

Take the question of fashions:

We do not believe that the best magazine reproductions in the world, full color or black-and-white, can do justice to a fine tweed fabric. So, when GENTRY illustrates a new coat, an actual swatch of the fabric is tipped alongside the photo to make it come to life. As we said, it is difficult to convey the kind of magazine GENTRY is, but we *can* say nothing like it has ever been done.

GENTRY believes that people do not live by bread and circuses alone. Indeed, it is our opinion that many people will value and keep every issue of GENTRY. Art, writing, thinking: all geared at the highest possible level, all to give the reader a truly unusual and not-to-be-found-anywhere-else publication . . . this is GENTRY.

Yes, $2 is a lot of money for a single copy of a magazine, but when you think that one single issue of GENTRY contains as many as 40 to 60 individual hand-inserted tip-ons, perhaps the price may not seem so high to you. In issue Number Two, for example (there are no more copies of GENTRY I to be had at any price) please remember that you get four (4) full color, individual, framable tip-ons of old locomotives on dull finish mat paper size 7 x 4 each, seven additional beautifully-printed-in-color art tip-ons, a score of actual fabric swatches which we use to illustrate GENTRY fashion pages, plus a really fine, framable reproduction of the famous Currier & Ives John L. Sullivan lithograph, in full color, size 9 x 12. Remember, too, that GENTRY is printed in three processes — letterpress, sheet-fed gravure and offset — in beautiful color on fine papers and is bound in semi-stiff covers, with Smythe sewn (not wire stitched) binding, and finally delivered to you in a heavy cardboard carton to insure its coming to you in perfect condition . . . "GENTRY *is a most beautiful and luxurious and tasteful work of publishing art not to be equalled anywhere.*"

A big order, yes! But we have proven we can deliver. Will you join the GENTRY subscribers? We are not extending this invitation in mass media. GENTRY will not be on the newsstands, except for a few key hotels and clubs and in certain fine bookshops; so GENTRY will not be easy to procure unless you use the coupon on this page for your subscription.

GENTRY

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YES! I believe there is need for the kind of magazine you publish. So enroll me as a subscriber at the special rate of $8 a year (4 issues) and be sure to send me the separate, cellophane-wrapped Currier & Ives reproduction.

**Upon request we will also send, without charge, a copy of the Pagan Prayer printed on mat paper suitable for framing.*

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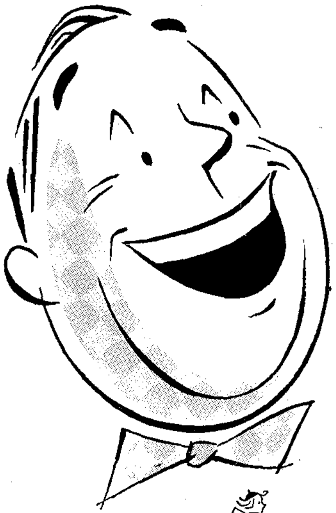
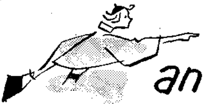
GUARANTEE: If, after you have completely studied your issue of GENTRY, *it should in any way fall short of your expectations, return it within five days, and we will refund your entire subscription price without hesitation.*

Gentry's Christmas 1952 issue, out in November, will be a rare collector's item. Your subscription sent now will, of course, include this issue. Manufacturers and advertising agencies of fine products are advised that because of limitations of space early reservation is suggested.



DO I FEEL GOOD!

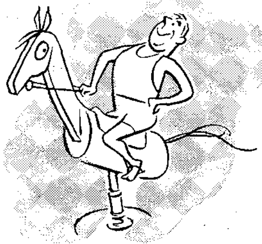
Should've seen me
a few weeks ago . . . tired, flat!
Food tasted like blotting paper.



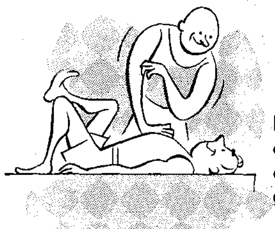
and then the little woman said, "WE'RE GOING on a MOORE-McCORMACK CRUISE!"

I had just one idea when I went aboard my big Good Neighbor Liner . . . I wanted to sleep AND sleep. And I did! First morning out I didn't get up 'til noon. And NOBODY to bother me!

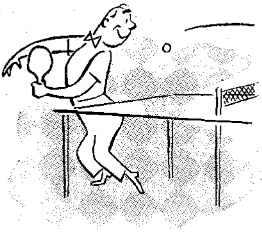
I got up on deck, followed the laughter and there was the pool . . . and people having fun in the bright sunshine. It looked mighty good to me . . . and a few brisk plunges gave life a brighter glow!



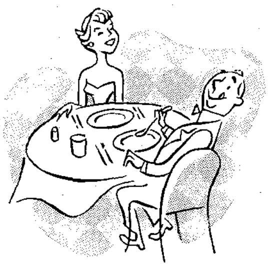
Then I discovered the gymnasium, the electric horse and a couple of other gadgets. Suddenly discovered I had muscles I'd forgotten about.



Discovered, too, the ship had electric baths and that the athletic director knew his job as a masseur. Put myself gratefully into his hands.



Eureka! . . . discovered I could still make a ping-pong ball do its stuff . . . and that shuffleboard hadn't changed in twenty years . . . and, first thing I knew mama had me out dancing the hat dance! Didn't get out of breath either.



Then mealtime. Ah, the joys of a healthy appetite . . . and it wasn't just the wonderful food either. A lot of it was the *new me*—relaxed, life was good, and I was fit to live with again!

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE papers last week treated us to an inspired juxtaposition. On the same day that Princess Elizabeth was solemnly proclaimed Queen by the lords spiritual and temporal of the realm and England acquired a new ruler, America's chief of state turned up in one of his really screwball moods, with his tale of falling through the floor of the White House in his bathtub and landing naked in front of the ladies of the D.A.R. You couldn't get a better picture of the essential difference between England's concept of headship and America's. Both were perfect in their way—Harry clowning along and telling the reporters how he wanted to conjure up Lincoln's ghost to frighten Margaret the night she slept in Lincoln's bed with two pals, Elizabeth taking over the duties of Empire by the grace of God, "by whom kings and queens do reign." The fact that the Empire, at the moment, is as badly in need of repairs as was the floor under Harry's bathtub didn't make the least difference to Elizabeth's loyal subjects. And the fact that three in Lincoln's bed poorly represented America's dream of adequate housing didn't spoil the joke for Americans. As for us, we like both types of rule, the divine and the temporal. God save the Queen! God bless our President, in or out of his bath!

OUR aeronautical remarks on this page a couple of weeks ago drew a fine letter from a T.W.A. captain. His observations reveal a man so well adjusted to this life that they deserve being published. It isn't every day that you encounter a serene personality, either on land or in the sky. The captain did not take exception to our rather sour view of heavier-than-air flight; he merely testified that the acceptance of aerial hazards made him feel "time-fitted" to his profession and "apt to our second of history." (Stylist as well as pilot.)

> To move at a high rate of speed; to feel less secure the closer I come to earth and man; to be able to look ahead with some certainty for 15 seconds;—these factors characterize life in the world today. For most people this constitutes a constant hardship, inducing a rebellion and fretfulness against life. I suspect that by not merely accepting an unforeseeable future, but by building it into my life I may come closer to living a "normal" 20th century life than those who must still struggle against it.

Well, there you have birdman and philosopher rolled into one—the contemplative pilot, full of semicolons, perfectly sympathetic to modern urgencies, a man with a built-in unforeseeable future who has surrendered himself to his speedy century as proudly and passionately as a bride to her lover. He would be our choice of a pilot if we had to go anywhere by air. Happily, however, our own mind is quiet today, and we shall travel afoot in Central Park, time-fitted to the life of a weekly hack, unfretful, grateful for the next fifteen seconds.

THE mental poise of this airline pilot in the middle of difficult flight shows man's spirit maintaining a small but significant lead over his instrument panel. Our own earth-bound life, we realize, is schizophrenic. Half the time we feel blissfully wedded to the modern scene, in love with its every mood, amused by its every joke, imperturbable in the face of its threat, bent on enjoying it to the hilt. The other half of the time we are the fusspot moralist, suspicious of all progress, resentful of change, determined to right wrongs, correct injustices, and save the world even if we have to blow it to pieces in the process. These two characters war incessantly in us, and probably in most men. First one is on top, then the other—body and soul always ravaged by the internal slugging match. We envy Captain X, who has come out a whole man instead of a divided one and who is at peace with his environment. We envy all who fly with him through the great sky.

Big Man with a Window

THE other evening, at a bar on East Forty-ninth Street called the Alexandra, which is a gathering place for the book-publishing trade, we tried to have a tête-à-tête with Alfred van Ameyden van Duym, a massive Dutchman (six feet three, two hundred and sixty pounds) who is the dean of bookshop window-dressers and an important figure at literary cocktail parties and at Scribner's, since his displays for that outfit have been called the best in the country. When we came upon Mr. van Duym, he was sipping a large Martini from an Old-Fashioned glass and muttering at a bartender, whom he introduced as a fellow-Hollander named Philip Vander Karr.

"Salesmen's stories, baseball, and the Civil War—that's all you find in this bar," said Mr. van Duym, who speaks with a Dutch accent, "and I like none of them."

"I am an expert on United States history up to the Spanish-American War," the bartender said, speaking with an even stronger Dutch accent. "Mr. van Duym knows only European history."

"Imagine an expert that likes Theodore Roosevelt!" said Mr. van Duym.

"Once Mr. Roosevelt makes a mistake and calls Tom Paine a dirty little atheist," the bartender said, "and that's enough to make him no good forever with Mr. van Duym."

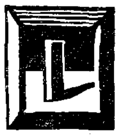
"Who was the lady got hanged for helping to assassinate Lincoln?" a nearby customer inquired of the bartender.

"Mary Surratt," he said.

"The goddam Civil War again," said Mr. van Duym.

"You're off your chump," the customer said. "The old lady's name was Sorrell. There was a book about it—'Sorrell and Son.' "

"Her name was Surratt," said the bartender coldly. "I once caught Edna Ferber in an error in the book 'Great Son,' " he added, to us. "She said Lincoln was assassinated on April 17th, but the correct date is April 14th and he was shot at 10:20 P.M. and the play he was watching was 'Our American Cousin.' "



"About these windows you do for Scribner's," we remarked to Mr. van Duym.

"In these he has talent," the bartender said. "He has this faculty for making people stop and attracting their attention. He can take fifty books and make a good window. He has what you call a gimmit. Take that window he did on that adventure book, 'Kon-Tickle.' He got a little balsam float and some other props and put them all in the window, and it was a great success. He has the gimmit."

"What was the name of Paul Revere's horse?" inquired the customer who had inquired about Mrs. Surratt.

"It is not recorded," said the bartender. "Anyhow, Revere never finished the ride. He was arrested."

"The name of his horse was Traveller," said the customer.

"That was Robert E. Lee's horse," said the bartender.

"This was Traveller the First," said the customer.

"Goddam this history," said Mr. van Duym. "I'd rather talk about windows, even." We told him that was fine by us, and he went on to say that he has been in the business fifteen years—three with Doubleday, twelve with Scribner's. For the latter, he does three windows every week. He is an exponent of the "subject" window rather than the "drugstore," or grab-bag, window. He also favors the "closed" window over the "open" window, which means that passersby can't peer into Scribner's proper through one of his arrangements. In the window-dressing line, Mr. van Duym is probably *sui generis*, his previous occupations having had little connection with what has become his lifework. For a time after he came to the United States, in 1912, he worked on farms in California, Texas, and New Hampshire, and ran an elevator in Boston. He presently abandoned his lift to take a job as chief mixer in a toothache-remedy plant. He could seldom manage to keep the ingredients from boiling over, and finally the owner of the plant said he was tired of wading around in his own stuff and sacked him. Mr. van Duym headed for Chicago, where he joined Marshall Field, as a furniture duster. Just when he was feeling most depressed about his situation and reading "Pollyanna" to gain strength to face another day of dusting, he was reprieved by an offer to become a clerk in the store's book section. He's been around books ever since, and now, in addition to his window work, he sells books at Scribner's and does translations of works in French, German, and Dutch for various publishers. In the hope that he'll feature their stuff in his windows, publishers inundate him with free books; he receives about five hundred of them a month. His favorite reading is Proust, but he also enjoys biography and the songs of minor poets. "I'll be goddamned if I'll read historical novels," he said.

The bartender, who had been impatiently polishing glasses during Mr. van Duym's sketch of his career, broke in at this point to inform us that until recently he himself had had a library of around eighteen hundred volumes.

"He's really the best-read bartender in the world," said Mr. van Duym, "but I don't know whether he gets the over-all picture."

"I am right nine times out of ten on historical matters," said the bartender.

We asked Mr. van Duym if it wasn't rather difficult for a man of his bulk to get through the small doors leading into his windows.

"They say it's a case of the ship and the bottle," he said. "It's honorable to die on the field of battle, so I have read. I hope to die in Scribner's window."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Gatti & Ruggeri, a Sixth Avenue food shop near Eighth Street, features some jars that contain, or so a sign promises, "the non plus ultra of preserves."

In Motion

HERE'S a seasonable mystery for you: Why doesn't the water in the hundreds of exposed water tanks around town freeze in cold weather? We've often noticed icicles hanging from the supports of water towers on the tops of buildings in our neighborhood and have wondered whether there were just as many icicles inside, and if not, why not. Unable to stand the suspense any longer, we dispatched a young man to City Hall to dig up the answer, which he did, deep in the heart of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity. An old-timer he found there took the trouble to inform him, first of all, that nearly all local buildings over five stories high require either a water tower on the roof or a pressure tank in the basement to get water to the upper floors. New York is divided into high, low, and intermediate ground-elevation areas. Buildings on high ground (more than a hundred feet above sea level) receive water from the Catskill system, whose nearest open reservoir, in Yonkers, is at an elevation of two hundred and ninety feet; buildings on low ground (up to forty feet above sea level) are supplied from the Croton system, whose nearest open reservoirs are in Central Park, at an elevation of a hundred and eighteen feet, and the Bronx, at an elevation of a hundred and thirty feet; and the intermediate areas are served by a mingling of these waters or a change in their pressure. The idea is to balance the pressure so nicely that water will reach a fifth floor anywhere in the city by gravity. Pumps in the basements of outsize buildings boost the water to the tanks on the roofs, and from there gravity again takes over. Thus, thanks to a complicated system of pumps and pressure-reducing valves, the water pressure on, say, the sixtieth floor of the Empire State Building is as great as the water pressure on the second. Tanks for the supply of the sixth floor and up are the most common among the three main types of water tower in use hereabouts, the old-timer went on, with deliberation. (Temperature outside at the moment 28° and dropping; perfect calm on the part of our young man's informant.) The second type of tower is a tank hooked up to sprinkler systems, he said, and its contents are drawn on only in case of fire. The third, and latest, type is the tower that contains the water-cooling coils necessary to most large-scale air-conditioning systems.

When the D. of W.S.G.&E. man ultimately got around to the question of why the water in the first type of tank doesn't freeze, no matter how exposed the tower is or how cold the weather becomes, he produced a reason so simple that we're embarrassed not to have thought of it ourself. The water, being in constant motion, doesn't get a chance to freeze. It's in motion because the numerous occupants and/or maintenance staffs of apartment houses and office buildings are always in need of water for *some* reason; even late at night in office buildings scrubwomen and furnacemen are turning faucets on and off and keeping the tank water roiled. Though the water in these roof tanks never gets a chance to freeze, some engineers have insisted on fitting them with steampipes, just in case. When it comes to the tanks that supply water to sprinkler systems, steam coils are a necessity, for, except when a fire breaks out, the water in them is always still. In buildings that have gone up recently, the fire tanks have been enclosed in brick or masonry shells and are kept heated along with the rest of the interior. As for the towers attached to air-conditioning systems, most of them present no icing problem because the air-conditioning is turned off in winter and the water is drained out of the coils. Even where, as in the case of furriers, meat handlers, and the like, air-conditioning and refrigerating systems are kept going all the year round, the water in the coils is no problem, because (you guessed it!) it's in constant motion.

We handed our young man twenty cents for his carfare, and thanked him for his trouble.

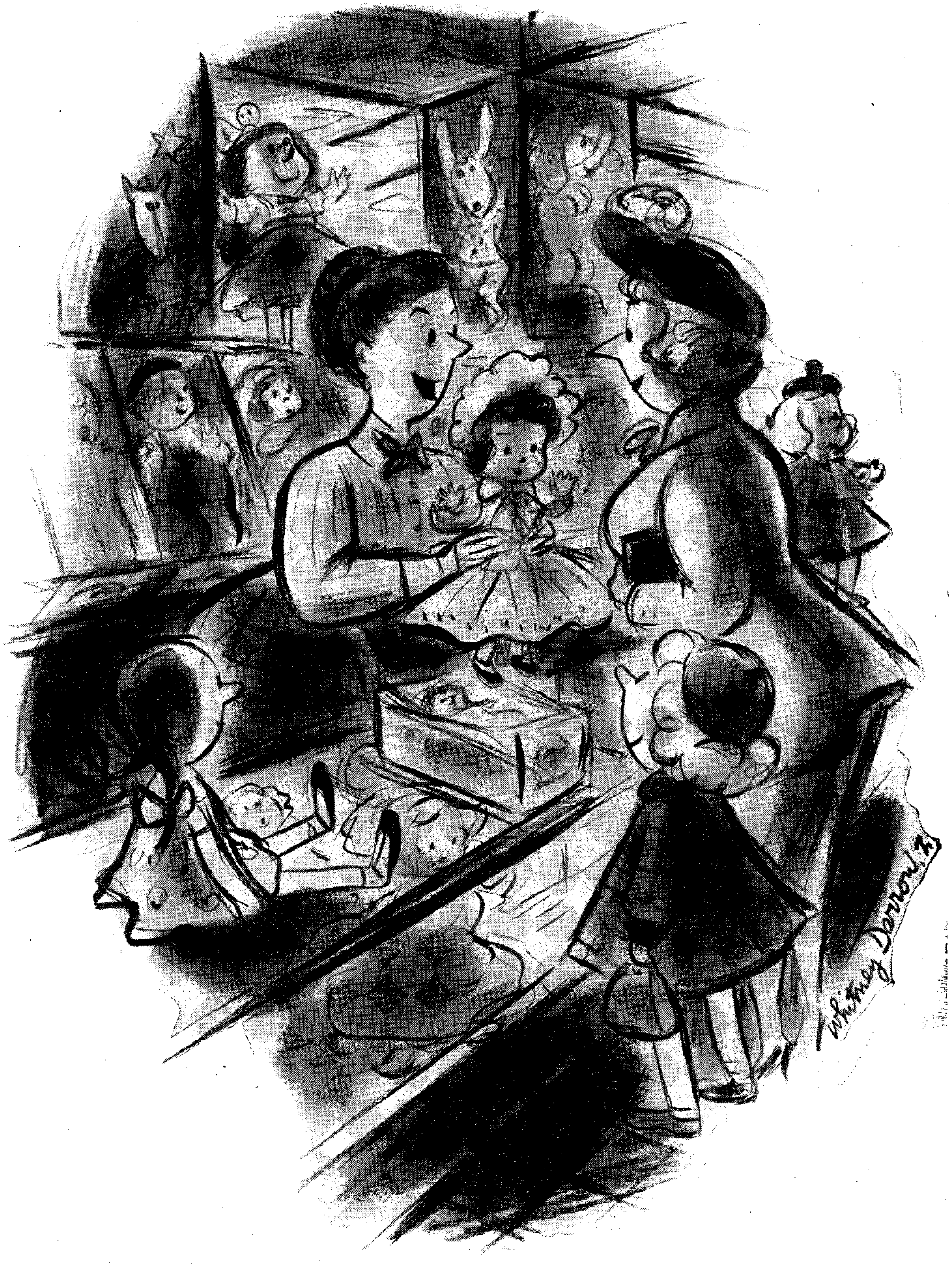
Hazards of Sport

TEEN-AGER brought home from high school a form for his father to sign, to wit: "I hereby give permission for my son George to engage in checkers and assume all responsibility for injuries he may receive while going to and returning from or playing the game."

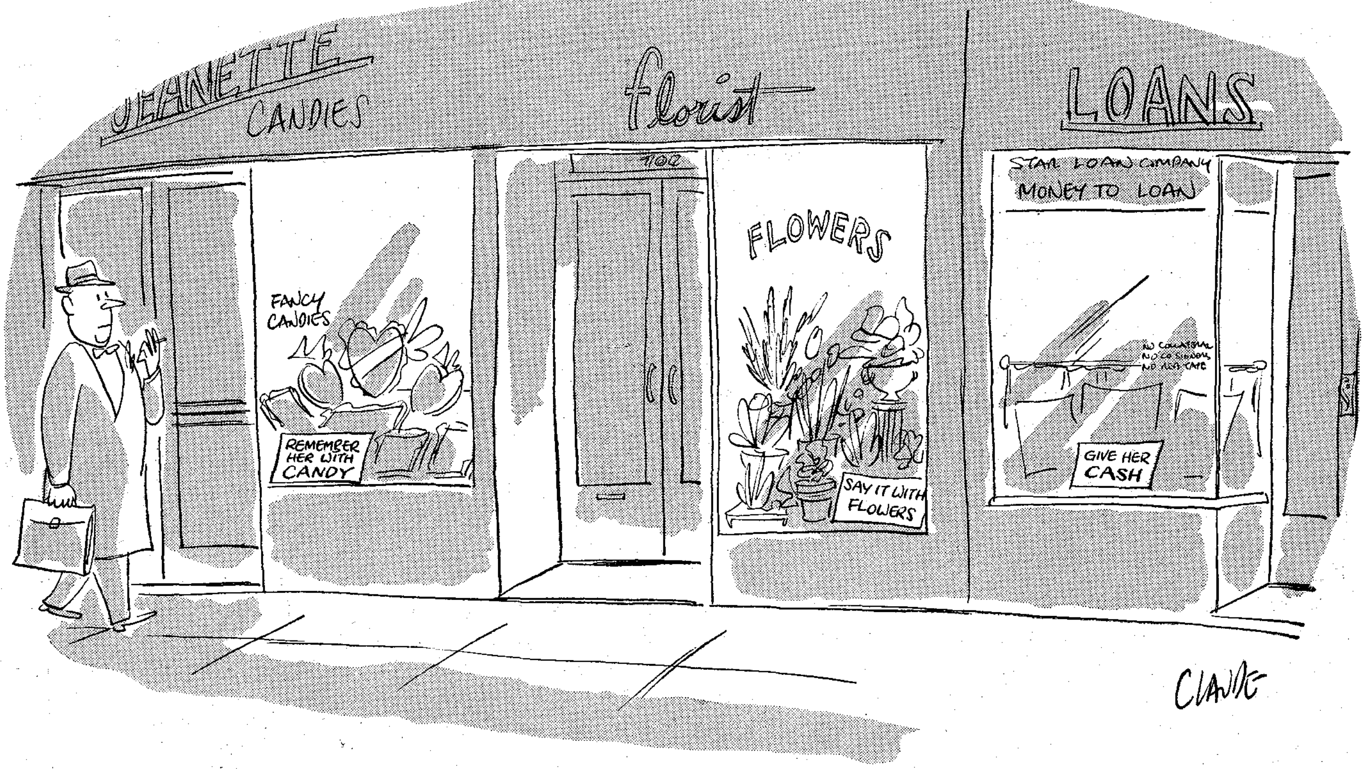
Indian Information

A CARD from the Embassy of India announcing the opening of the India Information Services at 3 East Sixty-fourth Street prompted us to drop in at this address, which turned out to be an old Schermerhorn house, and a darned big one. The Republic of India paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it two or three years ago. In addition to the Information Services, it houses the Indian Consulate and the Indian Delegation to the United Nations. In a large ground-floor room we found the Services' director, Dr. Moni Moulik, sitting at a large desk near a small electric heater below a large picture of Gandhi. A large, clean-shaven man, he was wearing a gray suit with a pink stripe, a handsome pink-and-green tie, and, off and on, a charming smile. "We've never had an office in New York until this year, which is rather strange," he said. "We want to tell the facts about India and create a two-way street of understanding. We don't want to boast. If one has a stable government—and we have—it talks for itself."

We learned that Dr. Moulik, whose name is pronounced Moe-lik, has a considerable journalistic and public-relations background. He was born in 1909 in a section of Bengal that is now part of Pakistan and went to the University of Calcutta, where he studied astronomy, chemistry, biology, anthropology, economics, cosmology, and political science. He got his doctorate at the University of Rome in 1937, for a paper on British financial policy in India. In the early nineteen-thirties, he wrote for *Indian Finance*, a weekly reflecting nationalistic interests, then became the first Indian correspondent in Europe for a group of Calcutta nationalist papers. This job took him to France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, England, and the Scandinavian countries. Back in India in 1939, he was appointed secretary of the Indian Mining Federation and then public-relations officer for the Indian Tea Market Expansion Board. In 1949, he joined his country's foreign service, and handled public relations for


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"If you want to go a little higher, here's one that also gets the measles."



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the Indian Embassy in Washington before coming to Sixty-fourth Street. He has a Park Avenue apartment, a wife, and three children—Aloka (girl), Achola (girl), Amal (boy)—ranging in age from two to twelve, and he has travelled extensively in America, often on lecture tours. "I generally speak on Asian politics and history," he said. "I've been asked to lecture on the future of Christianity in India, but I fear my opinions would be upsetting to audiences. I would point out that while Christian missionaries have done wonderful work in India, Christianity as a spiritual gospel has no future in that country. Jesus Christ has become simply another god in the Hindu pantheon, with His picture on the mantelpiece along with those of Siva, Vishnu, and Brahma. As a social experience, and institutionally, however, Christianity *will* flourish in India."

Dr. Moulik drives his own car on his trips around America. "I use a small Chevrolet," he said. "In this way, you don't have those expensive big-car heartaches when you dash into a lamppost. Not that I do, of course." Dr. M. has avoided lampposts around Niagara Falls and the Thousand Islands, in Pennsylvania, and all over New England. "This summer," he said, "I hope to see Yellowstone Park and the Petrified Forest." He owns a house in Santiniketan, ninety-three miles from Calcutta. "My birthplace is no longer my home," he said. "I need a passport to go there. I try my best to keep my moorings, but it's hard. I feel I've lost happiness. When you're abroad, you're in love with your own country; when you're home, you're miserable because your native place is no longer native to you."

He rose amid the alien Schermerhorn corn and accompanied us to the door, and we gained our native streets with a new appreciation.

Vinegar

THE Alexander Calder mobile show at the Curt Valentin Gallery has reminded one of our friends of a rancher's remark he overheard last month in a Calder-mobile-hung department store in Dallas: "If they think they're going to catch flies with *those*, they're crazy."

Up to Yonkers

AFTER we read in the newspapers around the end of January that the Central National Bank of Yonkers had placed some bowls filled with coins on an unguarded counter in its lobby and was encouraging people to make change, up to five dollars, for themselves, because its president, Mr. Gerald S. Couzens, believed people were honest, we loitered around town here for a while, not wishing to appear too eager, and then drifted up to Yonkers. There the counter was, all right, with a sign that read, "MAKE YOUR OWN CHANGE!" An honest-faced middle-aged woman was making her own change as we arrived. We fell in behind her. In the counter was a slot that you put folding money or half dollars in, and alongside the slot were four bowls loaded with pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters. And nobody looking, either. We put a dollar in, took eight dimes, three nickels, and five pennies out of the bowls, pocketed them, eased across the lobby, and found our way to the desk of Mr. Couzens, who was finishing a sandwich lunch, just like J. P. Morgan. We explained that the main purpose of our trip to Yonkers was to have a talk with a man who believed people were honest. "I still claim they are," he said. "We've come out exactly even so far, and last Monday we raised the limit to ten dollars. It's a convenience to the customers and it relieves the tellers. I don't know why this thing has attracted so much interest. People have been writing me from all over the country—and even from places like Nova Scotia and Nassau—congratulating me for saying I believed people were honest. Used to be somebody turned out *dis*honest and people thought that unusual. Now seems somebody turns out honest— well, the other way around. There's too much distrust all over."

Mr. Couzens, a tall, spare, affable, dignified, gray-haired man in his middle sixties, told us he had been president of the bank for twenty years. The bank—fat, square, affable, and dignified, with paintings on the walls by local artists—was founded in 1929. Mr. Couzens was born in Yonkers, as was his father. His maternal grandfather, John Clark, lived there and for half a century supplied New York homes, restaurants, and hotels with ice cut from the Hudson. "Used to cut ice myself," said Mr. Couzens. "But to get back to this honor-system change-making thing, I guess it's all part of the way banks aren't like they used to be. Or that they're getting *more* like they used to be—in the real old days. For a while after that, it got so banks were identified only with aristocrats and capitalists. Well, there aren't any aristocrats any more and the capitalists have been pretty well shaved down. A bank these days has to be what the banking-advertising people call a department store of finance. I call it a department store of money. Finance is a rather vague thing—pretty obscure. We deal with people on what advertising men call the retail level. I just call it dealing with people. You're interested in banks, you ought to see our other office, down in South Yonkers—we don't call it a branch. It's a new building, with outside windows where you can cash a check without even going inside, and all sorts of things. We're going to have an honor-system counter down there, too—maybe outside. Tell you what. I'll drive you down there and then take you back to the station, if you'll allow me. I'd like to get a little air."

Mr. Couzens, using a heavy stick and limping slightly, walked with us to his car, a Packard coupé, a block down the street, and after he had climbed into it, he shoved his right leg straight out in front of him, into a kind of chute that had been built into the floorboard. There was a brake lever on one side of the steering wheel and a throttle on the other. "Haven't been able to bend that right leg since I was five years old," he said. "Tuberculosis of the bone. Didn't have any trouble with my first car, a 1902 Oldsmobile, or my second, a Stanley Steamer. They were right-hand drive and I'd just stick my bad leg out on the running board. Put it in a canvas sack when the weather was cold. Now I have to get this hole cut in the floor and all these gadgets." At the other office of the bank, what Mr. Couzens was especially pleased with was a roomy parking lot for baby carriages, with painted white lines, appropriate signs, and expendable toys. It's just outside a plate-glass panel near the entrance, and mothers who go into the bank can keep an eye on the parkers. The directors' room has its own entrance from the street and is used as a community room by various Yonkers groups, including the Helen MacGregor Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia, and the Yonkers Independent Pharmacists. Mr. Couzens talked proudly about many other features of the building, like wall-to-wall carpeting in the tellers' enclosure, then noticed that it was nearly time for the 3:28 express to New York, and cut himself short. Driving to the station, he told us that he has three children and eleven grandchildren and (in what seemed a non sequitur) that he didn't go to college. "My wife and I agreed when we were in grammar school here that we'd get married as soon as we could," he said. "I went right to work as an office boy in a factory, because I always had nothing in mind except to get married. And marry we did, as soon as I was making enough money, and we were happy and very, *very* closely devoted for over forty years. She's dead now." He glanced out at the Hudson on his left and said, "We used to ice-skate this time of year. Annie Pearce."

Admonishment

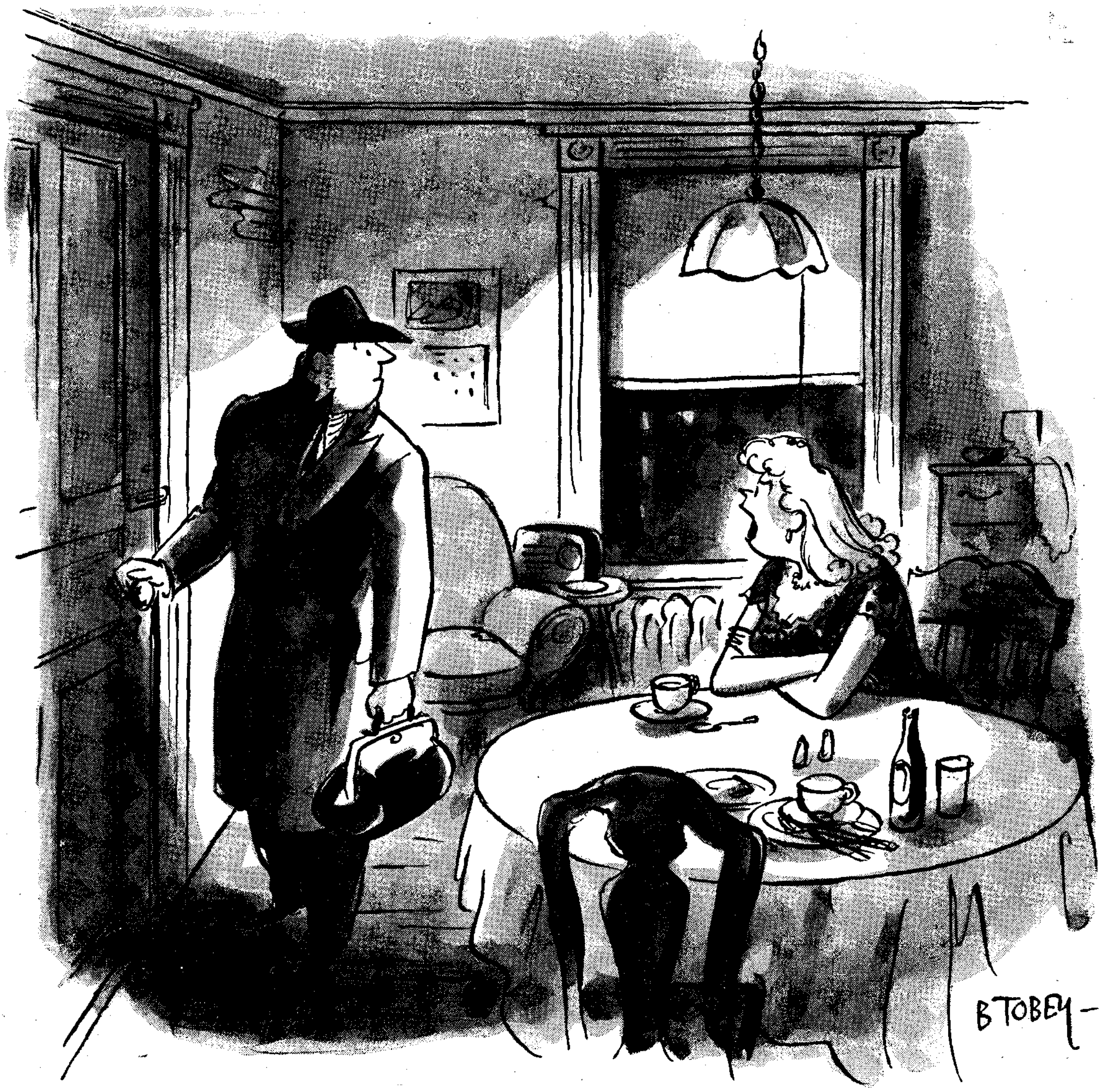
A LADY who returned two tickets, by mail, to the Ziegfeld Theatre and received a check therefrom mislaid it. While she was still ransacking her bureau drawers, the following letter, with a familiar enclosure, arrived:

DEAR MRS. L:

The enclosed check, which we sent you Dec. 20, 1951, was found in Schrafft's at 990 Madison Ave. & returned to us.

Please do not lose it again.

Very truly yours,
ZIEGFELD THEATRE



"I'm sick and tired of having my evenings ruined. Why can't you ever commit one of those daring daylight robberies I keep reading about?"

THE ABSENT-MINDED HEART

THE valentines covered two long trestle tables in the basement of Brentano's, and there were not, of course, any of those engineering marvels, circa 1910-20, that opened with a creak and revealed, with all the charm of stereoscopic perspective, a sailboat, a swan, a garden gate. I suppose, Morison Tyler, who was in his early forties and had a simple, emotional preference for the way things used to be, said to himself, if you have never known valentine boats and swans and garden gates, you don't really miss them. It might even be an advantage, he reflected, in that the less you knew about the past, the easier it was to be satisfied to live in the present, where, like it or not, you had to live. On the other hand, it did not seem probable that thirty years from now anybody would be searching nostalgically for examples of the insipid, greeting-card kind of thing he saw before him. People weren't even searching for them now, as a matter of fact. He was the only customer in that part of the store.

He remembered suddenly a stationery shop on Lexington Avenue, in the Sixties somewhere, that had old-fashioned valentines, or at least used to have them, but they were too old-fashioned; they were Late Victorian, and expensive. Also, it was raining, and he didn't have time during his lunch hour to go all the way up there. So, instead, he chose one of the greeting cards, which had a picture of a green pea pod on it, with two peas cozying up together, and the legend "Be my POD-ner, Valentine!"

The clerk brought him his purchase, in an envelope wrapper, and his change, and he wandered over to the racks of paper-bound reprints. Row after row, rack after rack, he combed through the titles for ten or fifteen minutes, ending up with five mysteries and two straight novels. On a nearby table was a selection of marked-down art books, which he looked over rapidly and which yielded a prize—a large illustrated volume on Jean Fouquet and other French painters of the later Middle Ages. As he left the store, he put the two packages of books, with the greeting card between them, under his overcoat, so that the rain wouldn't soak through the wrappings. He was in a hurry—he still had to eat and stop in at the bank and be back at his office by two-thirty—but when he saw, across Fifth Avenue, the red front of a candy store, he hesitated, and then crossed over and stood examining the window display.

There was a considerable price range in the heart-shaped boxes of candy. For twelve-fifty, you could get a red plush heart pierced with an ornamental brass arrow; for six-fifty, a red taffeta heart; and for five dollars a white moiré (so a sign informed him) heart with red artificial roses on it. The gold-paper hearts were four-seventy-five. The red paper hearts with white roses on them were four dollars and a quarter. And the unadorned red paper hearts—the kind that were always in the windows of candy stores at this time of year—were two dollars and a quarter. As nearly as Tyler could make out, the chocolates in all of them were identical.

He glanced at his watch and then went in the store and asked for a plain paper heart. The girl behind the counter produced one, in a cardboard box, and Tyler reached for it, too soon. The girl behind the counter wrapped the box up tediously in pleated white paper. Tyler looked again at his watch, and when the girl picked up a red ribbon, he said, "Don't bother, I'll just take it the way it is." Though time is money to some people, it was not to the girl behind the counter, and she had, besides, the honor of the candy store to think of. She tied a perfect bow and then wrapped the box again, in ordinary wrapping paper. As Tyler left the store, he reminded himself that he had one more purchase to make, but that would have to wait until evening.

Tyler and his wife had lived in the country for the past six years, and he had fallen out of the habit of these annual celebrations. In the wintertime, the long train ride in a hot coach was hard on flowers, and there were flowers in the garden all summer long, so there was no point in bringing cut flowers out from town. He could have (and should have, he now realized) brought Lois candy once in a while, but he was usually in a hurry to make the five-twenty-four, and didn't pass a candy store on the direct route between his office and Grand Central. This winter, they had closed the house in the country and sublet an apartment in town for three months, by way of a change, and so he had a chance to shoot the works. And that, he told himself, was what he was doing.

AT quarter after five, when Tyler left his office with the candy, books, and greeting card once more under his coat, it was still raining, and large flakes of snow fell with the rain. He zigzagged south and east, and arrived at a little basement flower shop on Third Avenue in the upper Thirties. It didn't have very good flowers, but Lois felt sorry for the old Italian woman who kept it, and would prefer flowers from there, even though they weren't absolutely fresh, to flowers from anywhere else. The old woman was not in the shop this evening, and the middle-aged man who had taken her place was not the type to arouse the sympathy of the susceptible, or to care whether he aroused them. He would have been perfectly at home in a gangster movie. Tyler's first glance around the place was discouraging. They ought to be able to do better than this, he said to himself, on Valentine's Day. The anemones were faded and ready to drop their petals. The roses in the refrigerator were too far open. There were nice gladioli, but Lois detested them, and jonquils, which didn't suggest the occasion. In the end, Tyler picked out a dozen dark-red carnations and asked for a stalk of mimosa. "I don't know that it looks very much like Saint Valentine's Day," he remarked when he saw the flowers spread out on a sheet of green wrapping paper. The florist grunted and threw in some ferns.

Tyler paid him, turned up his coat collar, and, loaded to the gunwales with valentine offerings for the dearest wife a man ever had, went out into the peculiar night. As he walked into the entry of his apartment building, a woman was just fitting her key into the lock of the inner door, and held it open for him. He held the door of the self-operating elevator open for her, and as it closed, she looked at him inquiringly.

"Three," he said.

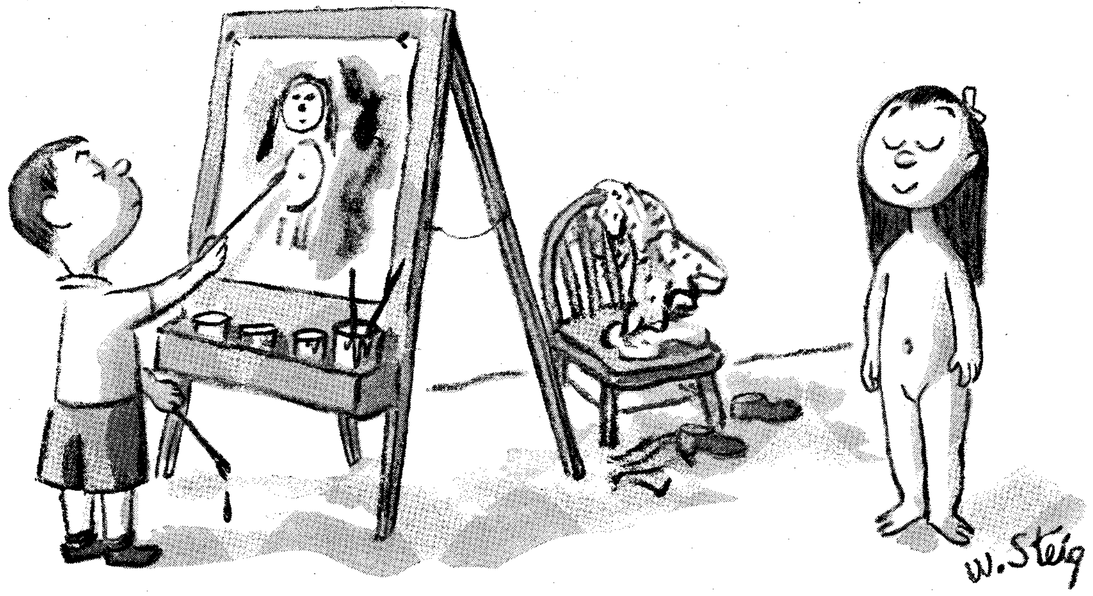
"I'm going to three, too," she said.

He pressed the button, and as they rose, she remarked, with a glance at the paper cone in his left hand, "How nice—flowers on a night like this!"

"It's Valentine's Day," Tyler explained.

Her failure to reply, and something in her expression, led Tyler to believe that she—a widow, perhaps—had no reason to expect any flowers this evening. At the third floor, he held the door open for her and she went off down the hall, and Tyler, standing in front of 3-C, shifted the parcels in order to put his key in the lock. As the door swung open, Lois called out to him from the kitchen. He tipped his head forward and let the rain run off the brim of his hat onto the sublet carpet. "It's a lousy night."

"Awful," she agreed. "Hang your



coat in the bathroom. I just got in about twenty minutes ago myself, so I know."

She was smiling at him as he passed the kitchen door on his way into the living room; she must have seen the flowers and parcels, but all she said, strangely, was "I was going to have a drink ready for you, and then I decided to make crêpes Suzette."

He put the flowers on the dining table and began unwrapping the books. "I called you from the office," he said.

"I went out about two-thirty," she said from the kitchen. "I was looking for a hat, but I couldn't find anything."

"I thought we'd eat out tonight."

"I stopped at the Grand Union on the way home," she said. "What's a half of one and three-fourths?"

Multiplying and dividing, he arranged the books on the table and took the greeting card out of its wrapper and put it inside the paper cone, with the flowers.

"Seven-eighths," he announced as he walked into the kitchen.

She struck the egg beater lightly on the rim of a stainless-steel mixing bowl, held it under the faucet in the sink, and then looked into the enamel two-cup measuring vessel that was the bane of her existence. "It doesn't even have the thirds marked," she said. "I'm dividing the recipe in half, which makes a third of a cup of flour and seven-eighths of a cup of milk. What'll I do?"

He took a pencil from his coat pocket and marked an approximate third and then seven-eighths of a cup on the inside of the vessel. "Take a chance," he said as he handed it to her. He made an Old-Fashioned for her and a highball for himself, and carried them into the living room. In a moment, she joined him and said, "Oh—you brought me some flowers!"

"And books," he said. "You were complaining last night that there was nothing in the apartment to read."

He turned away, so as not to seem too interested, or too pleased with himself. When he looked again, she was standing with the flowers unwrapped and the envelope in her hand. "Carnations!" she exclaimed. "And mimosa. Where did you get it?"

"In that shop you go to. I don't know whether they're fresh or not."

"They're beautiful." She drew the greeting card out of its envelope. There was a silence. "Saint Valentine's Day—I forgot about it! I haven't anything for you."

"That isn't the point," he said happily. "I wanted to surprise you. I hoped you wouldn't remember." But it was he who was surprised. Her eyes grew very bright, and then the tears spilled over.

"I don't know how I could have forgotten it," she said sadly.

He put his arms around her and kissed her, and as she wiped the tears away with her hand, she said, "At least I've got crêpes Suzette for you—if they turn out."

He brought her a Kleenex from the linen closet, and she blew her nose and then went into the kitchen, put a casserole in the oven, set the time clock on the stove, and returned to the living room with a tall glass vase that belonged to the sublessors and that she had refrained, until now, from using. When she had arranged and admired the flowers, they looked at the books.

"It's been one of those days," she said. "I got a late start with the housework. My pleated skirt came back from the cleaners with the pleats pressed in the wrong way. Our checkbook won't balance—you'll have to do something about it. Then I started to fix my new red dress, so I could wear it tomorrow night. I cut the seam apart at the waist, and when I got it all fitted and basted, it wasn't right, and I remembered that the only way it can be done is without cutting. So now I have to sew it up again and start all over. Just as I was going out, I went to get something from the icebox and discovered that there were pools of milk on the bottom shelf—it had leaked out of the container and was all over everything. It had somehow got inside the plastic bag, on the parsley and lettuce. It was even under the aluminum foil on the cheese, and had turned sour. There was no mail. Every hat I tried on was just a hat. There weren't any that made me feel different from when I didn't have a hat on, and that's the only point of a hat, so I gave up and took a bus uptown to that place Mrs. Piel told me about, where they have 'seconds' of Finnish china—between Ninety-first and Ninety-second, she said, on Lexington—and couldn't find it and went clear up to Ninety-seventh Street before I turned back, and of course it was between Ninety-first and Ninetieth, and everything I liked was out of stock, and I walked all the way home."

"All the way from Ninety-first Street?"

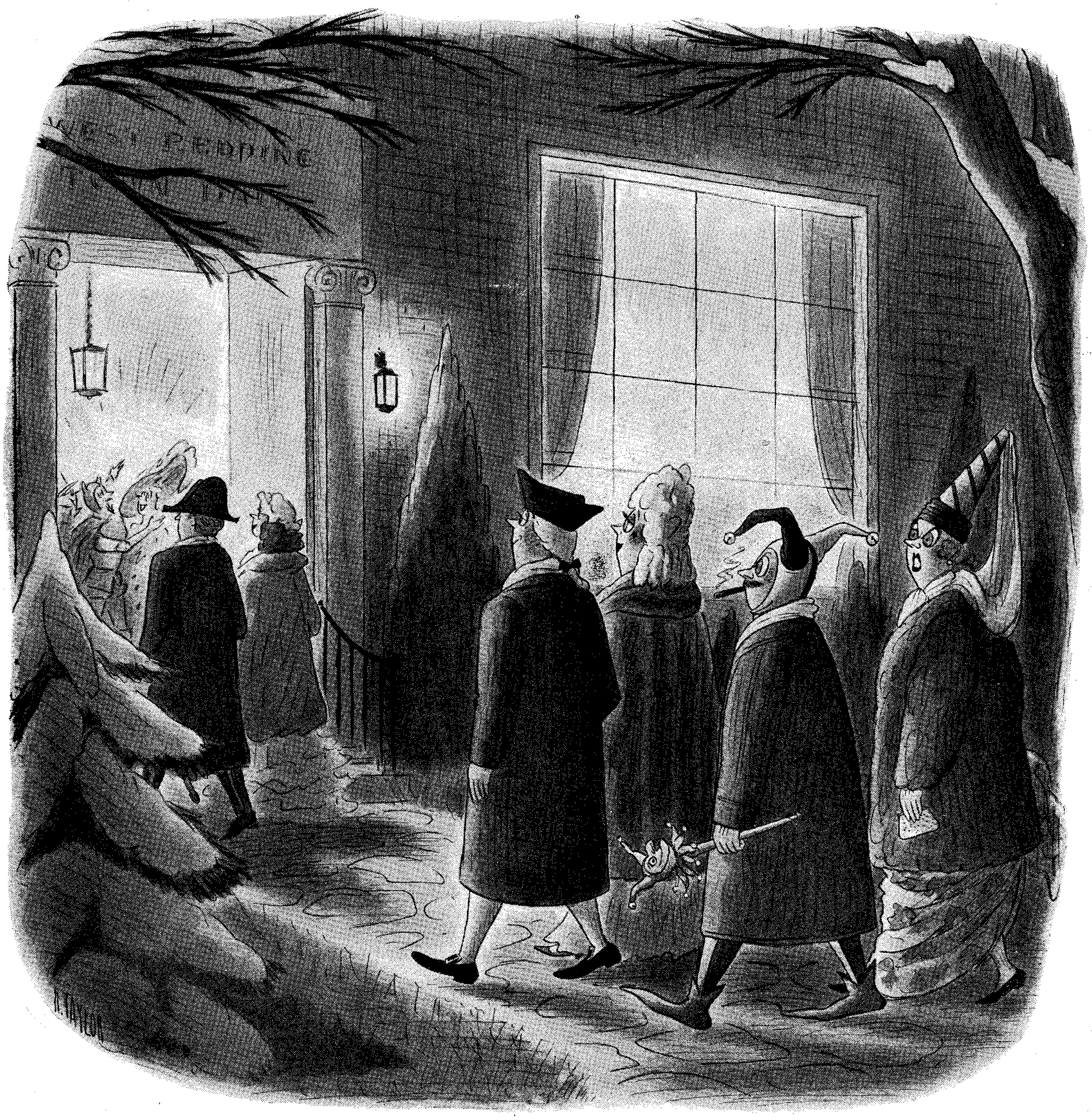
"Yes," she said. "It was a perfectly dreadful day."

Now that she had finished telling him about it, she was quite cheerful. They had another round of drinks before the clock on the stove reminded them of food. As Tyler lit the candles on the table, he noticed that she had put the pea-pod greeting card on the bookcase, and he called out to her, "Did you like your valentine? It's sort of awful, but it was the best I could do."

"It's darling!" she called back from the kitchen. "It's just wonderful."

THE crêpes Suzette turned out very well, in spite of the two-cup measuring vessel. When Lois had brought in the coffee, she lifted the cover from the box of chocolates and said, "I've never had candy in a heart-shaped box before."

"It's the one thing that hasn't



"Now, don't go making a fool of yourself."

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changed," Tyler said. "Candy in heart-shaped boxes for Valentine's Day I can remember clear back to my childhood. It always used to be that way."

The telephone rang while he was speculating on which piece he would have, and Lois left the table to answer it.

"Yes, Bea," she said. "How are you? . . . Oh, we're fine. . . . Well, just a minute. Let me ask Moris." With her hand on the mouthpiece, she said, "It's Bea Curtis. She wants us to come for a cocktail on Thursday." He nodded, and she said into the telephone, "We'd love to. . . . What? . . . Oh, no! Moris brought me flowers and candy and books. . . . Yes, today. Isn't that just like him!"

The conversation concluded, she placed the phone in its cradle and returned to the table. Smiling, she lit a cigarette and then, unable to keep the joke to herself any longer, she leaned toward him, took his hand in hers, and said, "Valentine's Day is *next* Thursday."

In a flash, all the evidence that Tyler had been denying all day long arranged itself before his mind: letters he had signed at the office, dated February 7th; his desk calendar, on which he had written a luncheon engagement for February 11th; the absence of a crowd around the valentines in Brentano's, or in the candy store; the florist's grunt; the strange expression of the woman in the elevator.

"But tonight is the night I needed it," Lois said. "This whole room smells of carnations." —W. D. MITCHELL

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Studies show that out of 100 men reaching age 65, there will be 54 who are not self supporting and 36 will be dead.—*From a circular from the New York Life Insurance Company.*

That takes care of *them.*

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

TIME EXPOSURE

IT was just a hundred years ago last summer that one John Matheny, industrious farmer, pious husband of the former Lizzie Bell, and father of her four children, was drowned in the Hocking River, in Ohio, in his thirty-fourth year. One of his three daughters, Katherine, called Kate, married a young farmer named William M. Fisher when she was sixteen and became, among other things, my grandmother. Grandma Fisher never told her grandchildren tales about her father, because she was only seven when he was drowned, and she didn't remember much about him. The man she did remember vividly, and told tales about, was her stepfather, a colorful figure in the annals of several families—he was married three times—and the author, some seventy years ago, of a short unpublished manuscript entitled "The Autobiography of Judge Stacy Taylor." This personal history was recently lent me by its owner, Mahlon Taylor, of Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, last surviving child of the Judge, who had more than thirty children, counting his stepchildren and the dozen or so boys and girls he adopted when their parents were killed by Indians or died of a plague. The remarkable memory of Mahlon Taylor, who is now ninety-four years old, readily supplies any fact that his father left out of his brief but exciting and sometimes bloody memoirs. He not only remembers how his father lifted him up in his arms, eighty-seven years ago, so that he could look on the countenance of Abraham Lincoln when the martyred President lay in state in the rotunda of the State House in Columbus, but he also recalls the name of the owner of the black horses that drew the hearse that day, and the name of the man who owned the hearse, which was nothing more than a farm wagon draped in black bunting. The Sage of Punxsutawney, furthermore, can repeat the words of a gentleman who quieted and dispelled a group of men who threatened to lynch the members of a theatrical company then playing in Columbus.

Stacy Taylor was born in Virginia a hundred and forty-six years ago, within a carriage ride of the nation's capital and the town of Alexandria, and when he was nineteen, he drove his seventeen-year-old wife, Mary Hollingsworth Taylor, to Alexandria on the Fourth of July, 1825, to hear President John Quincy Adams speak proudly of the Republic's past and confidently of its future. After the ceremonies, Stacy and Mary shook hands with President Adams and with four ex-Presidents of the United States, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe. (John Adams and Jefferson, incidentally, died exactly one year after that day, on the Fourth of July, 1826, and Monroe died on another Fourth of July, in the year 1831.) Young Taylor was not thrilled by the nearness of Washington, D.C., where formal history was being made and immortals were to be seen walking along the streets, for he was a restless and adventurous youth who dreamed of the Northwest Territory, the Western Reserve, and the Indian country, and he was determined to seek his fortune there. When he was only twenty, he loaded his wife and the first-born of their eight children into a wagon, with their household possessions, and set out for the bright streams and deep forests on the other side of the Alleghenies.

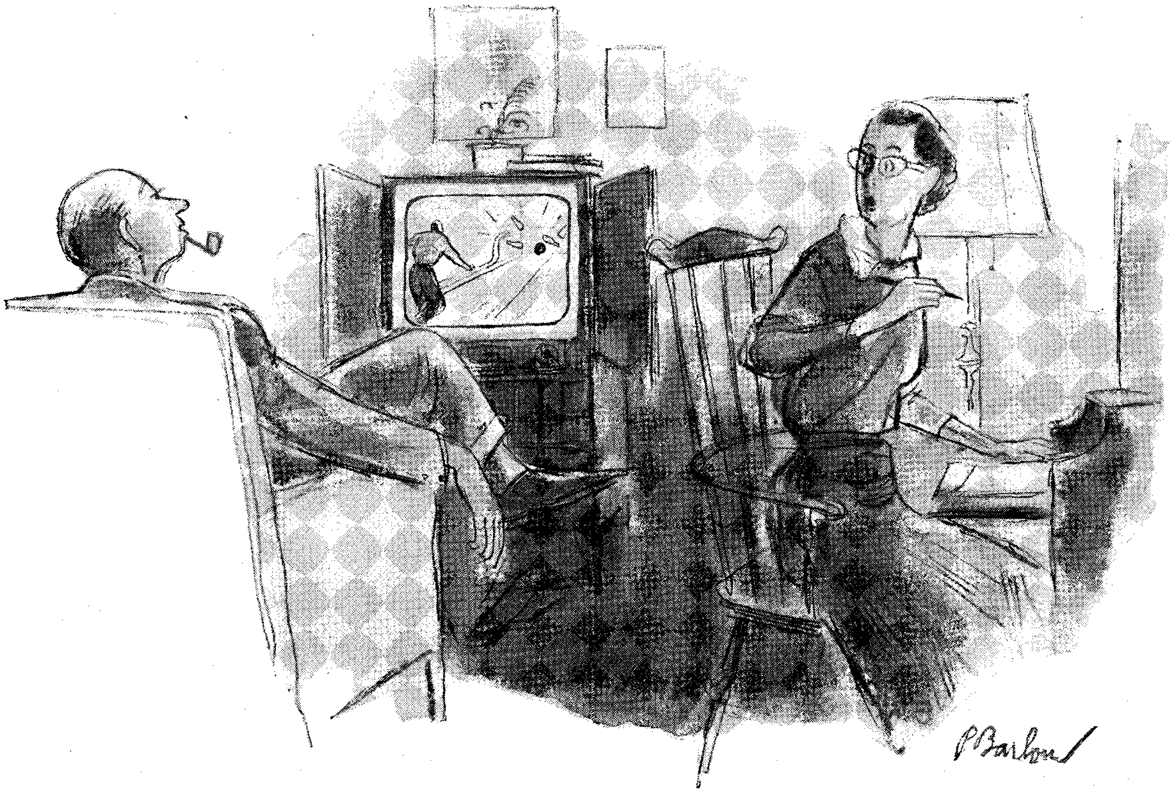
Taylor, as he refers to himself in his autobiography, "came to rest" in the town of St. Marys, Ohio, in the summer of 1826, when two future Presidents from that state were merely toddling about: Ulysses S. Grant, who was then four years old, and Rutherford B. Hayes, who was three going on four. I don't suppose anybody in St. Marys remembers that its first mayor was a young Virginian named Stacy Taylor, but I like to think that the gravestones of his beloved first wife and four of their children can still be found in the town's oldest cemetery. There is no grief or gloom in the memoirs, however, for it is a tale of pioneer action in a period when men had little time for tears. Soon after Taylor settled in St. Marys, he formed a fur-trading partnership with another restless young man, one George Johnson, and for seven years they roamed the wilderness along the banks of the Wabash, buying furs from the comparatively peaceable Wyandots, Ottawas, and Senecas, and the touchy and truculent Shawnees, who liked a slashing knife fight when they were full of whiskey. They also liked the soft-spoken Taylor, who neither sold firewater nor got drunk, who dealt with them honestly and never brandished a gun, but was mighty good, when he had to be, on forehand or backhand with a yardstick, one end of which was weighted with lead. Taylor and his partner paid silver dollars—the Indians didn't like paper money—for mink, otter, fox, wolf, bear, beaver, and raccoon, and the hides of deer. (There is no mention of how much mink cost a hundred and twenty-five years ago, but the Indians sold a good otter pelt for six dollars.) The young traders finally paid as much as two thousand dollars in one transaction, and the Indians welcomed their coming in the trapping season, and often turned to Taylor in their arguments with other white men. He successfully represented one Ohio tribe that had been rudely dealt with in a hasty and unfair federal treaty. He was never molested, even by the Shawnees, but he witnessed a dozen savage knife brawls, and he graphically describes one of the bloodiest, involving three remarkable Indians, one of them known, strangely enough, as McDougle. I set down his account exactly as he wrote it, leaving in his subtitles.

Captain Bright Horn; Big Lewis

During the spring, summer, and fall of 1832 a number of Indians were killed in the immediate vicinity of St. Marys by their own people. There was an Indian among the Shawnees by the name of Captain Bright Horn, who had served in the American army under General Harrison during the War of 1812, and commanded a company of Indians, and who distinguished himself for gallantry in the Battle of Tippecanoe and in other battles with the British and Indians. This Indian was intelligent and civil and was always remarkable for his attachment to the white people with whom he had an acquaintance. There was also another Indian belonging to the same tribe who was named Big Lewis. This man was the largest and strongest man ever known in Northwestern Ohio of any race. Some time during the spring before named a large company of Indians came in from their spring trapping with a large quantity of fur skins, which were purchased by Taylor and Johnson, and after they had received their pay they encamped in the immediate vicinity of St. Marys for the night. In this company was Big Lewis and Captain Bright Horn.

A Drunken Fight; McDougle; Death of Captain Bright Horn

During the evening they procured a large quantity of whiskey somewhere (as Johnson and Taylor never sold any liquor, or kept any for sale). Soon they were in a drunken frenzy, and hearing their yells, Taylor and two or three other white men repaired to the scene to see what was the matter. In a few minutes after they arrived at the Indian camp Captain Bright Horn, who was enraged at something some other Indians had said or done to him, attacked with his knife (which was very large) one Indian after another, until he succeeded in killing two, when he attacked the third, by the name of McDougle, who, after receiving a cut in the mouth with Bright Horn's knife, which opened his mouth nearly to his ear, fled and got behind Big Lewis (who always kept sober) for protection. Big Lewis caught Bright Horn as he ap-



"For God's sake, Fred, at least turn off the sound!"

proached, and told him to stop, he "had killed Indians enough." They stood for a minute facing each other in silence, when Big Lewis said to Bright Horn (in Indian language), "You mad?" Bright Horn in the same language answered, "Yes." In an instant Big Lewis drew his knife and so cut Bright Horn that his bowels came out after the knife, and he fell struggling to the earth. While he was yet struggling in death, McDougle peeped around his protector, and drawing his knife, cried out to the dying man, in the Indian language, "Heap Devil, maybe not dead yet," and sprang at the struggling man and cut off his head. And thus ended in a drunken frolic a brave Indian soldier.

Stacy Taylor wanted to be a lawyer, and he had brought a set of law books from Virginia, together with the plays of Shakespeare and the poems of Robert Burns, which he read so often that he learned long passages from the plays by heart, and all of the poems. He read his books at night, after going to bed, by the light of a candle whose stick was balanced on his chest. (I tried this myself the other day, and can only conclude that the Judge had a longer neck than mine or a great deal more chest.) Studying law by candlelight in the wilderness while rearing a family of eight and dealing with Shawnees was a slow process, and he was not admitted to the Ohio bar until he was thirty. If he has his dates right, he was elected associate judge of Mercer County when he was only twenty-six, law certificate or no law certificate. Three years later he was a successful candidate of the Whig Party for representative in the state legislature. He rode horseback through the ten counties of his district, telling the voters about the merits of the Miami Canal project and advising against the proposed Northern Railroad. There were other issues, too, long since forgotten, but the intensity of the young Whig's campaign still glows in the pages of his memoirs. After a speech at Fort Recovery, he became lost in a twenty-mile forest, whose foot-wide Indian trail had been obscured by fallen leaves. Darkness came on, without moon or stars, and he took refuge in the crotch of a tree, where for two hours he outsnarled half a dozen "wildcats and catamounts" among the branches. The distant barking of a dog led him at last to a log cabin, whose owner set him on the road back to St. Marys. He was proud of his election as representative, for it came in a strong Democratic year, when the governorship and almost all the other state offices went to Democrats. The autobiography takes a few sharp cracks at Democrats, in the best Whig tradition, including one Judge William L. Helfinstein, whose legal learning and integrity Judge Taylor held in low regard, but the Virginian was a fair man and he admits that his political enemy "did much better than was hoped for or expected" after his election to office.

In one brief sentence, casually tossed into a paragraph, the Judge writes, "With another man Taylor bought for eighty dollars from an Indian chief in Indiana a section of land on which the largest part of the town of Fort Wayne now stands." He seemed well on his way to building up a considerable fortune when he made the mistake of going in for contracting on a large scale, building dams and other ambitious constructions. In a section of the manuscript entitled "Financial Ruin," he tells how he got stuck with a lot of checks of the unsound state treasury of Ohio and had to sell them at a discount of sixty-three per cent. This marked the end of his business enterprises and of his interest in his autobiography. Its last sentence goes like this: "On Taylor's return to St. Marys in 1837 he engaged actively in the practice of law throughout that judicial district, and continued to practice until 1846, when he removed with his four motherless children to Columbus." The narrative of the first forty years of Judge Stacy Taylor's life leaves a lot of loose ends. He does not say what became of his real-estate holdings in Indiana, and Mary Hollingsworth is the only one of his three wives mentioned in the manuscript. He was only forty-seven years old when he married Lizzie Bell Matheny, and after that he still had another forty years to live, but he must have felt that his crowded first four decades were the only ones worthy of permanent record. When he died, in 1893, at the age of eighty-seven, full of scars and honors, still able to recite all the poems of his great idol Robert Burns without a slip, he had lived all but thirteen years of the American nineteenth century. Nobody knows the exact number of his children, stepchildren, and adopted children, or how many of their boys and girls, and grandsons and granddaughters, heard him recite, in his last decades, "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night," but he had a wonderful old age and he was a welcome visitor in dozens of homes.

His son Mahlon, at ninety-four, bewails, now and then, his father's "untimely" death, which he lays to an indiscreet diet. "He could have lived to be an old man," sighs Uncle Mahlon, "but he ate himself into the grave."

Elizabeth Bell Matheny Taylor, the Judge's third wife—I don't know much about his second one—died before I was born, and so I don't know much about her either, but I well remember two remarkable first cousins of hers, known to us children as Dr. Beall and Aunt Mary Van York. They were the son and daughter of a skinker named Sam Bell, who ran a hotel on the banks of the Ohio Canal before the Civil War. Sam was a hard-headed Whig and a practical man, and he didn't understand why his son fancied up the family name by putting an "a" in it, or why the boy had always wanted to be a medico instead of going into the hotel business and getting his sleep. He would be dog, he used to complain, if he didn't think his children were a little quisby. Mary, for instance, smoked chawin' tabacca in her pipe, a chawin' tabacca strong enough to knock a dog off a gut-wagon. And there was that goddam lamp oil that Buddy, the Doctor, was always tryin' to make folks take internal, for their ailments. The stuff was meant for lightin' houses, not for treatin' humans, and old Sam would have no part of it. When he lay dying, he refused a tablespoonful of lamp oil held to his lips by his solicitous son. "I'd ruther die like a man than live like a lamp," he said, and he died like a man.

Dr. Beall was a homeopath, with idiosyncrasies of his own—a believer in small doses of mild drugs, a heavy meal three times a day, a good cigar after each one, a little whiskey to regulate the heart, a cheerful disposition to relax the system, a healthy skepticism to clear the mind of notions, and a sane moderation in exercise and bathing, either of which could kill a man if he didn't watch out. His ancient black medical bag held, in neat rows, dozens of phials containing white pills and powders that looked exactly the same. Coal oil, of course, could be drawn from a lamp in any house in the old days, and next to one on a table in his office he kept a teaspoon, a tablespoon, and a wineglass, and he would fill one or another of them with kerosene, depending on the severity of a patient's ailment. He often took a slug of the stuff himself, and he confounded those who predicted it would kill him by living to be almost ninety.

The old homeopath was a fine skeptic who doubted practically everything that people tried to foist on him as truth, especially in the dubious areas of medical theory and assumption. He was a tall man, over six feet, and heavy, and we children considered him the best-dressed and most distinguished-looking member of the family. From youth into old age, and from morning till night, he wore the same costume: spike-tailed coat, striped trousers, bat-wing collar, and black bow tie—an outfit that gave his usually negative pronouncements an air of great authority. He made his rounds wearing a plug hat, and when he took it off, he revealed a thick shock of white hair that stood straight up on end. He told us that his hair had turned white overnight after he toppled over during a plague of the Asiatic cholera somewhere in Ohio and was thrown into the "black wagon" and tossed among the dead in a charnel pit on the edge of town. If a jackanapes or nincompoop informed him that medical science held no record of a man's hair turning white overnight, he would shout amiably, "Tom-fool-er-y!," dragging out the syllables for effect, and then add, "Pop-py-cock!" When he stayed at my grandfather's house, its rooms were loud with these words. Once, at Sunday dinner, my grandfather observed that whiskey had kept General Grant toned up and on his toes. "Tom-fool-er-y!" cried Dr. Beall. One of my great-aunts then opined that Grant's drinking had been bad for him. "Pop-py-cock!" roared the Doctor, a broadminded man, who could oppose both sides of an argument. Another time, Cousin Martha Matheny looked out a window of an upstairs room in the Fisher home and was dismayed to see Dr. Beall walking about in the snow in his bare feet. He heard the window sash being raised, but before his woman relative could scold him, he beat her to it by bawling his favorite words at her. She told him, nonetheless, that he would catch his death tramping around in the snow at his age—he must have been eighty then. He explained that nothing was so good for opening the pores of the feet as a walk in the snow. The human foot, he added, was intended by God Almighty to come in contact with the good earth from time to time.

Dr. Beall often smoked more than one cigar after each meal, and he worried his female relatives by smoking in bed. He would sometimes lie down, fully clothed, after dinner and doze off with a lighted cigar in his mouth. I was on hand one evening when my

A MANTELPIECE OF SHELLS

The crimp and whorl of conch,
Serrated slot of cowries, stropped
Edge of razors, cup of nautilus,
Fan of the scallop, the sundial's
Coiled watch spring and the scrolled
Edge of the olives. The sound of surf
In the gastropod cupped to the ear.

But more than this. The memory
Recalls the short turf by the Scottish shores;
The anvil of the thrush, where Helix,
Sparsely nourished on the dune bents,
Was broken; the New England roads
Where, bomberwise, the hungry gull
Exploded the quahog; the seed scallop

Thicker than sand along the shores
After the storm; the flushed cowries
Of the Firth of Clyde and the rough coast
Of Northumberland; and jingle shells,
Tangerine, peach, and lemon, sparkling
The beach at Vineyard Haven; and vines
Festooned plumply with *escargots*.

Then, too, the truck on Eighth Street
Crammed with conchs—suffused
Pinks, purples, and browns peddled
For a quarter—stripped of the green moss
That covered those from Menemsha Pond;
Cockles by silver sand on Barra;
Black whelks from a stall in a London street;

Piddocks and angel's wings, borers;
And barnacles on driftwood—acorns
Of legendary geese. The disarray
Of an oyster against the precise flare
The scallop with the turquoise eyes presents;
The limpet's gyre, and the slipper's shelf.
These are the shells that I have known.

But that pink murex on the mantelshelf,
From Florida via Chicago's Shedd,
Japanese treasures from Brentano's,
Cuban land snails from Central Park West
Hold out their promises of places
Still to see, of seas to hear, and order
To observe. The spiral towers

Still hide the great adventure:
The Sargasso of the mind welcomes
Such symmetry among its tangled wrack.
Listen once more, to shell from near or far:
The surf still rolls these empty houses
Over the shingle and the sand,
Still breaks them on the granite rocks,

And still the sight and sound recall
Places known and places still to know.
The mind hankers for the angel's wings
And borer's skill, to learn the architecture
That can make so much perfection
From a little lime and silicate.
Listen, the ebbing tide has turned:

These dead, still shells are whispering
Of summer. In the museum cases,
Muted by glass for the moment, lies the roar
Of all the surf that beats up beaches
Round the world; the Aegean lies
In this that made the Tyrian purple.
Here are the more than seven seas

And more than seventy thousand sounds
Distinguishing the shores where, cast
By storm, discarded by the tide,
The makers of the shells wither and vanish,
Leaving the shells themselves to bleach,
To powder down again, to be absorbed
Into the vast spiral that will throw up others.

—Ruthven Todd

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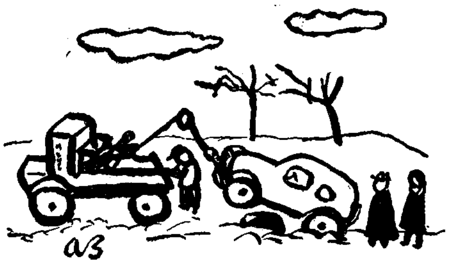
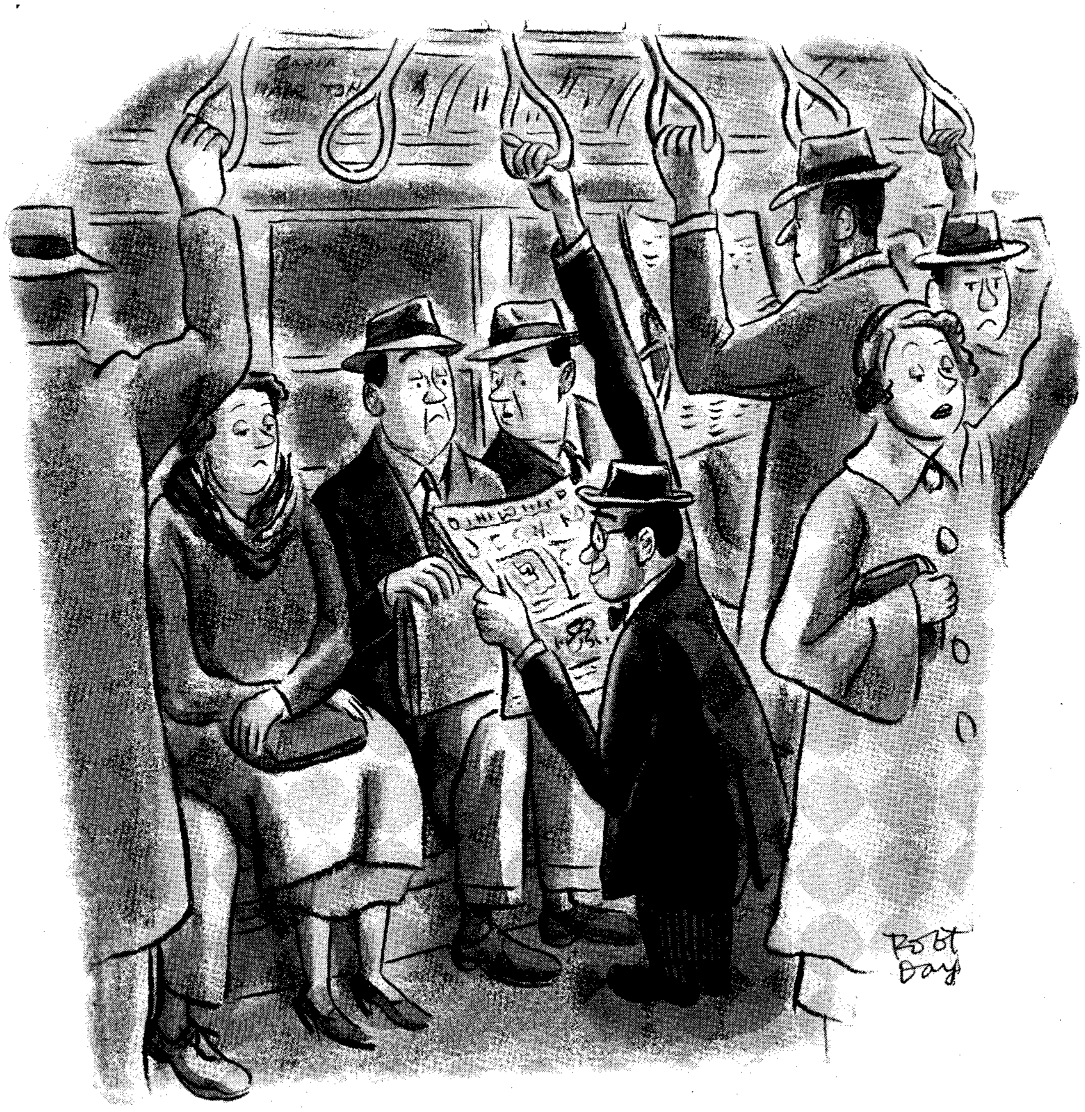
grandmother smelled cloth burning and dashed into the Doctor's bedroom to find him asleep on a comforter that was quietly smoldering. "Wake up, Dr. Beall!" she cried. "You're on fire!" He opened one eye and gave her, through the smoke, his best skeptical gaze. "You're on fire," she repeated. "Get up." "Tom-fool-er-y!" he told her. "Pop-py-cock!" He was right, in a way. It was the bed that was on fire, and not the homeopath. All of us children missed Dr. Beall after he had smoked his last cigar and died quietly in a bed that was, as luck would have it, not in flames. We would gladly have exchanged the tranquillity of our grandfather's house, after that, for the burning presence of Dr. Beall and the booming sounds of his vast but genial disbelief.

Dr. Beall's sister Mary was half as big as he was and twice as spry. A husky youngster of twelve could have lifted her easily, for she was under five feet and weighed less than ninety pounds, but he would have had an armful of spunky vitality. Mary at any age could outplay and outwork her brother, and she could outsmoke him, too. Buddy probably consumed some eighty thousand cigars, burning hundreds of comforters and counterpanes in the process, during his eighty-seven years, but Sis smoked, at a fair estimate, about two hundred thousand pipefuls of tobacco during her ninety-three. She was partial to a thick, dark-brown slab of chewing tobacco called Star plug, which came with a little tin star attached to its center. Decades ago, my grandfather once sent her a box of his cigars in the hope of winning her away from the unladylike habit of smoking plug in a clay pipe. It was no good. She promptly chopped up the cigars in a wooden mixing bowl, smoked a few pipefuls of the pallid stuff, threw the rest away, and went back to the pipe she had smoked since she was seventeen. When the world's greatest woman smoker died, her women relatives found in her drafty apartment, in a loft building in central Columbus, a tin box containing a constellation of thousands of little tin stars.



Aunt Mary, as she was called by several generations of admiring children, outlived and outsmoked her two husbands. The first one was an ornery scalawag named Griffin, who, we were given to understand when we were young, had gone to Hell for his sins. He used to spank around Columbus, a



"Looks like another feather in Darwin's cap."

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hundred years ago, in a smart rig that had yellow wheels trimmed in red, and carried, like as not, some brazen blond hussy on those summer evenings when he arrived home late. This gentleman died young, leaving his worldly goods to a designing brother and cutting his wife off without a cent. Her cousin-in-law Judge Stacy Taylor, who was forever taking, for nothing, the cases of relatives and friends, carried this one through the Ohio courts for two years before he finally succeeded in breaking the will. The experience didn't embitter Mary. She married a pleasant, sedentary grocer named Van York, but he proved to be a Stoughton bottle and she was far too peart for his comfort. They were amicably divorced, without legal entanglements, and Mary, all on her own, wandered out to St. Louis, where she opened a rooming house. It burned down, and she escaped the flames by sliding down a rope from a third-story window. Everything she owned, including God knows how many little tin stars, was destroyed in the fire. With what money she had left, she bought a train ticket to New Orleans, where, she had heard, there was a plague of yellow fever. According to Mahlon Taylor, the indomitable Mary Van York, momentarily despondent, had had some idea of getting shed of her troublesome life by catching the plague, but, being practically indestructible, she survived, and worked heroically as a nurse until medical men got the plague under control. Then she returned, a little anticlimactically, to Columbus and more than fifty years of life.

I doubt whether either of her husbands shared her liking for snakes, but we children loved to hear her tell how she had adopted a motherless blacksnake when she was a young woman, and made a pet of it. It used to sleep on the foot of her bed at night, and it had the run of her home during the day, doubtless making women visitors and gentlemen callers nervous and uneasy. When we asked her what in the world she saw in a horrible snake, she would say indignantly, "He wasn't horrible. He was a lovely monster, and smarter than a dog." Dogs, she contended, should be in Hell, where they belonged, with the late Mr. Griffin. Aunt Mary Van York, as I have reported elsewhere, was the woman upon whom my mischievous mother loosed eighteen dogs one prankish day fifty years ago. The only dog of ours that ever interested her was Rex, our bull terrier, for whose fine physique she had a certain detached respect. "You're a handsome fiend," she snarled at him one day. He was lying down and, sensing that he was being praised, he began beating his tail upon the floor. "Don't flatter me, you ugly beast!" she snapped, and walked out of the room. It was one of our sorrows that her snake had died long before any of us was born, and that she never got another one. She spent her last years all alone, with her pipe, her memories, and a stack of five-cent novels as high as her head, for Street & Smith must have got almost as many of her nickels as the makers of Star plug. She was an intense admirer of Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and Young Wild West, among other fictional characters, but in her old age they were all supplanted in her hero-loving heart by Tarzan of the Apes, whose adventures she read in the Columbus *Citizen*. "He's a wonderful wretch," she would tell us, with an admiring light in her eye. Smoking her pipe, sometimes wearing a shawl on her head, and talking in a deep-toned Old Testament voice, a perfect instrument for dark and bloody narratives, she would tell tales of the Far West to the children who called on her, sometimes making Tarzan a contemporary of Buffalo Bill, and now and then involving herself in the action of the stories. Her favorite tale was about a Pawnee attack upon a wagon train and the kidnapping of a male white infant. "He grew up to be wicked and beautiful," she would say. "Wicked and beautiful." When we asked her what finally became of him, she would say dolorously, "He married this Boston woman." She died well before the advent of radio, thus missing, alas, the adventures of that

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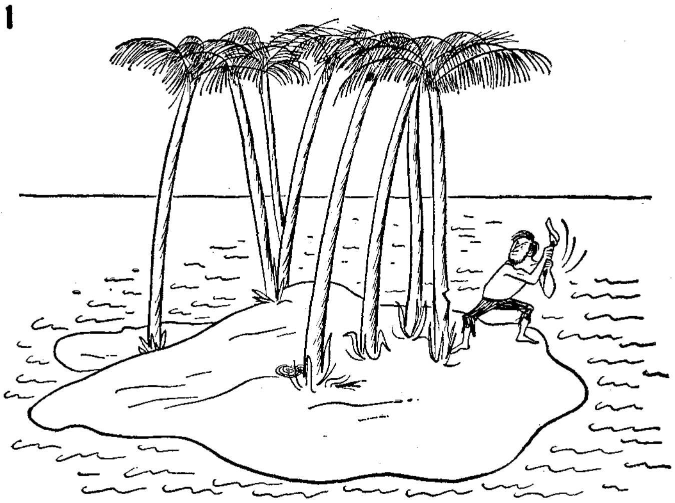

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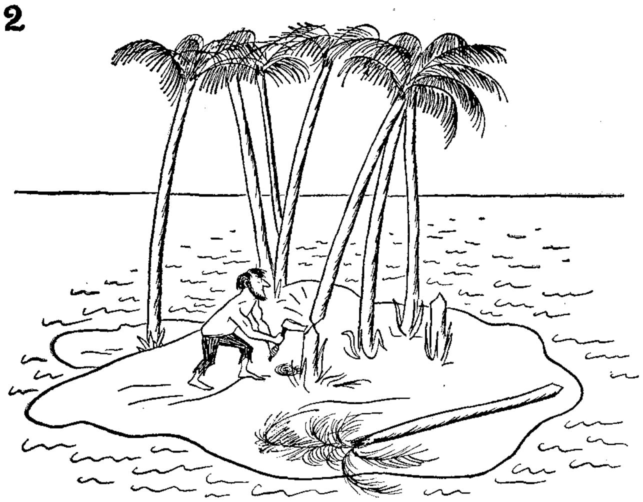

wonderful wretch, the Lone Ranger, a hero right down the center of her alley.

They came and got her when she was ninety-three—a bunch of "busybodies" who told her that she was sick and wasn't able to look after herself any longer. Mary Van York explained angrily that she had looked after herself pretty well, please and thank you, for three-quarters of a century, but they wouldn't listen to her. In the hospital, starched hussies and wenches, some of them seventy years younger than she was, told her that she couldn't smoke any more, and took her pipe away. This may not have been the direct cause of her death, but it was certainly the direct cause of her second, and last, loss of interest in living. She questioned, in her best sepulchral tones, the security of a nation whose womenfolks had no desire for the solace of the healthful weed that God had given them. Many of the men and women she had delighted as children called on her. She would gaze at them with dimming eyes and say sorrowfully, "Poor Willie," or "Poor Ruth," for her own life had been a hard one and she was convinced that all her visitors were carrying heavy burdens and crosses. She begged a cigar from one of the men, broke it in two, crumpled up half of it, and chewed it lustily, with a look of great satisfaction on her face. It wasn't Star plug in a pipe, but it was tobacco. The other half she hid under her pillow, but one of the starched snippets found it, scolded her gently, and took it away from her. The end of Mary Van York came not long after that. She died peacefully on a Sunday morning, with the streets quiet all around, except for the good, old-fashioned sound of church bells ringing in the town.

RUTH TAYLOR ("poor Ruth") DAVIS, one of the most devoted friends of the late Mary Van York, is the daughter of Mahlon Taylor, whose remarkable memory has illuminated many a faraway scene for me, and she has told me about the present days and nights of her father, in Punxsutawney. He is still, although only six years this side of fivescore, an alert and active man, and if his eyes don't see as well as they once did, they twinkle as much as ever. He washes his shock of white hair, as thick as Dr. Beall's, once a week in Old Dutch Cleanser, on the ground that scouring powder is the best thing in the world to keep a head of hair in healthy condition.

Someone described him a few years ago as looking a little like "a benign John Nance Garner," but this didn't please him particularly, for he is as strong a Republican as his father was a Whig, or maybe even stronger. He has been known for years as Punxsutawney's outstanding critic of every Democratic President since Andrew Jackson. When he was well into his eighties, he was asked to make an after-dinner speech at a banquet celebrating the successful conclusion of a campaign to raise funds for his church. His family was somewhat uneasy about this, because of his tendency to take Democrats apart, but he promised he would stick to unpolitical anecdotes about itinerant parsons he had known in his youth. (One of these poor devils, he remembered, got more than a ton of turnips at a donation party, and little else.) When he was called on at the banquet, he got to his feet and recited a long and not exactly reverent poem his father had taught him seventy years before, entitled "The Parson and His Barrel of Beer." He didn't forget a single phrase, and his audience loved it. "I guess the wrong spirit moved me," he told his daughter on the way home.

Until recently, Mahlon Taylor went to bed at midnight and read until dawn, but now he has to use a reading glass, and five hours at a stretch is a mite too much for him. During the day, he gets through three newspapers (all Republican, of course) and several magazines, including this one, and he takes his favorite books to bed with him: the poems of Burns, the plays of Shakespeare and Aeschylus, and the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and Tolstoy—whose "Anna Karenina," he wrote me the other day, should be read in conjunction with William Dean Howells' enlightening interview with its author. He is also fond of the Library of the World's Best Literature, and his daughter, in making his bed, often finds as many as half a dozen volumes in it. He can recite almost as much of Burns as his father could, and he applies scores of quotations from Shakespeare to the modern American scene. A few years ago, a young woman relative of his sent him a copy of a Shakespeare examination she had taken in college, and he took a whirl at it himself, answering eight out of the ten questions correctly.

He likes to play cribbage, at which he has been an expert since he was a young man, and contract bridge, which he took up in his eighties and mastered in no time at all. In the summertime when the weather is good, he sits in his back yard and listens to baseball games on his portable radio. He thinks it was eighty-five years ago, or possibly eighty-six, that he saw the Cincinnati Red Stockings play another team at the Franklin County Fair, and win by a score of 54–4. His favorite team nowadays is the Cleveland Indians, and he was disappointed when they showed something less than Taylor vitality during the final weeks of the past season. He is confident that they will win the pennant this year, for he holds that Yankee luck can't last forever.

I often find myself thinking about Mahlon Taylor with something of the

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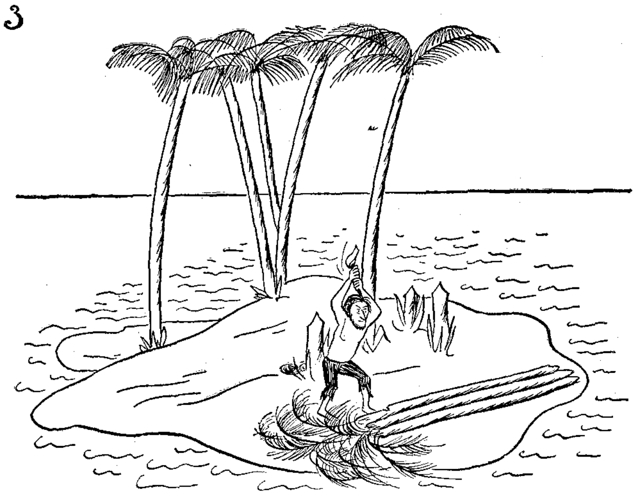

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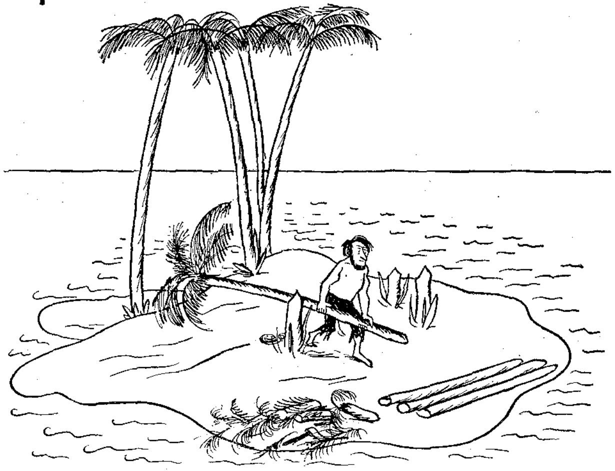

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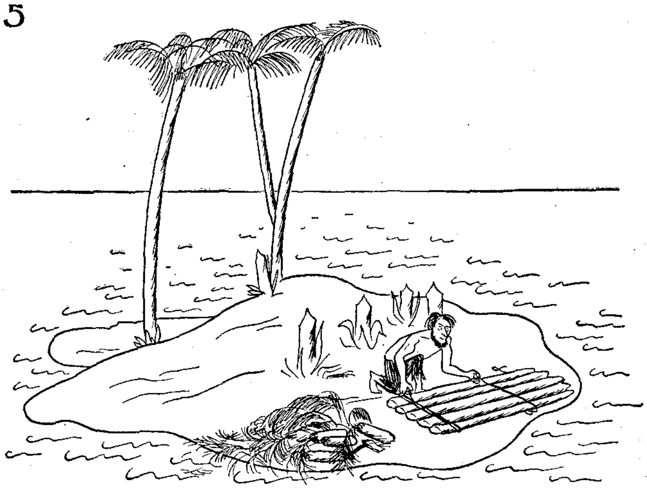

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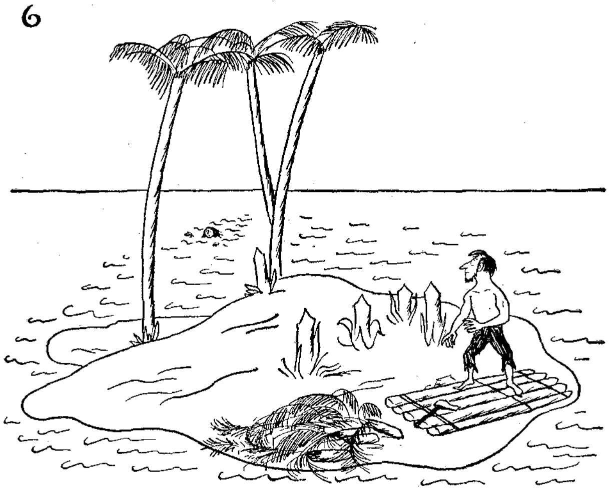

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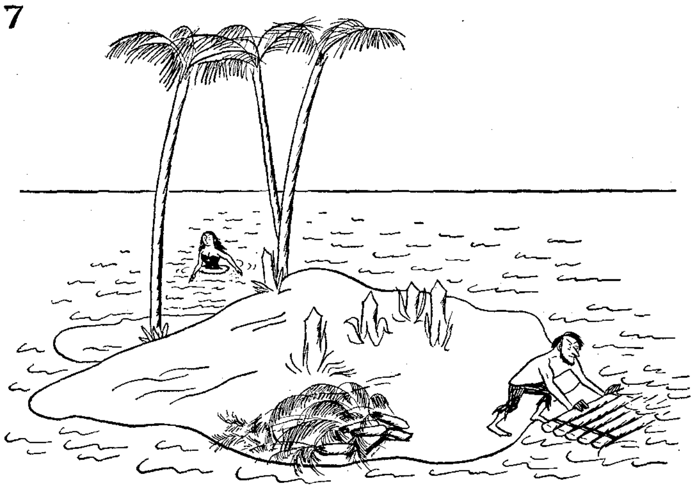

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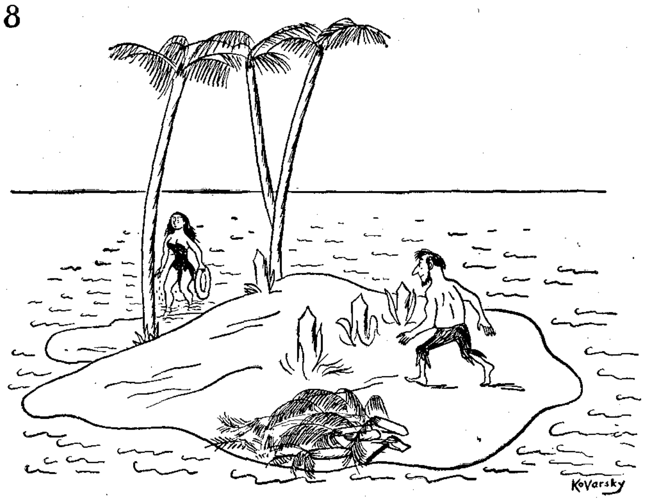

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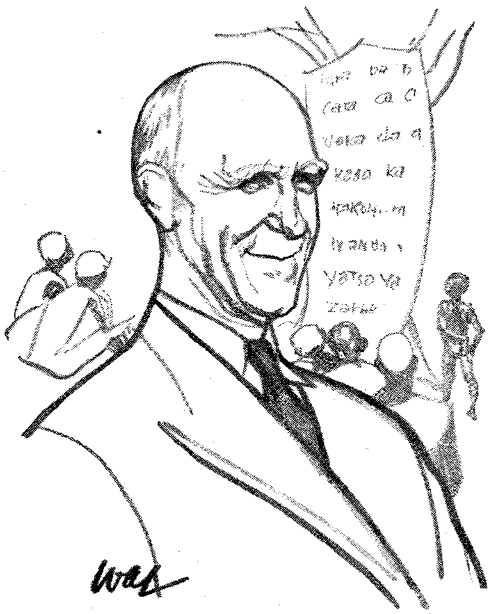
sense of repose that the late Bert Leston Taylor—no relation—enjoyed when he contemplated the distant star Canopus. The combined life spans of Judge Stacy Taylor and his son Mahlon cover one hundred and forty-six years of American history, beginning in 1806, when Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States, and extending to the administration of Harry S. Truman. I haven't seen Uncle Mahlon for six years, but nothing serious has happened to him since then, I am glad to say, except the second defeat of Thomas E. Dewey. He went to Columbus in 1946 for my mother's eightieth birthday party. He looked as chipper as when I had last seen him, ten years before, but he apparently thought that I had begun to fail. At one point during the festivities, he leaped up from his chair and beckoned to me. "Jimmy," he said, "you look tuckered. Take my seat." He was eighty-eight years old then and I was only fifty. I declined his offer, politely but firmly. His fondest wish is that he may live to see another Republican in the White House. I may not make it myself, since I am considerably more tuckered than I was six years ago, but it wouldn't surprise me if he does. It wouldn't surprise me at all.

—JAMES THURBER

PROFILES

THE THOUSAND SILVER THREADS



DR. FRANK CHARLES LAUBACH, a sixty-seven-year-old Congregational missionary, is perhaps the most ambitious and indefatigable pedagogue of his time. For the last twenty-three years, he has been engaged in an attempt to wipe illiteracy from the face of the earth, a project that would be staggering even for an organization with a staff of thousands and a budget of millions, since, according to the best estimates, three-fifths of the world's population, or a billion and a half people, cannot read or write. Dr. Laubach has, to all intents, been going it alone. He has visited sixty-four countries and has, in his phrase, "made lessons" in two hundred and thirty-nine languages or dialects, many of which had never before been reduced to black-on-white. It is impossible to calculate his results precisely, but it is very likely that he has been directly or indirectly responsible for fifteen million people's learning their ABCs. This would appear to be a good-sized chunk of humanity, but actually it is an insignificant one in his line of work. The population of the world is increasing so rapidly, particularly in those lands where reading and writing are esoteric arts, that new illiterates are being born much faster than Dr. Laubach can dispose of the old ones. Nevertheless, he is violently sanguine about his work. His demonstration, even on a minuscule fifteen-million scale, that reading and writing can be taught quickly to the most wretched Indian outcast or the most anthropophagous New Guinea chieftain has done much to establish universal literacy as an attainable goal. When, in 1929—almost by accident, in a remote section of the Philippines—he started on what was to become his crusade, practically every educator would have quailed or scoffed at the thought of teaching more than a billion pupils; now the job is not only regarded as feasible but it has been given priority by Unesco, to which Dr. Laubach has on occasion served as an adviser.

Dr. Laubach is a bald, unassuming, warmhearted, short-legged, rock-jawed, godly man. There is nothing in either his appearance or his manner, both of which can fairly be described as homely, to proclaim that he is one of the most influential private citizens alive. His figure is compact and by no means stately; his gait, though brisk, is a trifle laborious, with a perceptible roll, like that of a tanker in a light ground swell; his dress is neat and conservative, and no more elegant than befits a Christian missionary; he speaks in a rather high-pitched voice and has a tendency to dwell on sibilants; and his favorite word for starting a sentence is "indeed." His physical stamina and his technical skill as a teacher are great, but probably neither of them has been as much of an asset to him as his spiritual initiative, which is prodigious. All his adult life, he has had an ungovernable urge to take on hard cases. In 1909, immediately after graduating from Princeton—where he was president of the Ministerial Association, a group of undergraduates who were planning careers in the church—he took a job with the Spring Street Neighborhood House, a Presbyterian establishment situated in an especially pugnacious Irish-Italian neighborhood on New York's lower East Side. He spent a year there, visiting families who needed help in solving the innumerable problems—physical, social, and spiritual—engendered by slum living, and in that time he acquired enough material to write a thesis, "The Social Value of the New York Saloon," which earned him a Master's degree in sociology from Columbia. In his paper, he contended that the New York saloon provided the heads of tenement families with their only refuge from the congestion and emotional pressures of their homes. The thesis caused something of a sensation in Laubach's family back in Benton, Pennsylvania, a village of eight hundred inhabitants, where the future apostle to the world's illiterates was born. His father, the village dentist and a relentlessly temperate man, had not been informed of the direction his son's academic efforts were taking until one of his patients, the local barkeep, showed him a copy of the *Brewers' Journal*, whose editors had enterprisingly reprinted the thesis. It took a good deal of correspondence between Benton and New York to persuade the elder Laubach that sociology really demanded that sort of thing.

Laubach entered Union Theological Seminary the next year, graduated in 1913, and returned at once to the lower depths, this time getting a job with the New York Charity Organization Society, on East Twenty-second Street, as a specialist in the problems of male vagrants. He also worked at a lower East Side soup kitchen, where indigent men could get a meal for a nickel, and did his best to popularize a woodpile on East Twenty-fourth Street, where derelicts could saw firewood for their suppers. The woodpile became a source of sustenance not only to indigents but to metropolitan city editors—who called Laubach the Dominie of the Woodpile—since it was an almost inexhaustible lode of ready-made feature articles; one figure who beguiled reporters was an elderly hobo in a silk hat, frock coat, and stiff collar who refused to strip down in any particular while pushing his saw. During his year and a half with the Charity Organization Society, Laubach made an intensive study of the case histories of a hundred of his charges, and was able to write a scholarly thesis called "Why There Are Vagrants," which led to another Columbia degree—a Ph.D., in sociology.

This sort of experience, coupled with a nature that is transparently and infectiously sympathetic, has made Dr. Laubach an authority on the art of softening up hard cases, and illiterates, he feels, are the hardest cases on earth. In "The Silent Billion Speak," a book he wrote in 1945 about his literacy work, he says:

> The most bruised people on this planet, the naked, the hungry, the fallen among thieves, the sick, the imprisoned in mind and soul, are the twelve hundred million illiterates. More than half the human race is hungry, driven, diseased, afraid of educated men in this world and of demons in the next. If you sit down beside an illiterate as your equal, your heart overflowing with love for him, and with a prayer on your lips that you may help him to a new vision; if you never frown nor criticize, but look pleased and sur-

prised, and praise him for his progress, a thousand silver threads wind about his heart and yours. You are the first educated man who ever looked at him except to swindle him.

Some of the pedagogic principles that Dr. Laubach has developed as a result of these convictions are highly unorthodox. One is that a teacher should never use the word "no" or any other negative locution, and in order to achieve this ideal, a teacher must never ask a student a question the student can't answer. He also insists that at the first sign of fatigue or inattention on the part of the student the teacher should terminate the lesson; that the teacher should constantly clap the student on the shoulder, grasp him by the hand, and smile at him; and that the completion of a literacy course should be celebrated with considerable pomp, including the awarding of a suitably showy diploma and the delivering of orations by prominent local citizens.

On the whole, this technique has been spectacularly successful, but recruiting instructors with a gift for it has sometimes been difficult; professional schoolteachers, some of whom can't bear to ask a question the student *can* answer, are generally pretty inept Laubachians. A capable instructor who has mastered the Laubach method can often, working an hour a day, pilot a student through a first reader even in a language as complex as Arabic or Hindi in a couple of weeks. Trained instructors, however, play only a small part in Dr. Laubach's system. The core of his method is his dictum that each illiterate be taught individually, and it would, of course, be impossible to do the job on a formal basis. One of his significant contributions to mass adult education has been his ability to induce newly taught literates to pass their knowledge on to others. He has dramatized this tactic with the phrase "Each One Teach One." It has become the slogan of his present sponsors, a Protestant organization called the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature.

Not the least audacious feature of Dr. Laubach's subjugation of two hundred and thirty-nine languages is the fact that—conversationally, at least—he is a poor linguist himself. He speaks good German, and while he was in the Philippines, he learned Spanish and a couple of Filipino dialects quite well, but it is safe to say that even asking the way to the railroad station or ordering a cup of tea in any foreign tongue but these would put a considerable strain on him. As a matter of fact, he simply hasn't bothered to try to learn the languages he deals with (assuming he ever could have mastered the two hundred and thirty-nine of them), because he has found it unnecessary. Wherever he makes lessons, there are plenty of people at hand who are well acquainted with the language; they provide the vocabulary and he provides the inspiration and the technique. However primitive he may be conversationally, he is erudite alphabetically and phonetically, and his beginners' lessons are so elementary that he can easily learn from them the few sentences he needs in order to give a demonstration of his teaching methods. (He invariably forgets them twelve hours later.) He has even advanced the theory that he is better off *not* knowing the languages he teaches. "Indeed," he remarked recently, "I have a sure test of the efficacy of a lesson: It's good when it's so simple that even I can understand it."

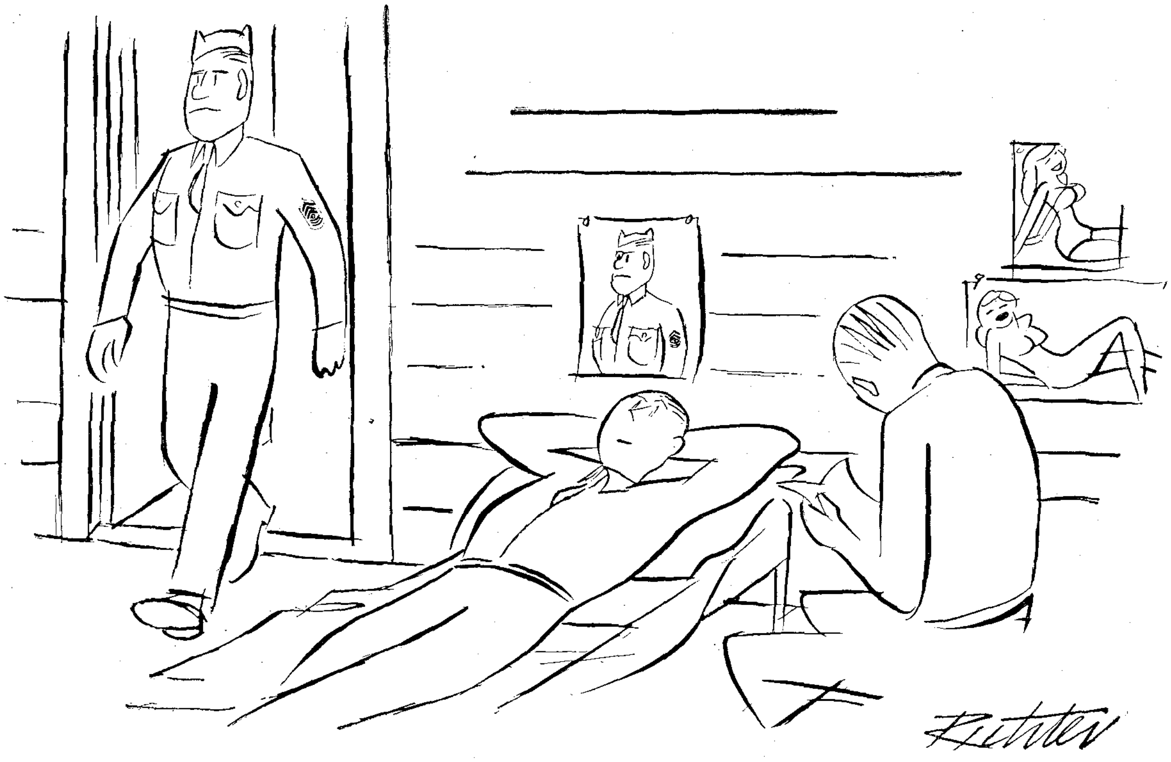
Over the years, largely by trial and error, Dr. Laubach has worked out a formula for the instruction of elementary literacy. It consists of an amalgam of charts, lists of key syllables and key

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

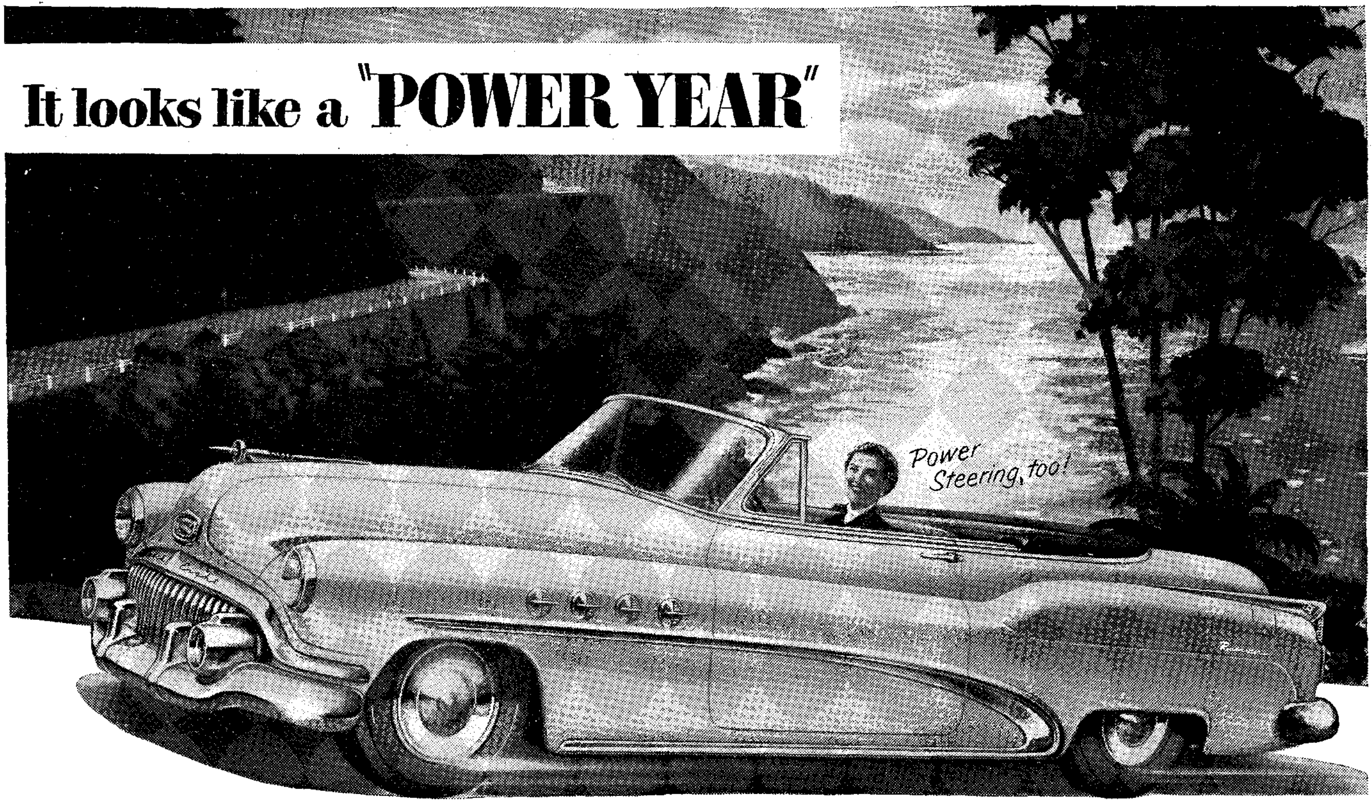
"Now I see my mistake! I carried forward twenty-five hundred instead of two hundred and fifty."

words, and pictures—all of them devices that he has experimented with, singly and in combination, in the past—and it demonstrably makes it easy for an illiterate to learn to read and write even the most difficult language. However easy these charts may be to teach and learn from, though, they are far from easy to assemble, or, as Dr. Laubach says, make. These days, he devotes the first half of each year to combatting illiteracy in Asia or Africa, and on his carefully planned tours, he takes with him a load of reproducing equipment—mimeographs, multigraphs, cameras, and such—and a small team of experts. The composition of such a team is likely to vary from year to year, and even from place to place, but it generally contains an artist, a philologist, and a technician who knows his way around a mimeograph machine. The team uses local secretarial help, and often picks up a talented linguist—probably a missionary—on the spot. A typical tour proceeds somewhat as follows: Immediately upon the team's arrival at the scene of operations (the team works only at the invitation of either a government or an official educational or mission organization, which pays its expenses), Dr. Laubach and his companions meet with a local committee usually composed of teachers, missionaries, government officials, and language experts, which has been set up prior to their coming. This first conference, which may last several days, is devoted to analyzing the vowel and consonant sounds of the language to be taught, and canvassing it for from three hundred to six hundred words that should be included in a first reader because of their familiarity and utility and the commonness of their phonetic components. When the words have been agreed upon and arranged in the proper teaching order—that is, so that the first few words embody, among them, all the letters in the local alphabet—they are turned over to Phillip Gray, an artist who almost always is a member of the team. He is a former insurance man who suddenly found he had a talent for drawing, and his job requires what might appear to be a superhuman degree of ingenuity, for he has to draw pictures of the objects designated by these opening words in such a way that each picture reflects local life accurately enough to be recognizable, and strikingly incorporates the general shape of the character it is meant to teach. Gray's work is then assembled into a series of charts. In the teaching of Burmese, for example, a language whose alphabet consists largely of circles or segments of circles, the first chart is intended to teach the vowel sound "ah," alone and in combination with certain consonants. The chart starts with a picture of the left profile of a Burmese man with his mouth open, presumably saying "ah," the open mouth of the man being the same shape as the Burmese character for the sound "ah," which is like a "c" backward. Then various "ah" syllables and words are taken up. The character representing the sound "nga," which looks like a "c" the right way around and is itself the Burmese word for "fish," is illustrated by a picture of a leaping fish whose body is curved into a "c." The character for "pah," which is a sort of round-sided "u" and means "cheek," is illustrated by a picture of a man with a conspicuously swollen cheek. The character for "wa," which is a circle and happens to be the Burmese word for "fat," is illustrated by a picture of an enormously fat boy with a perfectly circular belly. Similar charts are made for all the other vowel sounds, and on them all the consonant sounds eventually appear. Each chart is a separate lesson, which is intended to be taught in about an hour, and it is followed by a lesson that teaches simple sentences made up of the words already learned. Once the charts have been made and the sentence lessons written out, they are handed to the member of the team in charge of reproduction. Dr. Laubach's son, Robert, who is handy with typewriters, mimeograph machines, multigraphs, cameras, and several other forms of reproducing apparatus, generally does most of this work. After the lessons have been reproduced, Dr. Laubach rounds up some local illiterates and teaches them from the charts, demonstrating his shoulder-clapping, hand-grasping technique of instruction to the local committee. The literacy team spends the remainder of its stay making sure that the committee is thoroughly familiar with the technique and sufficiently well organized to carry on an "Each One Teach One" campaign.

THOUGH the dissemination of literacy has become Dr. Laubach's primary occupation, he does not regard it as his true lifework. As far as he is concerned, evangelism is his vocation, as it has been ever since 1903, when, while he was teaching grade school in Benton, he resolved to study for the ministry. A year later, he decided that missionary work was the branch of the ministry he was most interested in. At the same time, he made up his mind where he wanted to go—Mindanao, in the Philippines. This was not a purely arbitrary choice. Mindanao had come to his attention in 1901, when a pair of fellow-Bentonites, one of them a



It looks like a "POWER YEAR"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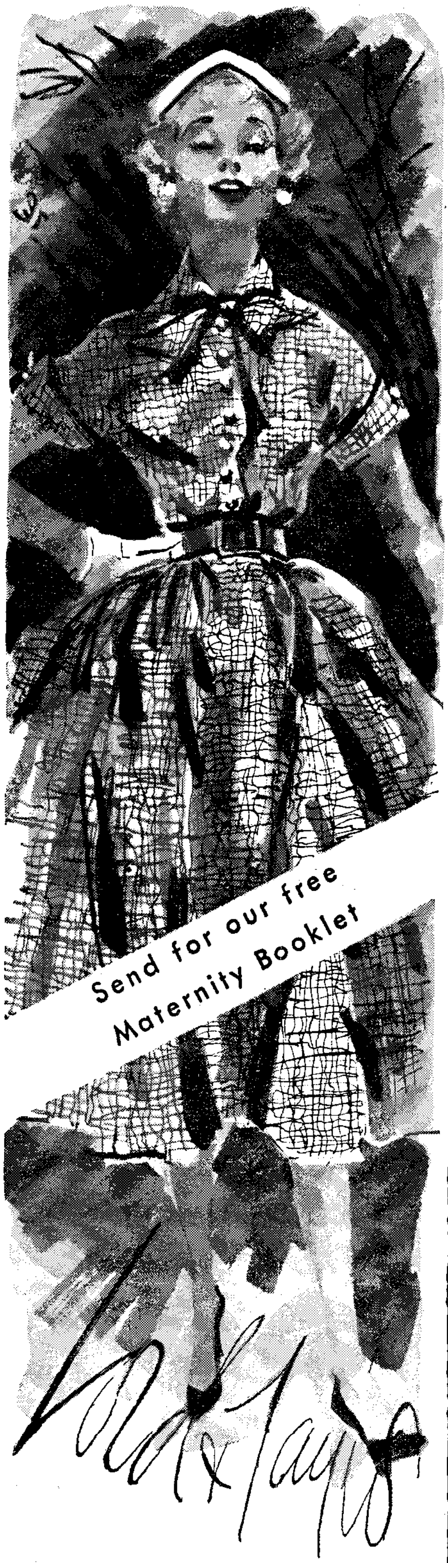
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cousin of a girl named Effa Seely, whom Dr. Laubach married eleven years later, were sent there by the United States government as schoolteachers. Their letters home made it clear that Mindanao, besides having beautiful scenery and a colorful history, abounded in hard cases, chief among them the Moslem tribes of Moros. Dr. Laubach derives a good deal of inspiration from lakes and mountains and sunsets and he has always had a notable wanderlust, but it was the hard cases that clinched his decision. All his activities between 1905 and 1915—his education at Princeton, his settlement-house work, his three years at Union Theological Seminary, his marriage to Miss Seely, his chores on the woodpile—he considered steps leading toward Mindanao.

In order to get to Mindanao, Dr. Laubach had to become a Congregationalist; under an arrangement whereby the world is divided up among the various denominations affiliated with the Protestant missionary organization called the Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches of Christ, Mindanao was, and is, Congregationalist and Episcopalian territory, but only the Congregationalists were sending missionaries there at that time. Dr. Laubach was raised a Methodist and attended college as a Presbyterian, and he took up Congregationalism without a qualm. His religion is utterly nonsectarian; for a good many years he has also been a member of the Wider Quaker Fellowship.

By the time Dr. Laubach and his wife, who had been trained as a schoolteacher and a nurse, were ready to sail for Mindanao in 1915, he had narrowed his objective from the island as a whole to Lanao Province, an area centered on Lake Lanao, half a mile up in the mountains, and a stronghold of the Moros. The Moros had been outstandingly hard cases for four centuries. When Spain, following Magellan's discovery of the Philippines in 1521, established settlements on the islands, the nastiest Filipinos the Spanish encountered were the Moslem tribes of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago. This was not very long after the Moors—or, in Spanish, Moros—had been driven from the Iberian Peninsula, and the Spanish, perhaps figuring that one Moslem was pretty much like another, decided that these Filipinos were Moros, too, and not only called them that but treated them as if they were. In consequence, during the entire three hundred years of the Spanish occupation, the Spanish and the misnamed Moros were at each other's throats. Because of the difficult terrain and the fierce, proud disposition of the Moros, the Spanish never did succeed in domesticating them. As a result, when the United States took over the Philippines in 1898, the Moros were intractable by tradition as well as by temperament, and hard cases almost without precedent. As it turned out, Dr. Laubach had to wait fourteen years before he could get to work on them. Lanao was still unpacified in 1915; American troops continued to occupy the province, and both the government and the evangelical authorities felt that sending a missionary there would be a rapid and unceremonious method of augmenting the ranks of the blessed. Dr. Laubach was therefore assigned to the coastal town of Cagayan, in relatively placid Catholic country on the north coast of Mindanao. During the next fourteen years, he divided his time between Cagayan, where Robert, his only child, was born in 1918, and Manila, where he taught sociology, psychology, and education at Union College and Union Theological Seminary. (He at one point lost a bitter election campaign for the presidency of the two institutions by one vote—the vote he had, with true Christian abnegation, cast against himself.) In this period, Dr. Laubach had two furloughs home. As a rule, a missionary's furlough lasts for a year, but in Dr. Laubach's case it was extended to two years each time, because of his efficiency at extracting cash contributions from wealthy Protestants, some of whom can also be reasonably classed as hard cases. In 1929, when he returned to the Philippines from his second furlough, he was convinced that schoolteaching in Manila was, after all, self-indulgent and that he should once more turn his attention to Lanao. By then, the Moros had become docile enough to permit a missionary to settle among them without mortal peril, but they were still about as unpromising subjects for evangelism as any people anywhere.

Dr. Laubach's first couple of months in Lanao were dispiriting. For one thing, he was lonely; he had installed his wife and son in Baguio, on the island of Luzon, partly for their safety and partly because there was no suitable school for Robert in Lanao. For another, he made no impression at all on the Moros. Then, just when his depression had reached an acute stage, he

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underwent what he has since considered an important mystical experience. He has described it as follows, in "The Silent Billion Speak":

> One evening I was sitting on Signal Hill looking over the province that had me beaten. Tip [his dog] had his nose up under my arm trying to lick the tears off my cheeks. My lips began to move and it seemed to me that God was speaking.
>
> "My child," my lips said, "you have failed because you do not really love these Moros. You feel superior to them because you are white. If you can forget you are an American and think only how I love them, they will respond." . . .
>
> In that terrible, wonderful hour on Signal Hill I became color-blind. Ever since, I have been partial to tan—the more tan the better! Every missionary goes through some such experience as that—or comes home defeated.
>
> My lips spoke again to me:
>
> "If you want the Moros to be fair to your religion, be fair to theirs. Study their Koran with them."

Dr. Laubach went down the hill and told a priest, through an interpreter, that he wanted to study the Koran. The next day, several priests crowded into his cottage, each with a Koran under his arm. Dr. Laubach realized, of course, that his plan of entering into doctrinal colloquy with the Moro theologians and so winning their confidence would be impossible if he could not speak their language, Maranaw. Maranaw was solely a spoken language; not a word of it had ever been written down, and this presented a considerable obstacle to his learning it rapidly. To hasten his education, Dr. Laubach wrote out phonetic reproductions of Maranaw words as fast as he discovered what the words meant. In the midst of this job, he was struck by the thought that he was becoming the first person on earth able to read and write the language of the Moros. This seemed to him a patently inequitable state of affairs, and it gave him a new ambition. Feeling, as he profoundly did, that the purpose of his work in Lanao was to be of service to the people there, he quickly concluded that he ought to teach them to read and write. This conclusion was enthusiastically seconded by almost every Moro he met. And so, quite unexpectedly, Dr. Laubach found himself in the literacy business.

It was a thriving business right from the start. The Moros liked being clapped on the shoulder, grasped by the hand, and smiled at. Dr. Laubach discovered that he had a strong aptitude for dispensing this sort of primary education; he was to discover later on that he had also been blessed in this first venture by a great piece of luck—the very elementary character of Maranaw. Mara-

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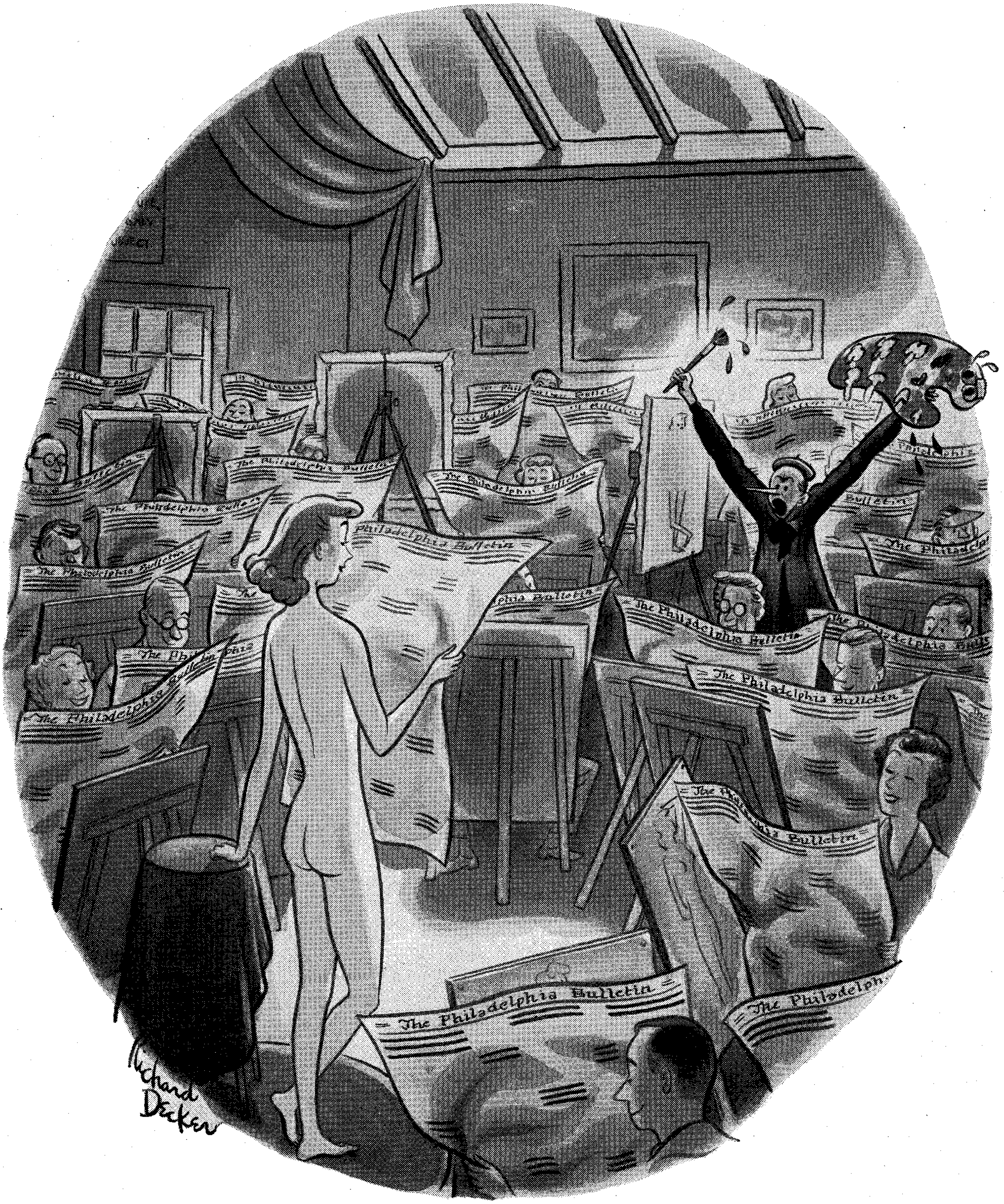
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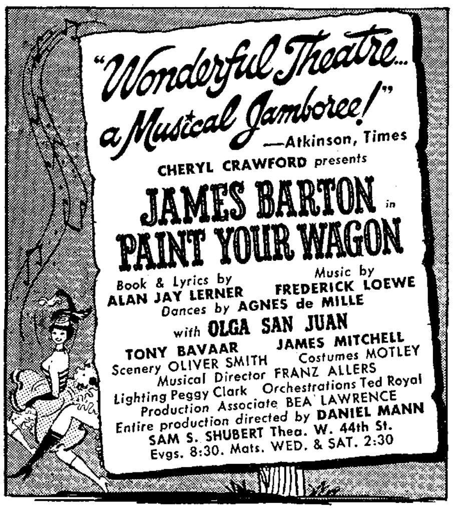
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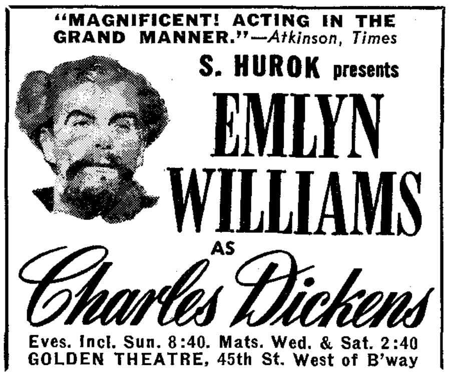
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naw has a small vocabulary and only four vowels and twelve consonant sounds; furthermore, since Dr. Laubach had, as it were, invented it as a written language, he had been able to make it perfectly phonetic and put it into the relatively simple Roman alphabet instead of the abstruse Arabic one, which is the traditional alphabet among literate Moslems. He found three common Maranaw words that among them contained all the consonant sounds in the language—"*Malabanga*," the name of a neighboring town; "*karatasa*," "paper;" and "*paganada*," "to learn"—and made three large charts, one for each of the words. The first dealt with the consonant sounds in "Malabanga;" across the top, the word itself was written in Roman letters, and below, the word was broken down into its component syllables, along with all the possible vowel-sound variants—"ma," "mi," "mo," "mu," "la," "li," "lo," "lu," "ba," "bi," "bo," "bu," "nga," "ngi," "ngo," and "ngu." The second and third did the same thing—"ka," "ki," "ko," "ku," etc.—with the consonant sounds present in the two other key words. By the time a student had mastered these three charts, which seldom took much more than an hour, and often took as little as twenty minutes, he was possessed of every syllable the language had to offer. The astonishment of the Moros was intense when they found they could learn to read in just a few minutes. So was their gratitude. One important outlaw—Lanao Province was full of outlaws, important and otherwise—who had slipped surreptitiously through Dr. Laubach's side door at dusk one day and had learned to read in the usual brief time was so overwhelmed that he offered to attend personally to any assassination Dr. Laubach cared to entrust him with. The development of the "Each One Teach One" technique had somewhat ferocious overtones, too. At first, Dr. Laubach conducted his work with full-time Moro teachers, whom he selected himself, trained, and paid with mission funds, which, of course, came from the United States. The work had been going on only a few months when the effects of the American depression began to be felt in Lanao; financial contributions from back home became smaller and rarer. Dr. Laubach was obliged to dismiss the teachers. In this desperate pass, his spirits were lightened by a suggestion from one of his earliest pupils, a man named Kakai Dagalangit, who had thirteen wives and was the principal chief in southern Lanao. Kakai said to Dr. Laubach, "This campaign mustn't stop for lack of money. It's Lanao's only hope. If it stops, we're lost. Everybody who learns has got to teach. If he doesn't, I'll kill him." With backing of this sort, the "Each One Teach One" plan became very popular.

WHEN the Maranaw literacy campaign began, roughly four per cent of the hundred thousand Lanao Moros could read and write—in Arabic, the language of the Koran, which was admirable for scholars but of no practical use to the average outlaw. Two years later, twenty per cent of the Moros could read and write Maranaw, and literacy was increasing at the rate of about one per cent a month. In addition, as the Moros learned to read and write their own language, they more and more abandoned their traditional intransigence. As late as 1928, it had been inadvisable for a white man to stroll around a military post in Moro country without a pistol hanging from his belt. Five years afterward, Lanao, if not as placid as Scarsdale, was a place where a well-behaved American could live and work in relative tranquillity. This gratifying progress attracted the attention of other missionaries and of United States government officials—particularly those officials who, pondering the rapidly approaching time when the Philippines would have their political independence, realized that self-government and a low level of education might very well be an explosive mixture. Toward the end of 1931, Dr. Laubach, under the sponsorship of the Philippine National Christian Council, and with the coöperation of the United States Bureau of Education, went on what he called an "exploratory literacy expedition" through the northern Philippines. During this trip, which lasted a little more than a month, he managed to chart nine more Filipino languages or dialects. These charts, too, used the key-word system; it proved ideally suited to the whole group of simple tongues known to etymologists as the Malayan subfamily, to which all the Filipino languages belong. The following year, Dr. Laubach took another trip north, and at the end of it, the total number of languages or dialects he had charted had risen to twenty-one. By the time his tour of duty at Lanao was up, in 1935, his work was known—in evangelical circles, at least—all over the world, and he had been invited to visit a dozen countries and start literacy drives. He decided to accept as many of these invitations as he could on his way home,

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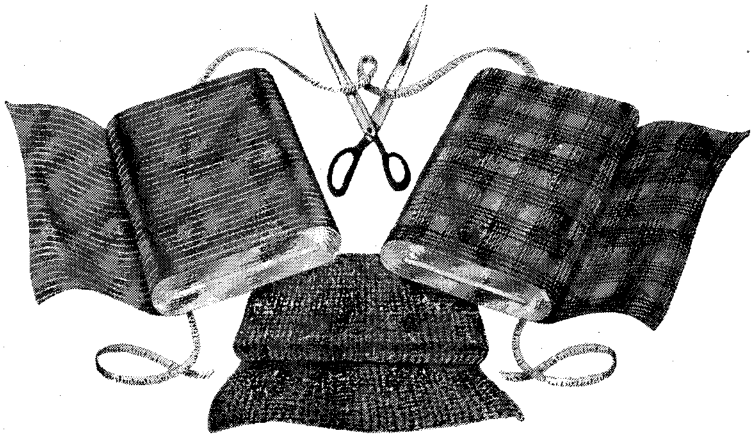
even though they might take him a good bit out of his way.

The ceremonies accompanying Dr. Laubach's departure from Lanao were unprecedented. He has described some of them in his book: "Five big trucks filled with Moros followed our car down to Iligan, the seaport twenty-five miles away. They swarmed on the ship and spilled over on the wharf. Every chief in Lanao wanted to make a speech on how they were sending me to bring light to mankind, and how this was to be the beginning of emancipation for the human race, the turning point in world history! At ten that night, the captain blew his whistle to warn that he was about to cast off, but the Moros laughed and went on talking. The captain subsided, for fear they would cut his head off."

Dr. Laubach may have started his journey with some idea that it would prove a turning point in world history and emancipate mankind, but if he did, he quickly lost it. His first stop on his dilatory voyage back to the United States was Malacca, in Malaya. Malay is an easy language, so he had little difficulty working out fairly successful lessons there. He did, however, get an intimation of the existence of a problem that has exasperated him ever since. The Malay spoken in Malaya is the same language as the Malay spoken in Sumatra, just across the narrow Strait of Malacca. In Malaya, though, the language is written according to English spelling, while in Sumatra it is written according to the Dutch; written communication between the two countries, consequently, is conducted in the Arabic alphabet, a very difficult one to master. (In Arabic, practically every character is written four ways—one way when it stands alone, one when it appears at the beginning of a word, another when it appears in the middle, and a fourth when it appears at the end.) Dr. Laubach told a school official in Singapore that this situation struck him as absurd. The official answered, "Oh, not at all, not at all. Variety is the spice of life. It would be a pity to have the monotony of always spelling Malay the same way." The one annoyance Dr. Laubach has never encountered is monotony of this sort. The obstacles put in his path by the unphonetic, unsystematic spelling of most languages still irritate him, and English, which is the most widely used language in the world, is his particular bête noire. He believes that if English spelling were sensible, illiteracy in English-speaking countries could be wiped out in a matter of years. "I can see only one thing to do," he once



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wrote. "Start a strike against the way English is misspelled—become a spelling Bolshevist! I suppose that unless we revolt, we shall be handing on this same accursed orthography to our children, and our children's children, to the crack of doom."

After his visit to Malaya, Dr. Laubach spent a couple of months in India, and there it became evident to him what a large job emancipating the human race was going to be. It was not so much the fantastic multiplicity of languages in India, with their accursed orthography and their extensive alphabets—the Hindi alphabet has forty-six letters—that set him back on his heels as it was the tremendous apathy that centuries of subhuman living had produced in the Indians. Early in his stay, he had the opportunity of discussing his plans with Mohandas Gandhi, and he was distressed to discover that Gandhi doubted the possibility of teaching such underfed, overworked people anything until their economic plight had been relieved. Dr. Laubach's position was then, and is now, that literacy is an important early step in any program designed to enable the Asiatic masses to extricate themselves from their miserable fix. Any improvement in living conditions, he points out, automatically increases the population and, hence, the number of illiterates, which means that unless the problem of illiteracy is attacked early, it can only increase by rapid progressions. His opinion evidently had some weight with Gandhi, for in 1939 the Indian leader wrote in a newspaper article, "I am converted, and now believe that literacy should be required for the franchise. If each one of us will teach one illiterate, we can make India literate in no time!"

During his visit to India, Dr. Laubach, coöperating with missionaries in various parts of the country, managed to make lessons in five important Indian languages—Hindi, Marathi, Urdu, Tamil, and Telugu. The lessons were not as foolproof as he could have wished, though. These languages, like the majority of the languages in the world, are much too sophisticated to be squeezed into the elementary key-word pattern he had used in the Philippines, and he was stuck for a technique that would deal with them adequately. He had similar difficulties with Arabic in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, where he went next, and with Turkish in Turkey, where he stopped off just before returning home. Still, in all those places, he left a group of people, principally missionaries, whom he had convinced that his idea, despite the imperfection of his

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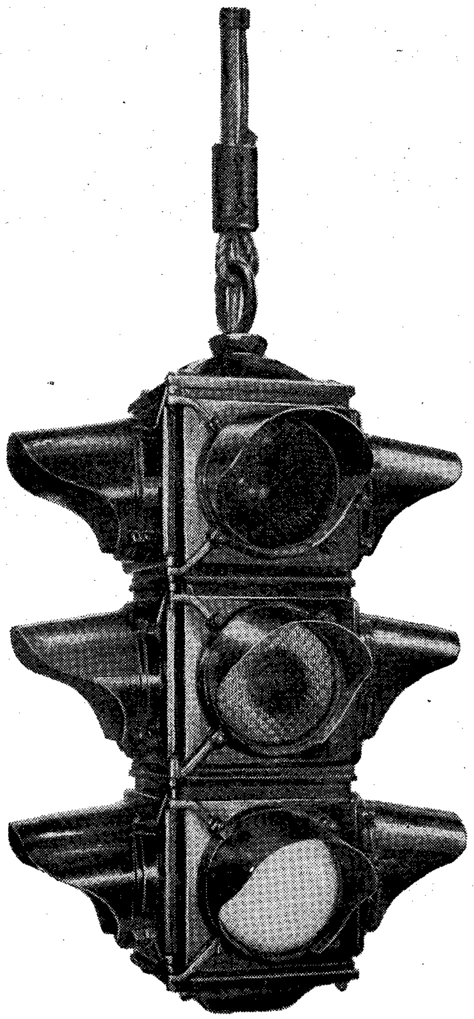

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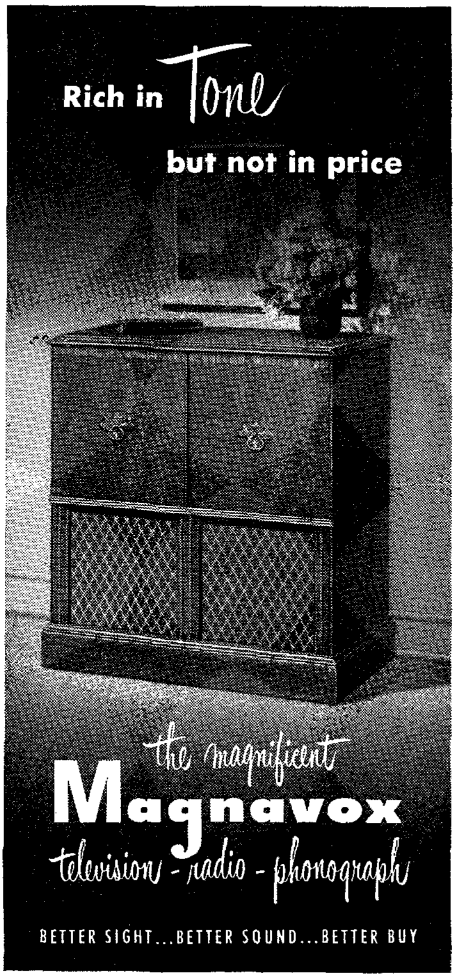
lessons, was useful and workable. He was penniless when he arrived in the United States. He had had no official appropriation for his trip; his travel allowance was only enough to fetch him and his family from Lanao to New York by a direct route, and he had made up the difference out of his own pocket. He resolved that his major project during his furlough would be to get some sort of steady financial support for his campaign.

Every Protestant missionary represents, and is supported by, a specific congregation. Ever since his ordination, Dr. Laubach has been the emissary and ward of the congregation of the Union Congregational Church of Upper Montclair, New Jersey. It was to the members of this congregation that he first turned in his quest for support for his literacy work. He found a number of people ready to help him out, and through their efforts the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature was founded. The Committee, as it was set up, had no organizational connection with the church, being financed entirely by private contributions. (In 1939, it was made an adjunct of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, now known as the Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches of Christ, and since then has been allotted a share of the parent organization's funds. Last year, its budget was about a hundred and seventy thousand dollars.) Getting this committee established, and raising several thousand dollars to keep it going, took up Dr. Laubach's whole year at home. In the summer of 1936, he departed for the Orient once more. After a couple of months in the Philippines, he went on to India, where he spent five months travelling furiously up and down the land and experimenting with various pedagogic techniques in an attempt to solve the problem of teaching the complex Indian languages easily. Although he did not succeed in devising lessons that satisfied him, he made one significant discovery. He came to realize that illiterates, simply because they cannot rely on newspapers and books and signboards to guide them through the world, are on the whole much more observant and have much more acute visual memories than people who can read and write. It was at this time that he began incorporating pictures of familiar objects into his lessons, and illustration thereafter became one of the most important elements of his system.

From India, Dr. Laubach went, in the spring of 1937, to East Africa,



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where he spent fifty days making lessons in such arcane tongues as Luo, Nyoro, Kikuyu, and Swahili. While he was working on the first of these languages, in a town called Kisumu, on the shore of Lake Victoria, he had a splendid opportunity to indulge his taste for geographical romance. "One evening, after looking in all directions to be sure nobody was watching," he wrote in "The Silent Billion Speak," "I stepped back and forth across the equator one thousand times—just to boast. It seemed with the equator completely at one's mercy something had to be done about it. So, believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, I am the only living man—at least, from Benton, Pennsylvania—who has crossed the equator one thousand times in twenty-five minutes." With this invigorating experience behind him, he returned to Lanao, which was still his home mission, and stayed there for some time, improving the lessons in the Filipino languages and baptizing Moros, who were now being converted by the score. The Lanao mission at this point was an impressive establishment, consisting of about a dozen buildings, including a dormitory for pupils at the mission school, a dispensary, a library containing some five thousand books, and a printshop from which poured a steady stream of books and pamphlets in the Maranaw language, bearing such diverse titles as "Where Christians and Moslems Are Brothers," "Care of the Skin," "Moro Folklore in Prose," "Why Does God Permit Suffering?," "God Is Beyond Us All," "Motherhood and Baby Care," and "The New Miracle Rice," written by Dr. Laubach or members of his mission staff.

In the summer of 1941, Dr. Laubach's fourth five-year tour of duty was up, and war jitters were sweeping the Philippines, so he and his family returned to the United States without much reluctance. They were here when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The Lanao mission was gutted during the war—not by the Japanese but largely by American and Moro guerrillas, who, long after the fall of Corregidor, pursued a scorched-earth policy on Mindanao. All the buildings were burned, and their contents, including the entire library and most of the Laubachs' furniture, destroyed.

THE war, of course, prevented Dr. Laubach from carrying on in Asia or Africa, so he turned his attention to the Western Hemisphere. He took two protracted trips through Central and South America, making lessons in Spanish, Portuguese, and a number of In-

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dian languages. By correspondence, he helped out with lessons in Navajo and Eskimo, and at the request of the authorities in Jamaica, he even tried his hand, for the first time, at English. Dr. Laubach no longer has the responsibility of the Lanao mission, which is being rebuilt. He bears the title of Special Counsellor and Literacy Expert of the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature. (The Committee pays his travel expenses, and the Congregational Church pays his salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year.) The job has enabled him to pamper his wanderlust thoroughly. Dr. Laubach is a poor advertisement for *le tourisme*, though, because he has no interest whatever in sightseeing. Apparently, he derives his pleasure not from seeing a place but simply from being in it. Last year, for instance, he motored through the Khyber Pass into Afghanistan and, being an old Kipling fan, was considerably perked up by the experience. At least, he said he was. His colleagues on the trip were hard put to it to detect his elation, for he spent most of the time poring over the first draft of a literacy chart of Pushtu and only occasionally gave a glance at the countryside. Now and then, his absorption in his work gets him into touchy little snarls over protocol with local dignitaries. He resolutely declines to accept invitations to official cocktail parties, go on tiger hunts, or inspect picturesque ruins or collections of artifacts. "If the community officials ever do manage to get him out to look at something—oh, some especially magnificent Javanese temple, say—they don't get much satisfaction out of it," an associate remarked not long ago. "He's polite, of course, but his mind is plainly on something else. He's not thinking about Javanese carvings, he's thinking about Javanese verbs. And in Java, as a matter of fact, it's hard to say which are more ornate."

IT was in 1948 that Dr. Laubach started spending the first half of each year on the road, making lessons. His 1948 trip took him to Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Gold Coast, the Belgian Congo, Rhodesia, and the Transvaal. In 1949, he visited Thailand, India, Pakistan, Australia, New Guinea, and Korea. In 1950, he went back to Africa, stopping in Angola, Tanganyika, Mozambique, Nyasaland, Ruanda-Urundi, Uganda, the Congo, and the French Cameroons. His 1951 itinerary included Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, Lebanon, India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Burma, Singapore, and In-

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donesia. This year, he will concentrate on India and Pakistan, with a quick shot at Sarawak. This is a pretty rough schedule for a man in his late sixties, and it isn't made easier by the fact that Dr. Laubach now travels by air and doesn't have the opportunity to recuperate on shipboard between stops that he had in his prewar, seafaring days. It wears him down so little, though, that he works just as hard during the second half of each year, which he spends touring the United States, whipping up interest in and cash contributions for his work. Last October was typical of his late-summer-and-fall, or American, phase. From the third to the seventh of the month, he was in Detroit; on the eighth and ninth, in Toledo; on the tenth, in Milwaukee; on the eleventh and twelfth, in Des Moines; from the thirteenth to the fifteenth, in Topeka; on the sixteenth, in Wichita; from the seventeenth to the twentieth, in Oklahoma City; on the twenty-first, in Tulsa and Bartlesville, Oklahoma; from the twenty-second to the twenty-fourth, in Baton Rouge and Lafayette, Louisiana. He flew to New York on the twenty-fifth to attend a banquet, and by the thirtieth he was in Fort Worth. On no day, except during the trips to and from New York, did he make less than one speech, and he usually made several.

In his character as one of the world's leading travellers, Dr. Laubach has perfected the art of living out of a single suitcase, most of which is devoted to carrying papers. He has become unaccustomed to such concomitants of a sedentary life as shelves, closets, and bureau drawers; even when he settles down for a couple of weeks in a two-and-a-half-room apartment he and Mrs. Laubach have on East Twenty-second Street, he is as likely as not, after washing his hands, shaving, and brushing his teeth, to pack up his soap, razor, and toothbrush and stow them in his valise. Mrs. Laubach uses the apartment more than her husband does. Her practice is to accompany Dr. Laubach overseas every other year, and she shares only snatches of his trips around this country. The Laubachs still consider Benton their home town, and own a house there that was willed them by Mrs. Laubach's parents, but Dr. Laubach estimates that since 1945 he has spent a total of a month in it.

Perhaps one reason Dr. Laubach has so little trouble living out of a suitcase is that he puts so little in it. In addition to documents, the suitcase he took with him on his 1951 trip, for instance, contained hardly anything but toilet articles, a few changes of socks and under-

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clothes, one white nylon shirt, a white suit (to be worn when being received by the heads of states), a length of clothesline, and a handful of plastic clothespins. The rest of his clothes he wore—another white nylon shirt, a pair of black shoes, a battered gray hat, a gray tropical suit, and an overcoat. On his travels, he rinses out his soiled shirt every night and hangs it on his clothesline. Besides the suitcase, his accoutrements consist of an overloaded briefcase, a Hermès portable typewriter, a passport (three times as thick as an average tourist's because of the extra pages that have been inserted to accommodate his visas), and a fat red address book. None of these items—least of all the last one—will he let out of his possession. In the address book, he writes down the name and address of practically everybody he comes across abroad, and when he gets back home, he turns it over to his secretary as an index to where he has been and what he has accomplished while away.

ONE of Dr. Laubach's acute concerns these days is providing enough suitable reading matter for his recent pupils. A new literate who has successfully completed the elementary course has a reading vocabulary of only about five hundred words, which makes many books quite impossible for him and even the simplest newspapers very difficult. Dr. Laubach has done a lot to expand this horizon with a series of second readers, which raise the new literate's working vocabulary to about fifteen hundred words, and he would like to do more. Every so often, he has a terrifying vision of what the world would be like if, after he had made a billion and a half people literate, they could find nothing to read but comic books, detective magazines, and true-confession stories. This vision comes to him most often in front of railroad-station newsstands during his tours around the United States. On his overseas trip this year—he left six weeks ago—he hopes to make a start at dispelling it for good. He is going to spend much of his time in southern India, where literacy campaigns are in a flourishing state, and do everything he can to get books and pamphlets and newspapers written and edited for the new literates, as well as work out ways of training writers and editors to be informative and entertaining within the confines of a small vocabulary. (His son is not going with him this year because he is taking courses in just this sort of writing at Syracuse University.) Dr. Laubach is already armed with a powerful persuader as to the feasibility of his plan—

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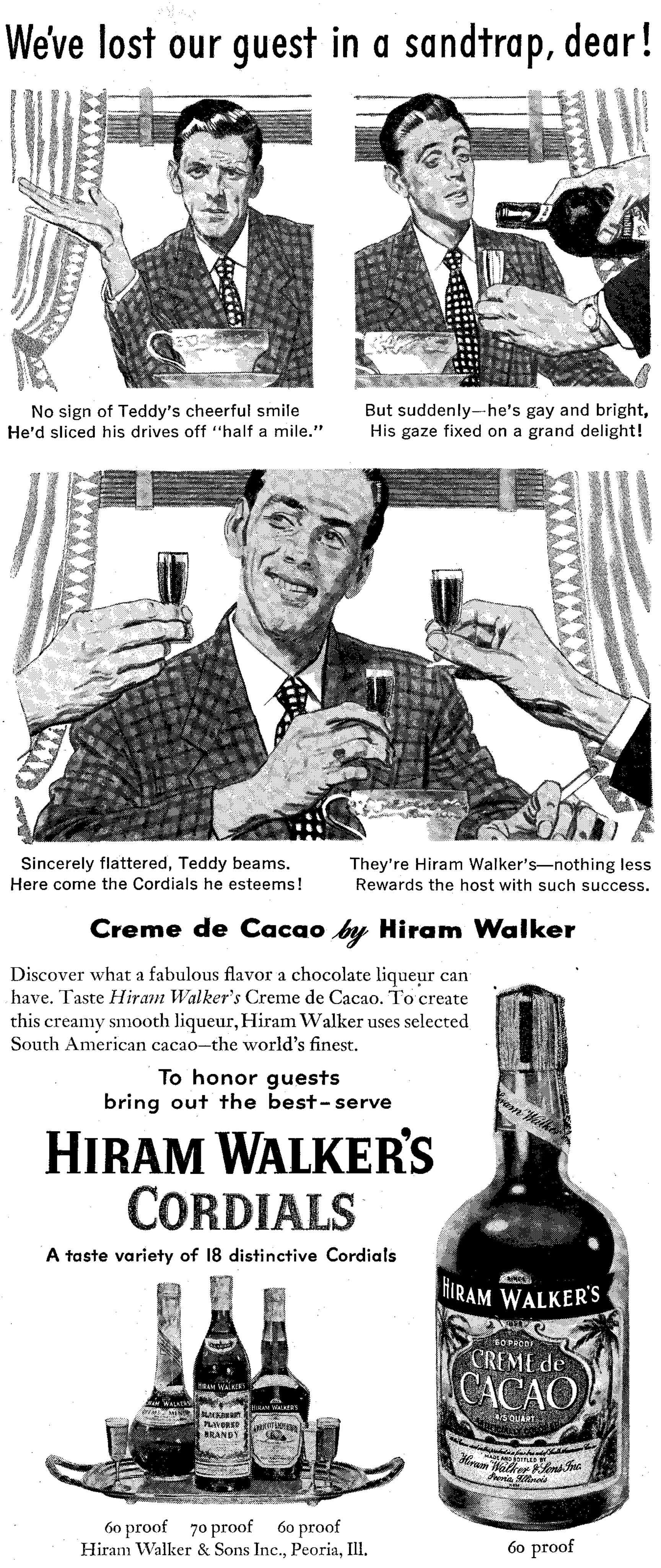
his own series of second readers, which are informative, practical, educational, and, above all, simple. He has not had too hard a time getting up his series, because he has a knack for putting complicated thoughts into easy words. He regards as his foremost achievement in this line a second reader he wrote in Burma last year, called "U Sein, the Wise Man." The technical information in it was certified by E.C.A. representatives in Burma as entirely accurate, and they were astonished at Dr. Laubach's ability to put it into such a modest vocabulary—less than a thousand words, actually. "U Sein" is the story of a Burmese villager who learns to read and, as a result, finds out how to save his cattle from rinderpest, how to get a school for his village, how to fight malaria, tuberculosis, and dysentery, how to make the village well safe, how to cure his daughter's fiancé of venereal disease, how to raise better goats and papayas and bananas and chickens, and how to handle a good number of other problems that urgently preoccupy Burmese villagers. From it, too, a reader who has never been near a Burmese village can learn something of what Dr. Laubach feels about his work. The last lesson in "U Sein," in which the Burmese words for "example," "proud," "blind," "friend," and "kind heart" are taught, ends:

> U Sein said: The best friend a man can ever have is the man who teaches him to read and who helps him get good books. For a man who cannot read is like a blind man.
> They have to lead a blind man around by the hand.
> I was blind but now I am not blind.
> U Sein said: I can read.
> That is why I am no longer hungry, that is why my village no longer has malaria.
> That is why our village no longer has germs.
> That is why we never get smallpox.
> That is why we have gardens and orchards and milk goats in our village.
> All because one man with a kind heart taught me to read and another man with a kind heart sent me books from Rangoon.
> So as U Sein went back to his village everybody said:
> We are proud of you, U Sein, and we are proud to be your neighbors.
> U Sein the wise man has a big heart and a big mind and a big spirit.
> They all went to church and thanked God for their wise good U Sein.
> U Sein's wife was proud of him, and his daughter was proud of him and his son-in-law was proud of him.
> His little grandson put his arms around his grandfather and said:
> You are a fine grandfather and I am proud of you, and you are my example.
> U Sein laughed with happiness.

—ROBERT RICE



We've lost our guest in a sandtrap, dear!

No sign of Teddy's cheerful smile
He'd sliced his drives off "half a mile."

But suddenly—he's gay and bright,
His gaze fixed on a grand delight!

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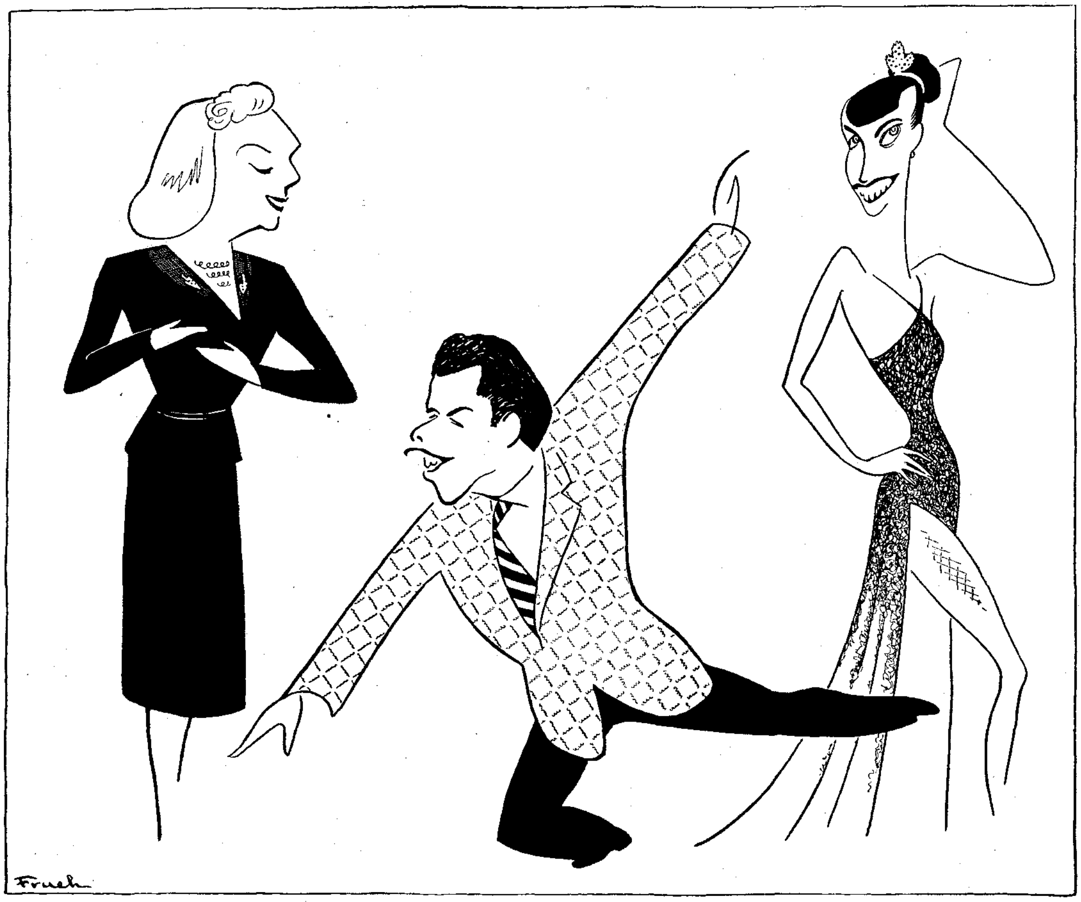
THE THEATRE

SOLO WITH WILLIAMS

ELOCUTION, an art I used to associate with high-school auditoriums and nervous renditions of pieces like "The Dream of Eugene Aram," is, *faute de mieux*, something to be reckoned with on Broadway these days. The trend having been set with the First Drama Quartet's excellent reading of "Don Juan in Hell," it persists now at the Golden with Emlyn Williams' recitations from the works of Dickens. It is not Mr. Williams' purpose simply to impersonate characters in Dickens; his larger design is to impersonate the author impersonating his characters, and to that end he has stationed himself behind a red-baize lectern similar to the one used by Dickens himself when he was acting out bits from his novels almost a hundred years ago, and has donned the whiskers, cutaway, and expanse of immaculate linen that reportedly made the old boy such an impressive figure on the platform. Presumably on the ground that Dickens was also a singularly unrestrained man on the platform (his performances, I've read, were as rich in emotion as a revivalist's meeting), Mr. Williams gives a rather full-blown treatment to the episodes that make up the first half of his program—the dinner party at the Veneerings, from "Our Mutual Friend;" the death of Paul, from "Dombey and Son;" and Bob Sawyer's party, from the "Pickwick Papers"—but in the second half he reveals a remarkable ability to suggest with an economy of gesture and a nice precision of style what Dickens was after. I suppose that verisimilitude calls for the florid approach of the opening selections, but it makes hard going for audiences not accustomed to old-fashioned bravura, and certainly the flamboyance is nowhere near as effective as, say, the grim restraint of Mr. Williams' picture of pre-Revolutionary France, from "A Tale of Two Cities," with which he winds up his recitations. Whether you have neglected Dickens over the years or are a walking concordance to him, I'm sure you will be edified and entertained by Mr. Williams.



"PAL JOEY"

The toothy and nimble gentleman being ogled by the two ladies above is Harold Lang, who has the title role in the lively revival of the musical comedy put together by John O'Hara and Rodgers and Hart a dozen years ago. Mr. Lang's admirer on the left is Vivienne Segal, who also adorned the play in its original version; the parabolic figure to his rear is Helen Gallagher. At the Broadhurst.

LILLIAN DAY and Alfred Golden, the playwrights responsible for "Collector's Item," which died after three performances at the Booth, rummaged through the antiques business for material and emerged with a work that combined elementary information about the trade with scatological humor that might well have raised the hackles of a plumber. To make their creation even more peculiar, the authors peopled the stage mostly with dialect comedians, who delivered their lines with cunningly contrived Turkish, Egyptian, German, French, and stage-butler-English accents. Serving as a Tower of Babel for this crew was a Manhattan antiques shop (the setting, I'm told, included fourteen thousand dollars' worth of real period stuff), where an Egyptian and his clairvoyant wife, a Turk, between bouts of cooking couscous (a North African mess) and sessions with the cards, were preparing to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary with their three sons, antique dealers all, who quickly identified their respective birthplaces by exclaiming, "*Gott verdammt!*," "*Mon Dieu!*," and "*Really*, old boy!" It presently developed that the family's future depends upon the sale of one of Mme. de Pompadour's sedan chairs, an item the English brother had acquired abroad, but when it was removed from its packing case, it fell to pieces. Fortunately, an artist and general handyman with a talent for restoration happened along, and after endless bickering (he was determined to go to Mexico) and a few dates with a girl the brothers tossed into his lap, he started fooling around with the chair. He was a strange fellow, this artist. He preferred dog wagons to Le Pavillon, had no use for money, was almost monastic in his conduct with the young lady, and had a soul of dimensions that would crowd the Golden Gate. While he was finishing up Mme. de Pompadour's vehicle, the girl remarked that her association with him had been "a wonderful intellectual holiday." Shortly thereafter, she inspired him to build a toilet seat into the sedan chair, because the lady who was going to buy it was Fascist or something, and at that point the play was converted from a torpid bore into an active annoyance.

The dialogue of "Collector's Item" was uniformly witless (a typical exchange: "Didn't I tell you something is rotten in Denmark?" "Who's from Denmark?"), and in the circumstances I guess it was something of a triumph for Allyn Joslyn that, as the most conspicuous of the brothers, he remained reasonably tolerable through it all. James Gregory, as the artistic tinkerer, also deserves some credit for maintaining a sporting attitude even when tangled up in some very foolish lines, and as his girl, Gaye Jordon was highly decorative. The others in the cast, while they have my sympathy, can hardly be said to have surmounted their difficulties.

—John McCarten

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Fort Lauderale (Fla.) News*]

New York (A.P.)—Strange snails about the size of golf balls have invaded Central Park Lake.

Castoff shells by the hundreds are visible around the edges of the frozen lake.

The American Museum of Natural History made three guesses about the unusual specimens Thursday.

•

Next month the project for the pack will be Stars, Space and Planets. A special field trip is planned in conjunction with this theme.—*Great Neck News.*

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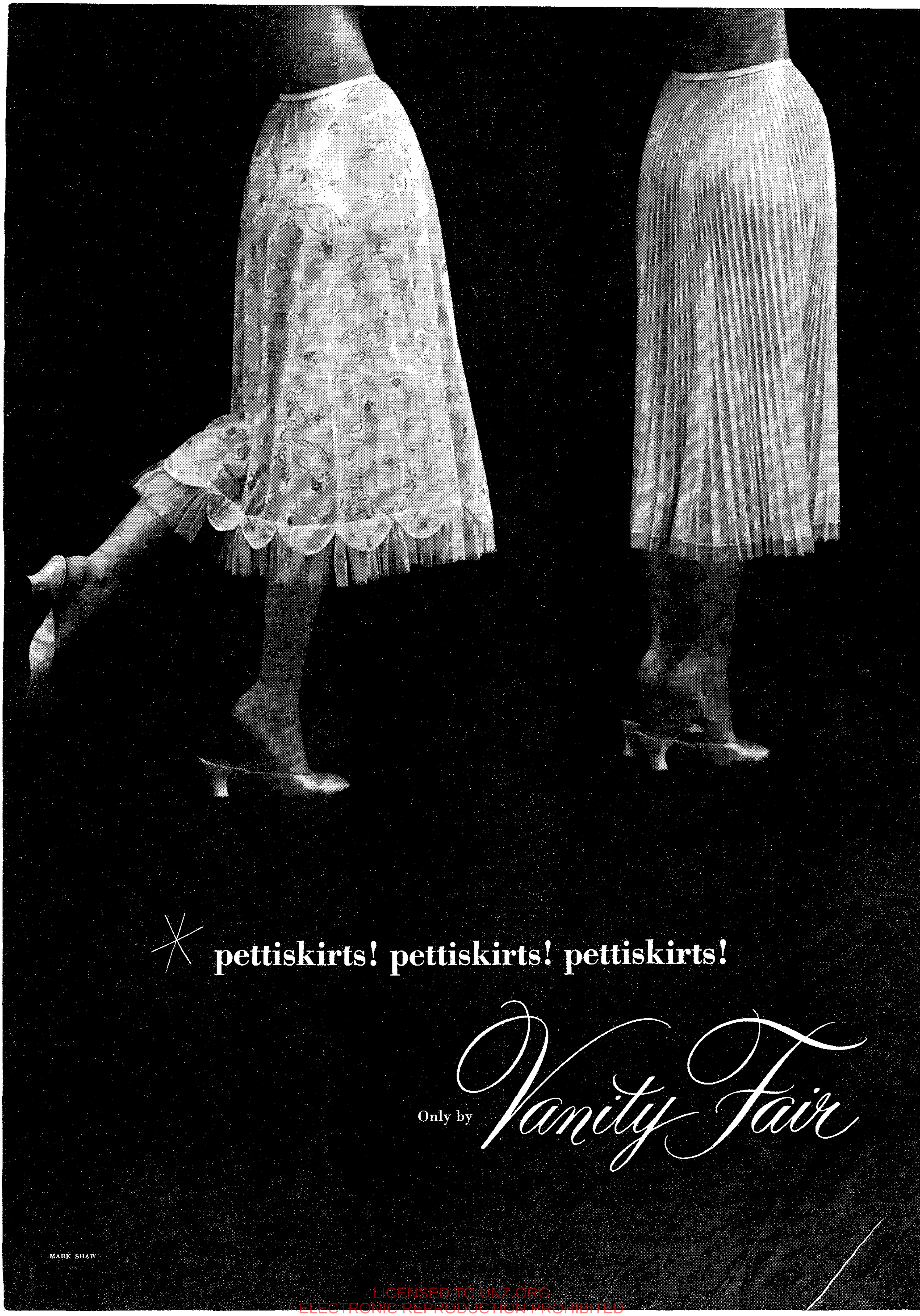
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LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 8

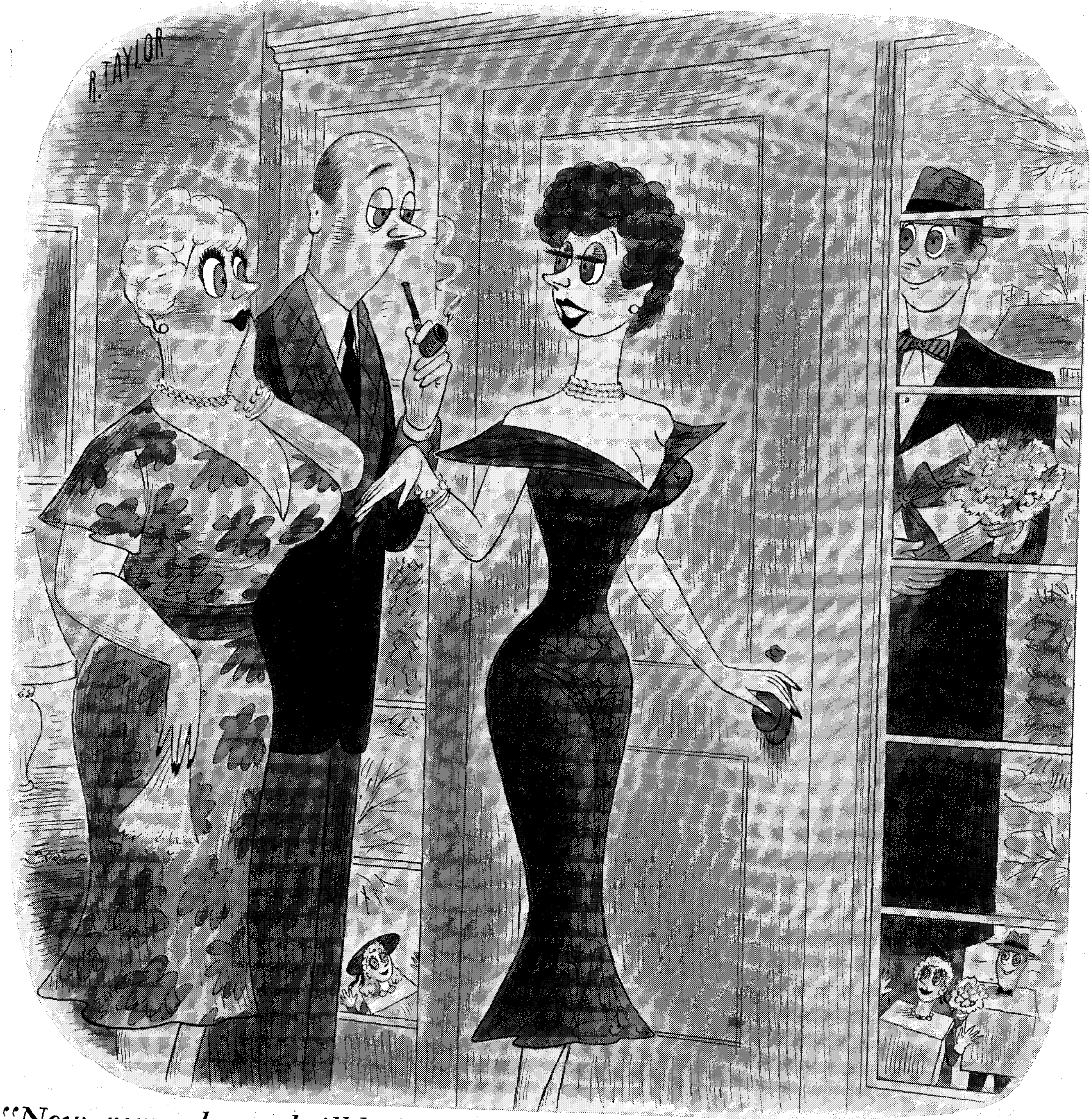
HER Majesty Queen Elizabeth II of England came to the throne in a way that was peculiarly of her age, which has shrunk the physical boundaries of the world and widened man's conception of what is humanely due to man, royal or common. For the first time in history, the news of accession was sent by cable to the new sovereign, who hurried home four thousand miles by air to her capital and to a demonstration of almost indignant pity from a population that no longer believes it is all roses being a queen. On the morning the King died, people gathered in groups everywhere to talk of his tragically unexpected death, and then immediately of Elizabeth, without altering the tone of their voices, as though she, too, had been struck down by some grave illness—the malady of sovereignty, which lasts a lifetime. It was a strange, sad day in London.

The news first leaked out into the ordinary working morning in shocked rumors, which started circulating from some of the embassies and then from startled members of clubs who had stopped to take a quick look at City prices on the ticker-tape machine. Out in the streets, the truth got around in the same almost casual way, with people hardly believing their eyes when they caught sight of the scrawled words "The King Dead" on the posters held by the newspaper-sellers at street corners. The early-evening editions, out before noon, carried headlines about the dustup that was expected to break around Mr. Churchill's head in the foreign-affairs debate in the Commons that afternoon, and the unbelievable bad news was contained only in a bald line in the stop-press section. People stood dazedly watching buildings run out flags and then slowly add mournful confirmation by sinking them to half-mast. Crowds drifted along all day to Buckingham Palace and stood staring at its drawn shades and bare flag standard, as though somehow hoping for more news there.

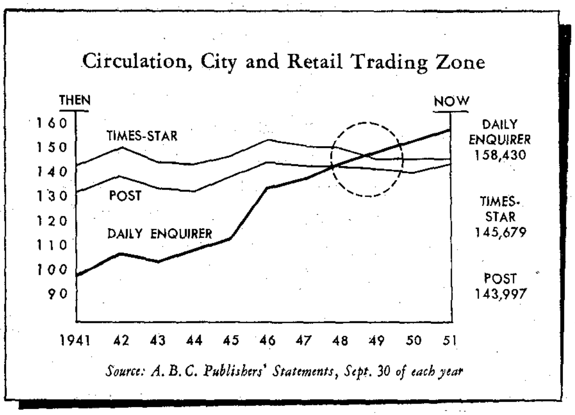
As the day went on, London quickly arranged itself in mourning. Salesgirls crawled about in shopwindows undressing the dummy figures that were sporting the new spring tweeds, colored like daffodil and pussy willow, and reclothing them in black and white and purple. The small, elegant shops around Bond Street hurriedly displayed black and white china, or first editions bound in violet, or laurel wreaths tied with broad mauve satin ribbon. The shops that had no special displays draped wide stripes of crape ribbon from top to bottom of their windows. By evening, the city, with theatres and cinemas closed and the people home indoors, looked empty, as though it were a bad blitz night.

Mr. Churchill had asked the public not to turn out in force to meet the Queen at the airport when she flew in from Africa yesterday. However, a crowd of people that the papers later said numbered about four thousand collected along the Mall (on that broad, tree-lined thoroughfare they made only a fairly thin scatter along the curbs) to watch her arrival with her husband at Clarence House. The most prosperous-looking among the waiting women wore black furs and hats, and the men wore black ties, but the most touching things were the bows of painstakingly tied cheap black ribbon and the homemade crêpe-paper armbands pinned on many shabby coats. When the big car flying the Royal Standard eventually came along the cold, darkening street, the crowd gave its occupants the courtesy of utter silence. In the car, the pale girl in black, who must have been dropping with tiredness, had her hand raised in the first of the carefully schooled, carefully gracious queenly gestures it will now be her perhaps dreaded lot to perform.

THE public proclamation of the Queen's accession, which normally would have taken place right after the King's death but had to be delayed until Elizabeth's return to London, was made this morning in hearteningly brilliant sunshine, an icy wind that nearly froze the noses off her new subjects' faces, and a warming blaze of heraldic pageantry. According to the ceremony that has been followed through the centuries, she was proclaimed "Queen of this realm and all her other realms and territories, head of the Commonwealth, defender of the faith" at four points of the city, with fanfares of trumpets—at St. James's Palace first, and then at Charing Cross, in Chancery Lane, and from the steps of the Royal Exchange. At St. James's, where the little turreted Palace looked in the sunshine like a child's toy castle carved out of dark gingerbread, the big crowds entertained



"Now, remember . . . he'll be head space buyer, some day . . . so impress him by saying you understand Solid Cincinnati reads the Cincinnati Enquirer . . ."


Circulation, City and Retail Trading Zone

Source: A. B. C. Publishers' Statements, Sept. 30 of each year

Had a briefing on these facts, lately? More and more and more . . . Cincinnati is a *morning-newspaper* town! Today, the Daily Enquirer has more circulation *within* the retail trading zone than the *total* circulation of any other Cincinnati daily.

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themselves by admiring the uniforms and the horses, and by identifying the Ministers and their wives as they appeared on the Palace roof. Unseen by the crowds, two bits of walking history were looking on at yet another bit of history being made—Winston Churchill from a large window inside the courtyard, and the much-loved Queen Mary, who sat at a bedroom window high above the trees in Marlborough House, just across the way, and listened to her granddaughter's proclamation as she had listened to those of two sons, the exiled and the dead. The ancient words were read by Sir George Bellew, Garter King of Arms, a gorgeous, gold-laced figure standing in the center of the other officers of arms, some of them frail-looking old men whose splendid cocked hats trembled in their hands either from emotion or from cold—the Clarenceux and Norroy and Ulster Kings of Arms, the six heralds, of Lancaster, Chester, York, Richmond, Windsor, and Somerset, and the four pursuivants, whose titles sound as though they were out of an ancient Norman ballad: Rouge Croix, Portcullis, Bluemantle, and Rouge Dragon. After the proclamation had been read, the flag on the Palace and the flags on the towers of Westminster, across St. James's Park, were broken at full mast to salute the new Queen; they returned to mourning half-mast later, and will stay that way until after the King's funeral next Friday.

AT the moment, there is no other topic of conversation here. Wherever you go, in the streets and in the shops and on the buses, people start talking about the King as though they had suffered a loss in their own families. Some of them say sadly that England has had blows in the last few years but that this is the worst blow of all. Many people think, however, that the young Queen will have a uniting and perhaps inspiring effect on her people as time goes on, and point out hopefully that England has always done famously under her rulers on the distaff side. The events of the last few days have been an enormous national shock, though. When the English sing "Long may she reign" now, they will mean it and wish it with all their hearts.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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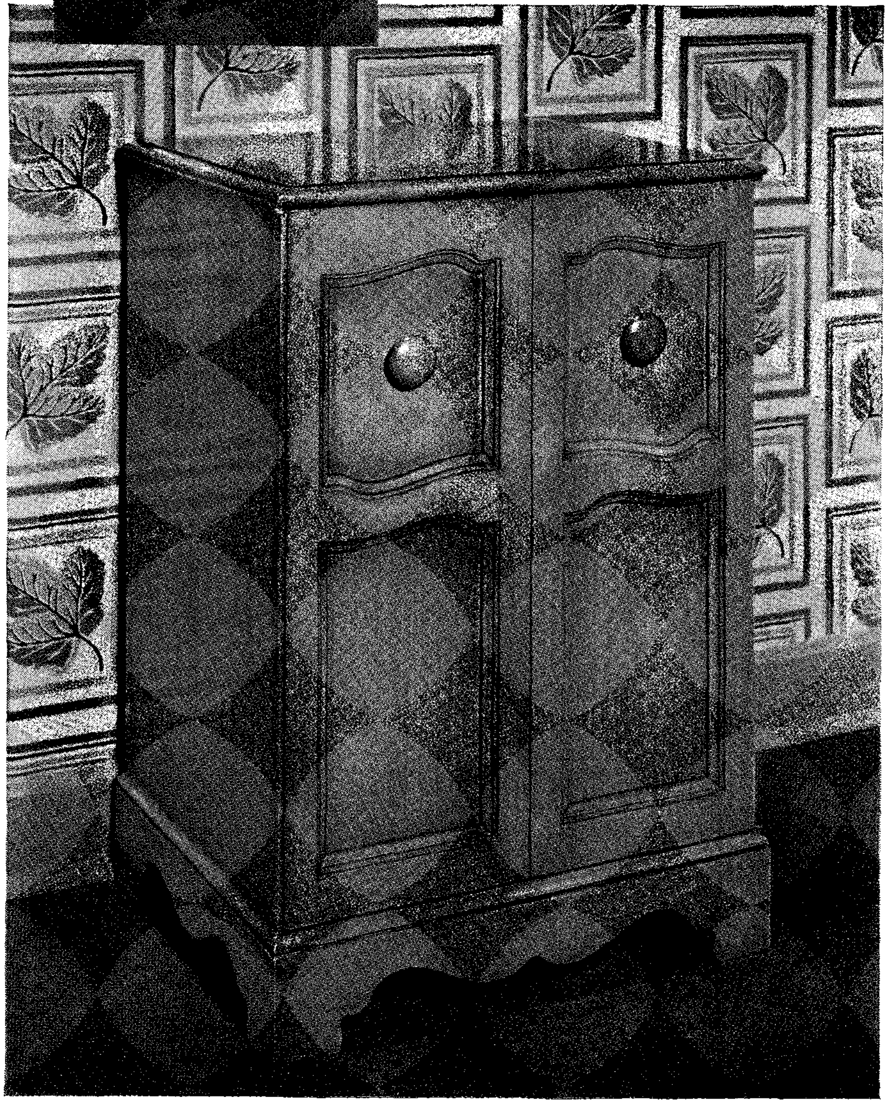

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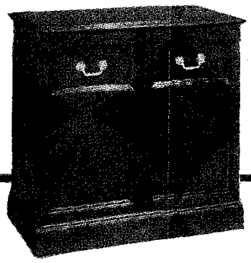

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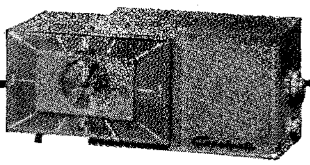

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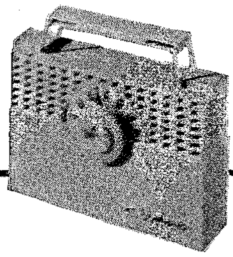

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A WORLD AWAY

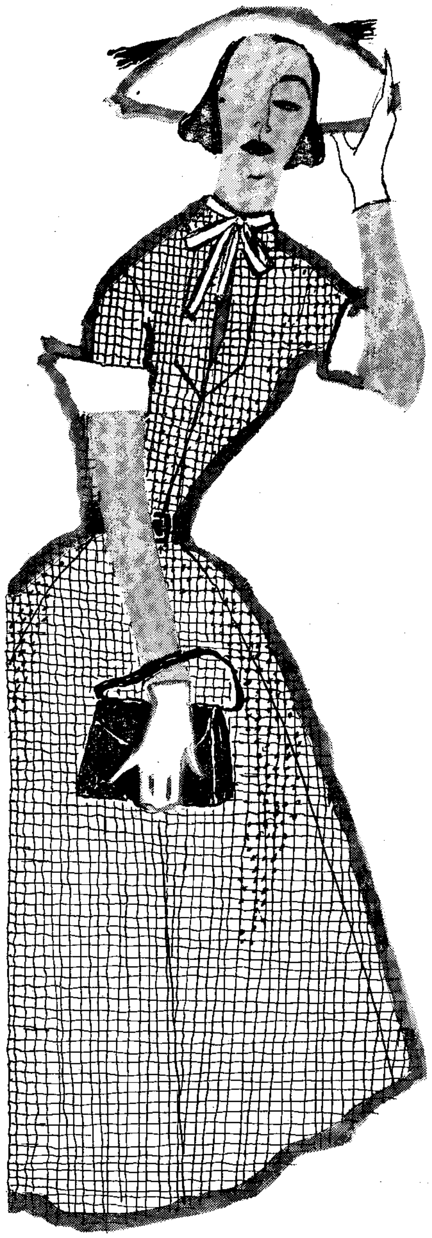
ALTHOUGH Soviet citizens have long been taught that the American way of life represents a doomed and decadent culture, it is only within the last five years that any but a relatively few specially certified political emissaries have had a chance to check up on this official view. These people, the first Russian émigrés to reach this country since the exodus that immediately followed the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, owe their look at the other of the so-called "two worlds" to the accidents of war, rather than to any relaxing of the Kremlin's tight passport control. So far, counting children, they number about ten thousand. All the adults, except for some Red Army deserters, were hauled away from their homeland by the Nazis, who conscripted them as workers in factories and mines in Germany or German-occupied territory. At the end of the war, finding themselves in the American Zone, or hurrying to it from other sections of Germany, they were able to avoid repatriation and to continue their westward movement.

The other evening, I spent several hours with three of these fairly recent arrivals—Igor and Zina Soben, formerly of Leningrad, and their son Vadi, who was two weeks old when, in October, 1943, he and his parents were shipped by cattle car to a labor camp in Poland. After a brief stay there, the family was shipped, again by cattle car, to another camp, in Germany, and then, in April, 1944, to Franzensbad, Czechoslovakia, where the Nazis set the father to mining coal and the mother to serving as a charwoman in a miners' barracks. From the Sobens, who finally found their way here in August, 1946, I heard an account of the difficulties experienced by a Soviet family in adapting itself to the ways of a capitalist democracy and was given a picture of an odd kind of pioneering, which has confronted them with moral puzzles and brought about marked changes in them. We discussed a wide range of subjects, including television, the Russian soul, and Vadi's former teacher at P.S. 86, in the Bronx. Igor and Zina—they suggested that we use first names before the evening was very old—are in their late thirties, and they are products of the Soviet regime in the very real sense that for a quarter of a century they were exposed to only those schools, clubs, plays, movies, and newspapers whose purpose it was to indoctrinate them permanently with the Communist outlook. Igor, to be precise, was five at the time of the Revolution and Zina three.

My meeting with the Sobens was arranged, somewhat reluctantly, by a friend of mine, M. K. Argus, who is a writer for *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, an anti-Communist Russian-language daily published in New York. Argus, an expansive, quixotic man in his fifties, said he wasn't sure which of his many newly arrived countrymen he preferred to have me meet. "Any one of them is liable to say something horrible," he told me at lunch one day. "I was a Russian immigrant myself a long time ago, but this batch—they're different. Last week, I asked one of them how he was getting along here, and he answered, 'How do I know you're not a spy?' Some of those who are out of work have come up to the office and threatened to go back to the Soviet Union and denounce America if my colleagues and I don't find them jobs. And many of them have legally changed their names—even some who have no relatives in Russia to protect. But, ah," he went on, suddenly turning wistful, "they are all true Russians! They come calling on us with poems in their hands. They tell us how they are related to this grand duke and that prince. We, too, were all poets and nobles when we arrived." Argus asked himself aloud whom he should send me to. "Go talk with the Sobens," he told me at last. "A changed name, of course, since in their case I believe they do have relatives in the Soviet Union. Don't ask me why I suggest them rather than any of the others. I have no idea what they think of the United States. Now that we have decided, we must become practical. Two things. Go with a bottle of vodka. And when Igor introduces you to his wife, say that Argus considers her the prettiest of the new immigrants. These things will help you very much."

PLEASE DO NOT ASK DRIVER TO HELP WITH HOMEWORK WHILE BUS IS IN MOTION

A FEW days after my lunch with Argus, I arrived, a bottle of vodka under my arm, at the Soben home, a two-story, one-family brick house in a row of almost identical dwellings on 150th Street, in a tidy neighborhood of Queens. Igor, a stocky, sandy-haired, blue-eyed man, opened the door, shook hands with me gravely, and ushered me into the living room. It was early evening, and Vadi, a thin, blond boy with a pleasant face, was sprawled on the floor before a television set, watching Captain Video. He turned to size me up briefly, then went back to his watching. Igor



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called out in Russian to his wife, and she hurried out of the kitchen-dinette, adjoining the living room, to greet me. A handsome, spirited woman with light-brown hair and expressive brown eyes, she, like her husband, speaks English with a marked accent. "Excuse me for not being at the door, but I was making *pelmeny* for dinner," she said. "It is a Siberian dish. I hope you will like it." I handed her the bottle of vodka and both of them thanked me politely. I also delivered Argus's message, and they were delighted. Igor became less reserved. "We have just bought this house," he told me. "Fifteen years in which to pay! Clearly, the lady who sold it to us is not worried about revolutions."

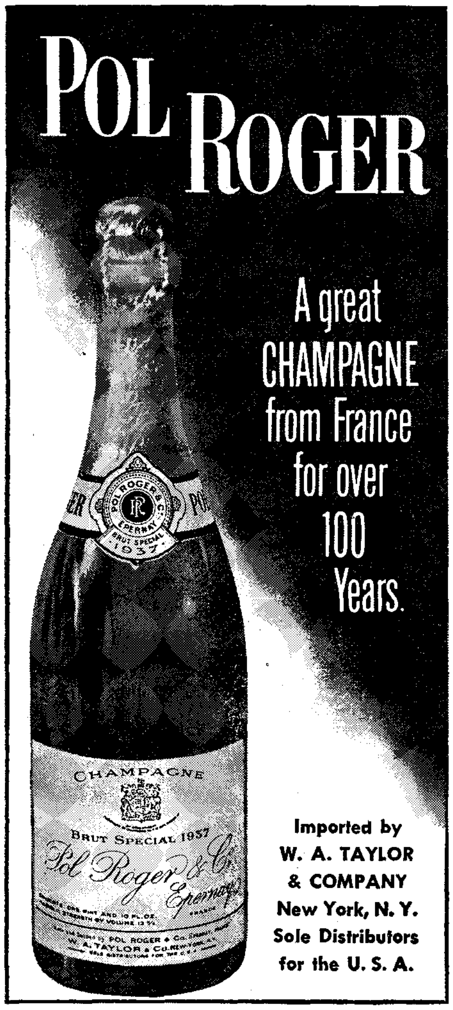
Zina suggested a tour of the house. "Our living room," she said, indicating the lamps, easy chairs, and sofa that surrounded us. In a corner stood an upright piano, its top adorned with framed snapshots of, I presumed, relatives. We went down to the cellar, where, Igor said, he was planning to set up a rumpus room. "It will be necessary to buy a ping-pong table," he remarked. On the second floor were two bedrooms of modest size and a peach-tiled bathroom. We were soon in and out of the bedrooms, but Zina lingered by the basin in the bathroom. "Hot water whenever we want," she said, turning the faucet on for a moment. "In Leningrad, we never had that." "In Leningrad," Igor said, "we had one small room in a small five-room apartment. Four families were in the other rooms. We all shared the kitchen." We went back downstairs and through the living room and kitchen to the rear door. Zina opened it wide. "Our yard," she said proudly. I looked out at a patch of ground, perhaps ten feet square, bounded by a white picket fence. The view took in a street corner, a few maples, and several replicas of the Soben house. While we were standing in the doorway, a sleek bus, with fluorescent lights, stopped at the corner to pick up a passenger. "Such a beautiful bus!" Zina exclaimed.

"We have become members of the American middle class," Igor said earnestly. Zina looked at him with a questioning expression. "It is the truth," he assured her. "We must face it."

Igor opened the bottle of vodka and filled two jiggers, and he and I sat down at the table in the dinette. Zina, fussing over the *pelmeny* at the stove, a few feet away, was too busy to join us. Igor raised his glass. "*Khorosho!*" he said, and we downed our drinks. "Vodka in Queens," he said with a shrug. "It is sometimes still hard to believe that we are not leading our lives in Leningrad." Zina, he told me, was born and raised there and he moved there with his family from the city of Kuznetsk, his birthplace, at the age of ten. Zina's father was a journalist of note and Igor's father a professor of forestry. "I am of the nobility," Zina put in eagerly, momentarily neglecting her cooking. She mentioned some vague connection, through her maternal grandmother, with the Georgian throne. Igor went on to say that he and Zina were married in 1933, in a civil ceremony. Zina was an office worker at the time, and Igor was a student at the Leningrad Mining Institute, where he subsequently earned the Russian equivalent of a Master of Science in mining engineering. Even before he had his degree, he joined the staff of a mining-research organization in Leningrad, which sent him on research missions to mines in the Arctic Zone, the Urals, and Siberia. In 1937, Zina gave up her office job and enrolled in the Herzen Institute, where she majored in Russian history, expecting someday to teach that subject.

When Russia was invaded, the government dispatched Igor to the Donets Basin mines, in the Ukraine, to help supervise the stepping up of coal production there. Zina joined him six months later. In 1941, Panzer divisions overran the region, and the Sobens were trapped. Igor continued to work as a mine supervisor, only now, of course, he was a servant of the Nazis. Two years later, just after Zina had her baby, the Germans, feeling the pinch of the manpower shortage, rounded up the Sobens, and a lot of other Russians, and the family found itself embarked upon the cattle-car journey that took them eventually to Franzensbad. "Thank God I escaped the Leningrad siege!" Zina said, crossing herself. "Two million people starved to death there." I asked her how she felt about religion. "I attended the Russian Orthodox Church until I was thirteen," she replied. "Then the regime became very antireligious and we children stopped going. Now I go to church only occasionally. I believe in God in my own way. Igor is the same."

After American troops captured Franzensbad, in 1945, the Sobens remained there for a while, picking up a smattering of English from the G.I.s and trying to decide whether to return to the Soviet Union. During the next three months, their minds were made up for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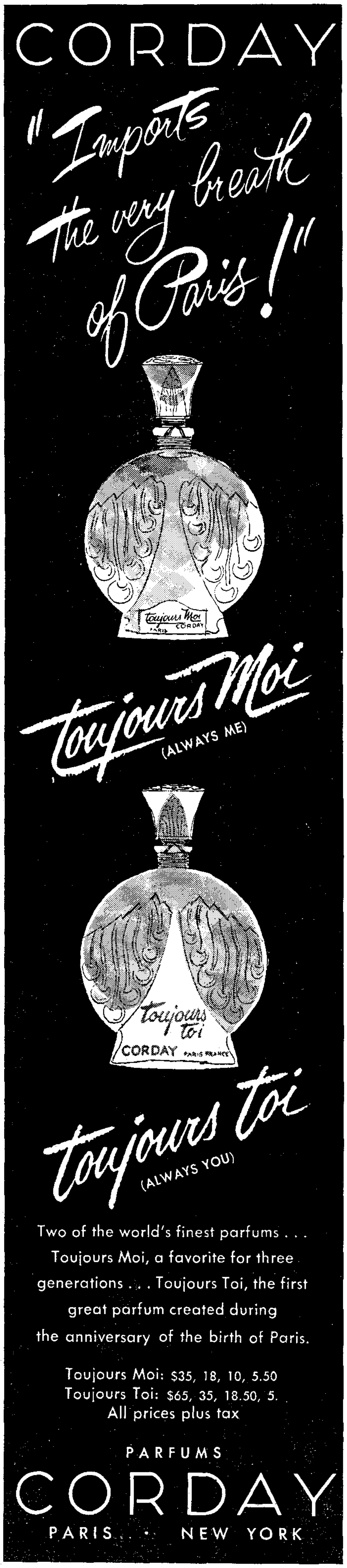
them by the hundreds of their fellow-citizens who streamed through the town. These Russians had been liberated by the Red Army, but instead of being repatriated, as they had hoped, they had been denounced as Nazi collaborators by Red Army officers and kept at their jobs in German mines and factories, the output of which was being shipped back to the Soviet. Bitter and angry, they had escaped from their liberators, and their flight had brought them to Franzensbad.

Igor said that he and Zina kept asking these fugitives if the regime in Russia had changed. "We hoped that maybe the sacrifices of the Russian people during the war had softened Stalin's outlook," he said. "We talked to Tartars, fishermen from the Black Sea, Ukrainian peasants, intellectuals from Moscow and from our own city. Naturally, the details of each individual's experiences had been different, but basically they all understood our question, and the answer was always the same—no change. In my own case, when I asked them if the regime had changed I was asking if the mines were still being inefficiently operated in an atmosphere of political terror and if an engineer might still be accused of sabotage because his reports were not flowery enough or were too flowery. I was asking if my sister was still in a concentration camp for refusing to divorce her husband. The regime had ordered her to divorce him because his origin was wrong. His father, you see, had been a wealthy paper manufacturer in czarist times. I was asking if my closest friend, a musician, was still in the concentration camp to which he had gone just to visit his brother, who was a prisoner there. Zina and I had always managed to stay out of trouble ourselves, but now we knew that if we went back, we would risk facing charges of collaborating with the Nazis. Even if that did not happen, it would be recorded in our dossiers that we had been outside our country. We would always be suspected of not believing that the Soviet Union is Paradise."

"It was the regime we wanted to escape, not our country," Zina said. To her, she went on, the regime meant entrenched power; her country meant a language, landscapes, familiar customs, and friends. "On vacations, we used to feel this difference distinctly," she said. "That was the only time the regime left people to themselves. We used to go to Gagri, a beautiful resort in the Caucasus, on the northeast shore of the Black Sea. On the beach, picnicking with friendly strangers, we would talk about anything that came into our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minds—music, art, philosophy. I think we could even have talked about the regime, but who wanted to? We were all tired of politics. In Gagri, we had a glimpse of what Russia could have been like the whole year round if it were not for the regime. But the minute people got aboard the trains to go home, their masks were back on. They were no longer willing to talk with strangers. They were afraid anyone they spoke to might be either a spy for the regime or about to be arrested by it."

In August, 1945, a major attached to the American command in Franzensbad told Igor that the Americans were withdrawing from the town and that their place was likely to be taken by the Russians. Accordingly, the Sobens set out for the American Zone—on foot, like nearly all other uprooted Europeans on the move. Their particular trek involved pushing Vadi in his baby carriage a hundred and twenty miles to Bavaria. "Whenever we were near water, we bathed Vadi," Zina said. After ten days, they arrived at the border of the American Zone, in a driving rainstorm. There they were stopped by an American sentry, who apparently had orders to deny entry to anyone without proper papers. "We had nothing," Igor recalled. "But he just looked at Vadi, fast asleep in the rain, and said, 'He's a good boy.' After looking around to see if anyone was watching him, he gave a sharp little whistle, like when Americans call taxicabs, and waved us by. No lecture about freedom, or anything like that. Just a little whistle. We pushed the carriage until we came to a big rock. We sat down there. The rain was still pouring down, but we didn't care. I think that we both realized at last that we had thought enough about home."

Zina served the *pelmeny*, a kind of *pasta*, which we dunked in saucers of sour cream. She tried in vain to coax Vadi into having some. As a compromise, he took a bottle of Coca-Cola out of the refrigerator, and then returned to the television set. Zina, who hardly ate anything, pressed second helpings of the filling stuff on Igor and me. After the meal, we moved to the living room. We had scarcely sat down when from the television set came the penetrating screech of an electric organ; an ugly old man was strangling a pretty ingénue. Igor barked at his son in Russian, and the boy turned the set off. Then, evidently still heeding paternal instructions, he walked to a bookshelf and took down a volume of Pushkin's "Fairy Tales." Before long he was contentedly stretched out on the floor in front of us, absorbed in the book.

After watching his son fondly for a few minutes, Igor resumed the story of the family's migration. Once safely in American-occupied territory, he said, they proceeded to Frankfurt. There he made them a rickety apartment in the ruins of a bombed building and got a menial job in an American Army kitchen. It didn't pay much, but there was always leftover food, which he took home to his wife and child. Life in Frankfurt was dreary but safe, and the Sobens plodded along there until the spring of 1946, when a Russian friend told them that the American Christian Committee for Refugees, an organization set up to help people like themselves reach the United States, had opened an office in the city. Igor and Zina discussed the idea of coming to this country. Zina was not enthusiastic. "I believed that there was a small clique of powerful individuals in the United States who would make it difficult for people with our background to earn a living," she told me. Igor was hardly more enthusiastic, but he had a hunch that a good engineer could get along in any prosperous country. They both were convinced that Germany offered no future, and that was what eventually decided them.

Even after the Sobens had made up their minds, they continued to have misgivings. "You see, we had read many bad things about the United States in Soviet publications," Igor told me. "Sometimes, though, we had been able to read between the lines. For example, Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov, two Soviet journalists, once wrote a book about a visit they had made to America. They wrote that a Social Security system had been set up there that was going to give old people a mere thirty dollars a month—scandalous, they tried to make it appear. Still, we knew that in the Leningrad black market a dollar was worth fifty rubles, so we figured that these old people were going to receive fifteen hundred rubles a month. But I, a hard-working engineer, earned only six hundred rubles a month. Also, Ilf and Petrov wrote that poor people in America had to stand on the highways with their thumbs in the air if they wanted to ride from one place to another. To Zina and me, that meant two things. First, there must be a great many automobiles in America, and, second, Americans must be a very polite people to stop and give somebody a ride." Zina held up a rigid thumb. "In the Soviet Union," she said, "you could

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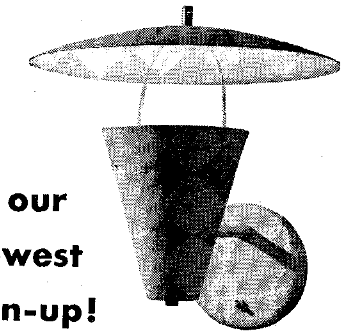

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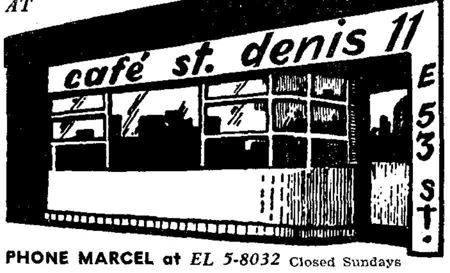
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stand like this for two years and you'd still be standing."

Igor and Zina finally went to talk matters over with an A.C.C.R. representative in Frankfurt. He assured them of the organization's good will; it would advance them the price of their boat passage and enough money to keep them going in the United States until they got on their feet. But, he added, they would have to have visas before they could move on to this country as displaced persons. Vadi, then nearly three, solved that problem. One day, accompanying his parents to the local American consulate, where they had been going repeatedly in an effort to procure the necessary credentials, the boy caught his finger in an office door and yowled. A man on the staff of the consulate happened to be passing and went to his rescue. The man took a fancy to the boy and became interested in the Sobens' case. Two months later, the Sobens, equipped with visas, went to Bremerhaven, where, with a dozen of their fellow-countrymen and several hundred other passengers, they boarded the American transport Marine Perch. "Just as the ship got under way, an electrician from Kiev made a joke," Igor told me. "He said that we were on a Soviet ship that was taking us to Murmansk. Everybody laughed."

When the Sobens landed here that August, the A.C.C.R. put them up in a large room at the Hotel Diplomat, on West Forty-third Street, and allowed them seven dollars a day for expenses. The organization also set about finding Igor a job by circularizing mining firms with photostatic copies of a citation, and a translation of it, that he had received from his chief at the research organization in Leningrad. (The citation stated, among other things, that Igor had "never been fined for mismanagement.") The Sobens were dazzled by New York. "So many oranges on sale in the streets!" Zina said to me. "So many big, shiny cars! And your department stores, with all those crowds in them! In the Soviet Union, they would be like museums."

"And me jumping up and down on the bed at the hotel," Vadi said, looking up from his Pushkin.

"It was his first bedspring," Igor explained. "He says he remembers nothing that happened to him before then."

The Sobens' sightseeing produced a number of surprises. As they were coming out of the Diplomat one morning, Igor said, they saw three men with signs on their backs walking up and down in front of a barbershop near the hotel, and, upon inquiring, learned they were

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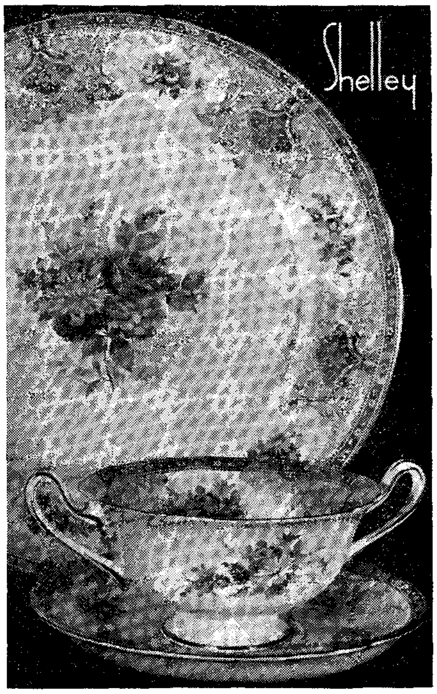

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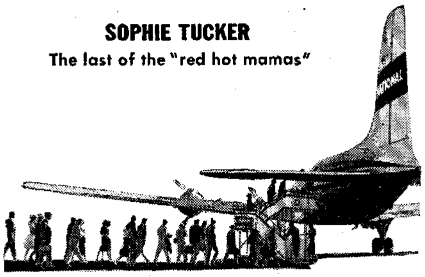

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pickets proclaiming that the barbers were on strike. "We had never known that men could refuse to work," Zina said. "In the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany, of course, those pickets would have been arrested." The same morning, Igor and Zina, passing a newsstand on Forty-second Street near the Public Library, were amazed to see copies of *Pravda* on sale. "We felt like tearing up every copy," Igor said. A few days later, they were chatting on a Sixth Avenue bus when another passenger, a friendly middle-aged woman, struck up a conversation with them in Russian and invited them to a farewell meeting she was organizing for two American priests of the Russian Orthodox Church who were about to leave for the Soviet Union. At the meeting, which was held in St. Nicholas Cathedral, at Ninety-seventh Street and Madison Avenue, the Sobens heard several speakers hail the priests' departure as proof that the war, which had ended only the year before, had changed Stalin's attitude toward religion. At an informal reception after the meeting, Igor and Zina expressed the belief to their hostess and other members of the audience that Stalin's apparent pact with God was no more than a temporary political expedient. "We made them angry," Igor told me. "And they disgusted us. These people were not Communists—they were just kindhearted—but they disgusted us. After all, Zina and I had lived under a dictatorship—or rather under two of them—nearly all our lives."

AFTER six weeks here, the Sobens took out their first citizenship papers. "I don't know why we did that so soon," Igor said. "We wanted to be citizens of some country, but we did not yet really know anything of the American form of government. I didn't even have a job, although I had certainly tried to find one." At the end of three months, Zina found temporary work packing toys at F. A. O. Schwarz during the Christmas-shopping season, and this made Igor more restive than ever about being unemployed. Now that there was a wage-earner in the family, their allowance was cut off, and Igor almost decided to take a laborer's job, but an A.C.C.R. representative counselled him against getting off on the wrong foot. He did, however, chuck the idea of finding work with a mining company, and made the rounds of the local civil-engineering offices. He visited a hundred firms in a month's time, but his then rudimentary English discouraged prospective employers. He got his break one morning in December, 1946,

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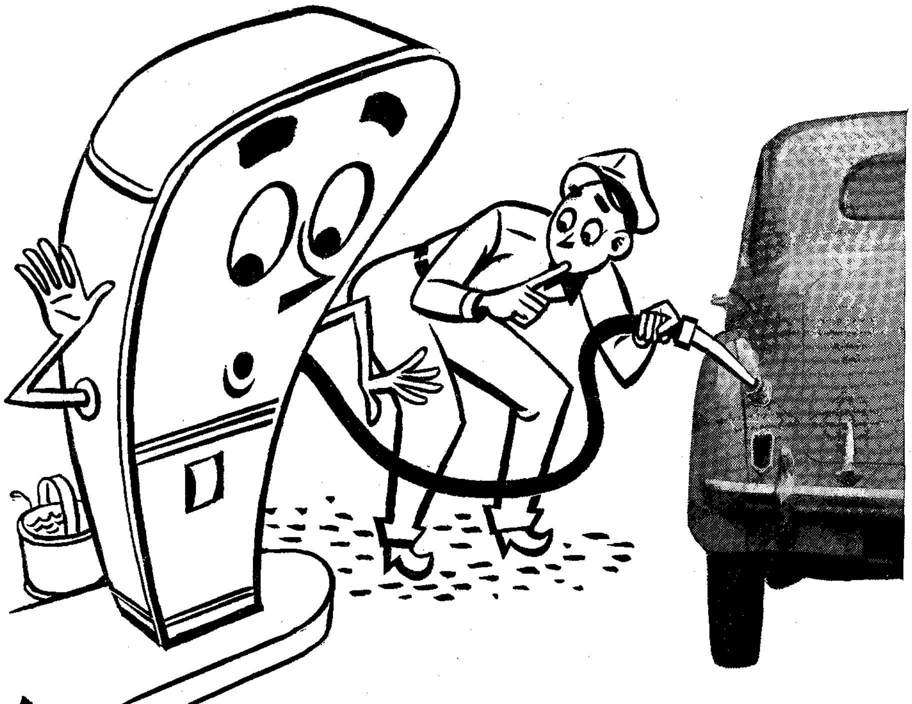
when he walked into the offices of Madigan-Hyland, an engineering firm in Long Island City, where he presented a copy of his citation to a man who happened to be standing in the outer office. The man glanced at the document and held out his hand. "Come in," he said to Igor, in Russian. "I also had a hard time getting a start when I came here. But that was thirty-two years ago." Igor's new-found benefactor was the chief engineer of Madigan-Hyland's structural division. He put Igor to work at a drafting board alongside an Irishman with a heavy brogue. "Don't worry about your English," the chief engineer advised Igor. "Nobody understands his, either."

Once Igor had a job, the Sobens checked out of the Diplomat and rented a seventeen-dollar-a-month one-room furnished apartment in a tenement on Kingsbridge Terrace, in the Bronx. The room was no larger than their home in Leningrad had been, Igor said, but it was a beginning. "As soon as we moved in," he told me, "we made a kind of Five Year Plan, although all we could think of at first that we needed was something we believed we might be able to scrape together in three years—enough money to buy furniture for a two-room apartment. The reason we decided we ought to have a plan was that we thought it would help us save money each week. Nobody ever saves money in the Soviet Union—when you have money there is nothing to buy there and when there is something to buy you don't have the money. And besides, we wanted to start paying back the A.C.C.R. what we owed it."

The rate of the Sobens' savings was considerably improved in June, 1947, when Zina, after arranging to have the tenement superintendent's wife take care of Vadi during the day, took a job at the Horn & Hardart Commissary, at Fiftieth Street and Eleventh Avenue. The job, which Zina still has (Vadi pretty much takes care of himself these days under the benevolent supervision of a neighbor), requires her to weigh salads from 7 A.M. until noon, and to keep count from 1 to 3:30 P.M. of the fish-cake and chow-mein orders sent in by the firm's cafeterias. She hadn't been at the commissary very long, Zina said, before her fellow-workers started calling her "the Russian flower," because her name sounded to them like "Zinnia." The congenial atmosphere of the establishment impressed her. "In the Soviet Union, people don't talk at work," she said. "To do so can mean arrest for sabotage. But at Horn & Hardart, just so long as we do our



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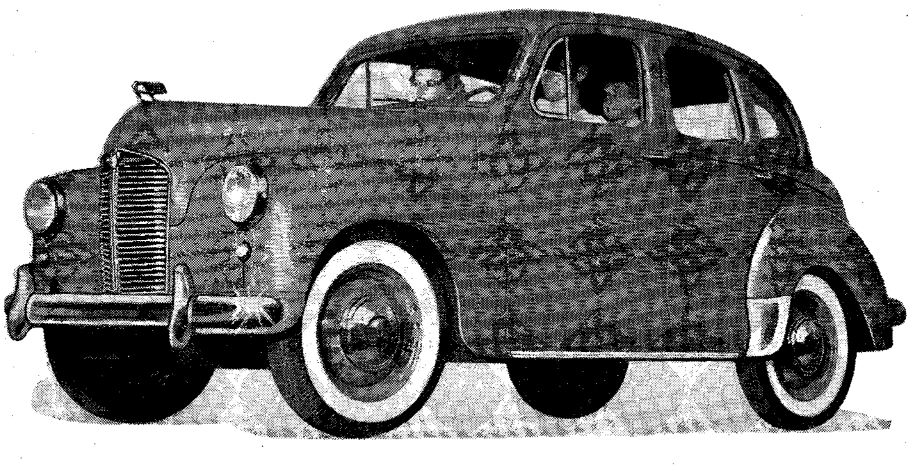

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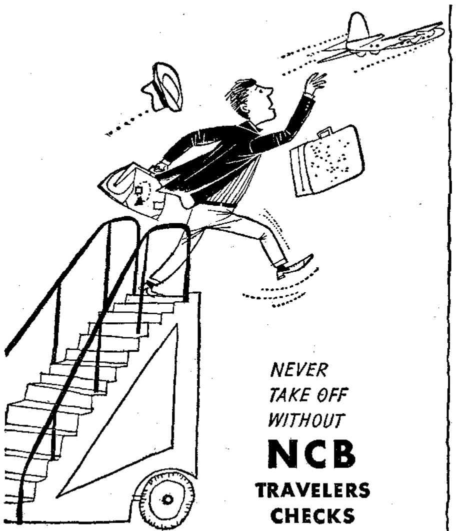
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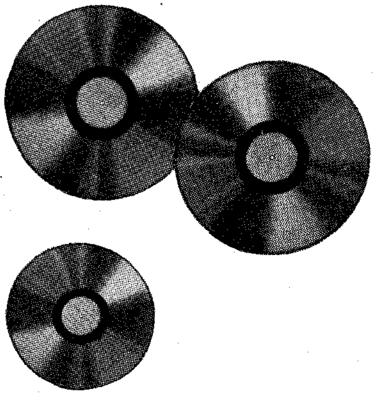
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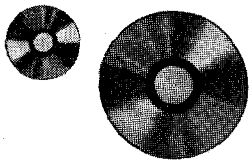
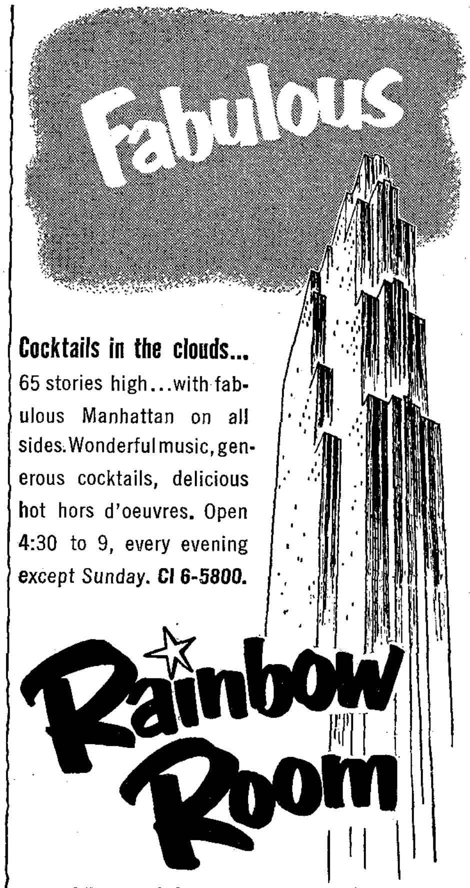


work, we can talk and even joke. Yes, and sing, too. One afternoon, maybe four months after I started working there, I suddenly thought how pretty my uniform was—my gray dress and white cap and white apron. Then I started to sing softly to myself. A girl from the salad section was passing and she heard me. She said to me, 'Well, well, the Russian flower is happy today.' Her remark startled me. Russians usually sing to themselves when they are sad, not happy. I wondered what was the matter with me—singing happily like that, and in a place where one worked, too."

Along about November, 1948, Igor told me, he decided upon an elaboration of the family's Five Year Plan; they would work toward buying a car. "One night," he said, "I was walking up the stairs to our room when a neighbor asked me to come in and have a glass of tea. I was glad he did. This man had puzzled Zina and me for a long time. We could not understand why he and his family were living in such a tenement. He looked like the cartoons of capitalists that we had seen so many times in Soviet publications—fat, with loud suits and always a long cigar. Every Sunday, we would see this man drive off with his family in a shiny car that was almost big enough for a member of the Politburo. Zina did not think he was a capitalist. She thought he was an American gangster hiding from the police. The last few weeks, she had become sure of this, because he never seemed to go to work. Anyway, I sat down with him and we talked. I found out that he was a house painter and that this was his slack season. It was a nice talk. So he was no longer a puzzle to me, and I had made the discovery that here anyone can own a car. Someday, I thought, I will own one, too."

From the material point of view, the Sobens said, their first two years here were gratifying. Igor proved himself a competent engineer, switched jobs several times, and doubled his salary. Zina received a small raise. Vadi had both winter and summer clothes. The couple was steadily repaying the money advanced by the A.C.C.R. In December, shortly after Igor's talk with the house painter and a year ahead of their plan, the Sobens moved into larger quarters—two rooms in a six-room apartment that they shared with six other Russian immigrants, in the basement of the Kingsbridge Terrace tenement.

This prosperity confused the Sobens. They were troubled by the realization that they were committing *meshchanst-*



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vo—an offense, in Russian eyes. Igor defined it for me as "living for oneself, without regard for one's brother." In Russia, he said, a person guilty of *meshchanstvo* is definitely looked down upon, particularly among the intelligentsia. For decades, he said, *meshchanstvo* had been a target for Russian writers. "Instead of *meshchanstvo*, one must be willing to make *zhertvy*—sacrifices," he told me. "One must live for some spiritual concept like self-sacrifice, not just for personal comfort."

"Willingness to make *zhertvy* is the heart of the Russian soul," Zina broke in. "To Russians, one's private life should be no more than a respite from making sacrifices, and never an end in itself. From what I have learned of Russian history, I would say that this tradition is a result of the many invasions of the motherland from both Asia and Europe. The invasions have been constantly expected. And the invasions have made sacrifices essential."

The Sobens became increasingly convinced that in this country the accumulation of personal comforts was the primary objective, the accepted order of things. "The people here seemed to us to be living for themselves," Zina said. "They went to work, made money, and bought gardenias for their kitchens. We found we were living the same way, and it worried us. We wondered why we were becoming citizens of a country that seemed to lack a common purpose." In Russia, the atmosphere had been different; there, Igor said, Stalin, exploiting the taboo against *meshchanstvo*, kept exhorting his subjects to make the regime their life. "In Leningrad, we hardly ever went home when we finished work," Igor said. "We went to political demonstrations or government-sponsored sports contests, and especially to meetings of our *yacheiki*—our communal societies. Often, Zina and I would not have a chance to talk to each other for three or four days, we were so busy with our *yacheiki*." Night after night, he said, they attended meetings of these societies—the Friends of the Victims of Capitalism, the Chemical Warfare Defense Society, the Bulletin Board Committee, which was devoted to getting out notices that were posted in offices and factories to give workers the latest word from above about production goals, and many others. "And, of course, we were assured that by living for the government we were living for a common purpose—the building of Socialism," Igor said. "We looked on the hardships Stalin imposed on us as idealistic sacrifices that were helping to make a better life for the whole Russian

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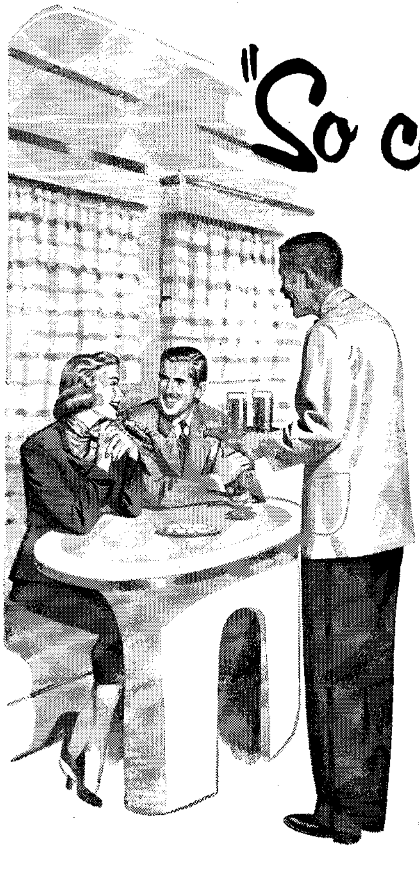

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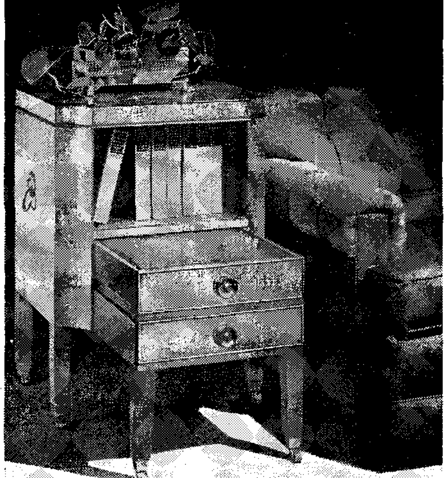

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people. We had to believe that. Life was so hard it would have been impossible to endure it otherwise. A feeling of intimacy with the regime became an ingrained part of our existence. Do you remember the escape, three years ago, of Peter Pirogov and Anatoli Barsov? They were two Soviet Air Force lieutenants who flew their plane to the American Zone in Austria and then came on to the United States. Pirogov is still here, but Barsov isn't. He was unhappy in the United States. He could not live without his *yacheiki*. He went back to the Soviet Union, where, I've heard, he was shot." Igor shrugged. "At first, we, too, missed our *yacheiki*," he said.

Igor and Zina tried to atone for their prosperity by creating for themselves a life based on *yacheiki* of another kind, right here in New York. For one thing, they helped found the Society of New Immigrants from Russia. The activities of this organization, which met in the Russian Orthodox Church of Christ the Savior, on 121st Street near Madison Avenue, included shipping food parcels to Soviet émigrés in Germany and helping the émigrés make their way to the United States by finding jobs or sponsors for them. The Sobens also busied themselves with the Association of Lovers of Russian Art, frequently appearing in plays it presented in various small auditoriums around town. "It made us feel good to come home tired," Igor said. "In fact, we did not like to spend our evenings alone at home. It made us think we were leading selfish lives. When we had no meetings to go to, we would have some of our Russian friends in or go to visit them. If we *did* have to spend a quiet evening at home, we would try to give it significance by devoting ourselves to study—engineering in my case, and American history in Zina's."

Zina told me that during the months she and Igor were wrestling with the problem of *meshchanstvo* she even attempted to imbue her fellow-workers in the commissary with a spirit of sacrifice. Igor smiled. "Zina wanted to become an *udarnitsa*—a heroine of labor—at Horn & Hardart," he said. His wife, he went on, had called on her colleagues to increase production, and they replied with a general invitation to her to relax. One day, Zina said, while she was lunching with the chef and some other employees in their cafeteria at the commissary, she held forth on the great responsibility they all had to help keep thousands of residents of the city healthy by supplying them with good food. "When we left the table," Zina re-

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called, "the chef bowed low to me and said sarcastically, 'Don't be a boss, Russian Princess.' He always calls me that when I annoy him, but I do not mind." She glanced shyly at the floor. "After all, I *am* of the nobility."

LATE in March, 1949, the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace convened at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was sponsored by the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions and was attended by a substantial number of delegates whose praise of the Soviet Union's foreign policy had been as undiscriminating as their condemnation of this country's. A counterdemonstration, sponsored by the Russian League for People's Freedom, was held at the City Center Casino, at Fifty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue. Igor and Zina, having become prominent in New York's Russian community because of their organizational activities, were two of the speakers at the latter gathering, along with, among others, Alexander Kerensky, the former Russian premier whose government was overthrown by the Bolsheviks, and Peter Pirogov, who, accompanied by the unhappy Barsov, had arrived in America a month earlier. After the League's meeting, which took place on a Sunday afternoon, the Sobens and Pirogov strolled down to Times Square, then cut over to Eighth Avenue and proceeded uptown. At Forty-ninth Street, they encountered some pickets protesting a rally that was being held in Madison Square Garden as the final session of the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace. "Pirogov wanted us to go inside and beat up some of the audience," Igor said. "He hadn't been here two and a half years, like Zina and me. He had just come from the Soviet Union. I took him by the arm and led him away."

The three resumed their walk. As they came out on Columbus Circle, they saw four soapbox orators, their makeshift platforms draped with American flags and surrounded by groups of listeners. Neither the Sobens nor Pirogov had ever seen Columbus Circle on a Sunday afternoon before and they approached the scene curiously. The first speaker they listened to was a Communist, a middle-aged, bald man who was shouting in praise of what he professed to be the peace-loving tendencies of the Soviet Union. Two boys, Zina remembered, were sailing paper airplanes at him. "Pirogov wanted to do something more violent than that," she said. "He was growling in an angry way. Igor and I left him there, because we

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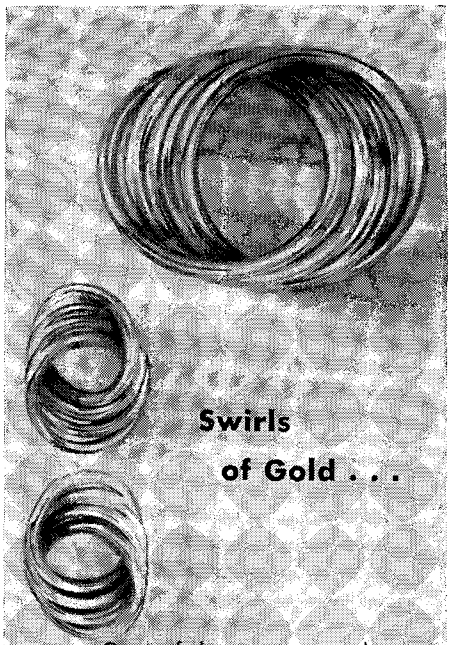
were eager to hear what the other speakers had to say."

Twenty feet away, Igor and his wife listened for a while to a man who said he represented the Hoboes of America and was advocating a three-hour workday, explaining that the rest of man's waking hours should be devoted to music, games, and making love. Igor lingered to hear more of what was on the hobo's mind, while Zina moved on to the fringe of another crowd, which was gazing up at a speaker who was arguing in favor of the single tax. "I did not know then what the single tax was," Zina told me, smiling. "It must be, I thought, that he does not want married people to be taxed. A very fine speaker, I said to myself. Then I listened to an atheist—an old man with long gray hair who looked like God. He was saying, 'God hasn't helped you yet and He never will.' He talked about the measurements of a whale's mouth to prove that no whale could have swallowed Jonah."

Eventually, Igor and Zina spotted each other in a group that was forming around a newcomer—an apostle of vegetarianism. "We were both very excited by then," Zina told me. "Igor said to me, 'It is better this way than to arrest these people. To allow this is a sign of strength.' Then he asked me what I thought, but I did not feel like talking. I was afraid that if I talked, I might lose a happy feeling I had. As we left Columbus Circle, we passed the Communist's platform. Pirogov was still standing there, his face just as angry as before."

AFTER their visit to Columbus Circle, Igor said, he and Zina decided to take a second look at Americans. "We stopped going so often to our *yacheiki*," he continued. "We realized that although we were in America, we had been trying to live like Soviet citizens. Now we wanted to try to understand Americans. Our half hour with the soapboxes had made us feel that there was, after all, some worth-while idea guiding this country. Wherever we looked, we were reminded of Columbus Circle. Not that people were talking like hoboes, but to us everyone seemed to be trying to do and say what he pleased." Igor smiled reminiscently. "There was this young draftsman I met, not long after our walk with Pirogov," he said. "We were both working on the construction of the Pelham Parkway Housing Project. He amazed me. I had never heard anyone with so many plans for his personal future. I had hardly shaken hands with him before he was telling me



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that he wanted to make enough money to go back and finish college. Then he was going to marry a lawyer's secretary he was engaged to. But they weren't going to have children right away. They would both work for the first five years of their marriage and save money to buy a small house in Mount Vernon. Listening to him, I remembered a cousin of mine, a girl in Leningrad, who, after she got married, set a private goal for herself. This was unheard of there. Couples in the Soviet Union never know when they will be separated by labor assignments. But my cousin wanted nice furniture for herself and her husband, who was a mining engineer, like me. So they ate little, lost weight, didn't take vacations, and put aside rubles. They had just bought their last chair when the husband was sent to some phosphate mines in the Urals. He stayed there three years. My cousin was so put out that she sold her furniture and ate better than anyone else. When her husband came back, he was very happy. He said that he liked new furniture, but that he liked a wife with flesh on her bones better." Igor shook his head. "That draftsman on the housing project," he said. "He probably has his plans even for his old age. Maybe his desire for personal happiness was a case of *meshchanstvo*, but he was one of the hardest workers I ever met. And all because he wanted to live in a house more than five years later with a girl he hadn't even married yet."

Igor went on to say that he had also been impressed by a newspaper story he read one day in the summer of 1949. It dealt with a Texan who, while driving along a highway with his wife nine months after the 1948 Presidential election, happened to ask her which candidate she had voted for. "She told him Truman," Igor said, "and he stopped the car, threw her out into the road, which broke her arm, and drove away. My God, I thought, what a country, where a wife doesn't have to tell her husband who she is going to vote for!"

Zina said she would never forget Mrs. Sarah Mandel, who had been Vadi's first-grade teacher in the Bronx. The two women met one afternoon at the school, when Zina, who happened to have a day off, stopped by for Vadi, and Mrs. Mandel showed her a batch of the pupils' paintings. "Most of them were done in several different colors, but one was just a red blotch," Zina told me. "I said that in Russia, there is a proverb—an old one that has nothing to do with the regime—that goes, 'A fool always chooses red.' Mrs. Mandel was shocked. She said that the blotch

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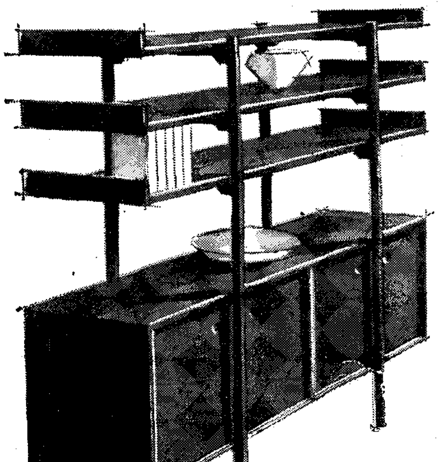

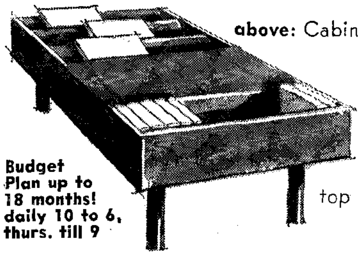

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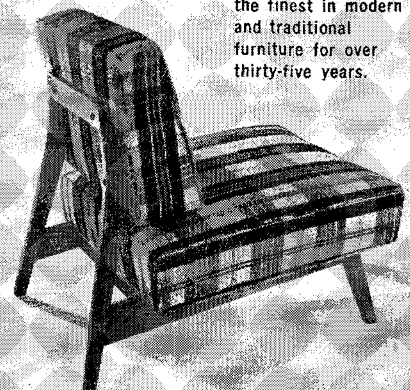

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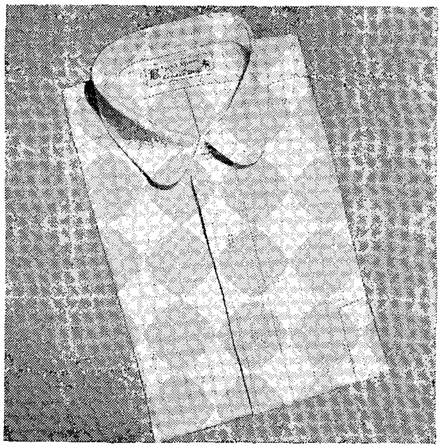
was a form of self-expression that was helping the child find his personality. Personality! In the Soviet Union, Mrs. Mandel would have made Vadi an Octobrist—a little boy marching with all the little boys and girls in front of big pictures of Stalin."

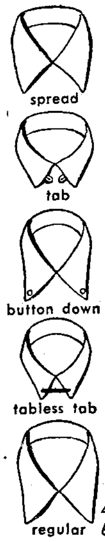
Early in 1950, Zina went on, she was changing into her uniform in the commissary locker room one morning when she heard a fellow-employee mention to another girl that it looked as if long day dresses would continue to be the fashion in the coming year. The other girl replied that she didn't care what the vogue was—she was much too short to wear long dresses, and wouldn't. "In the Soviet Union, she would have had to care," Zina said. "The regime dictates styles, and Soviet women know that if they do not follow the style of the moment, they will be stared at as individualists. And to be thought an individualist in Russia is not wise. In 1932, I remember, the style was very short dresses, and even women with fat legs wore them. In 1934, it was a flat, Cossack-type hat, and round-faced women wore them even though they made their faces look still rounder. Then, there was the year when women's heels had to be exactly four and a half inches high. Even the tallest women wore them. I don't think there was a man in Russia as tall as his wife was that year."

Signs of personal freedom such as these were sobering, rather than exciting, to the Sobens. It struck them as a difficult, lonely sort of freedom. "It meant that whatever happened to us, good or bad, would be our own responsibility," Igor said. "In the Soviet Union, the regime was responsible for everybody, and we had freedom to do only one thing—to help the regime. We did not have to think what to do next. Our lives were planned for us and we asked no questions. Still, it is a better freedom here—a more honest one, in which people can ask questions and have opinions." He checked his growing enthusiasm, paused, and then added slowly, "I do not say that everything is perfect in this country."

Igor glanced at Zina. Her face had become drawn. "We have our own reservations," she said anxiously to me. "We were talking about them just before you came."

"It is not good when one person calls another 'a dirty Russian Communist' just because the other person happens to have been born in Russia or to have Russian parents," Igor said. "I haven't been called that, but Zina and Vadi have. Zina slapped the woman who said





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it. Vadi cried when it happened to him."

"Both boys were bigger than me," Vadi said, putting aside his book.

"The beaches are a disgrace," Zina joined in, with seeming reluctance. "So many short bathing suits, so much kissing. And many television programs are too abnormal for children. But Vadi told us all his friends had sets, so how could we say no? He's been through so much. We don't think the Metropolitan Opera is very good, either. It is not nearly as modern as Russian opera."

"Children under sixteen should not be permitted to attend stupid love movies," Igor said. "That was a good Soviet law. And American parties are dull. All the guests do is worry about their baby sitters. Russian parties are gay. We forget Vadi when we go to a party."

"We have complained enough, Igor," Zina said anxiously. "Maybe too much. Maybe we will be deported."

Igor shook his head. "No, Zina, we have not complained too much," he assured her. "Why should anybody think so? In this country, one must say what one thinks."

DURING the past two years or so, the Sobens said, their guilty feeling about *meshchanstvo* has gradually subsided. They started planning to buy a house of their own in May, 1951, and had moved to Queens only a few weeks before I saw them. Igor, now well established in his profession, has settled down as a designer for Devenco, Inc., an engineering firm at 150 Broadway, which he also represents as a consultant to the Port of New York Authority. The couple's hour of greatest trial in shedding the old ways and adopting the new—an ordeal they think they took in their stride—came in May, 1950. Igor and Zina were spending a Sunday afternoon at home when a friend of theirs, a Russian pianist whom they met aboard the Marine Perch and who has become a mechanic here, burst in on them and announced that they had been stewing long enough about buying an automobile. The time had come for action, he said. Igor and Zina, hypnotized, followed him to a used-car lot, where he talked them into buying a 1940 Dodge coupé. When the sale was completed, the dealer held the door open for Igor to get in and take the wheel. At that point, Igor recovered sufficiently from his confusion to recall that he didn't know how to drive. The friend, disgusted, got in the car and drove them back to Kingsbridge Terrace. Three months and two road tests later, Igor had a license.

—DANIEL LANG

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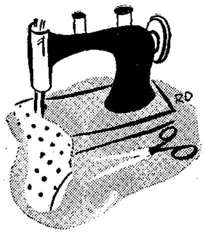
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

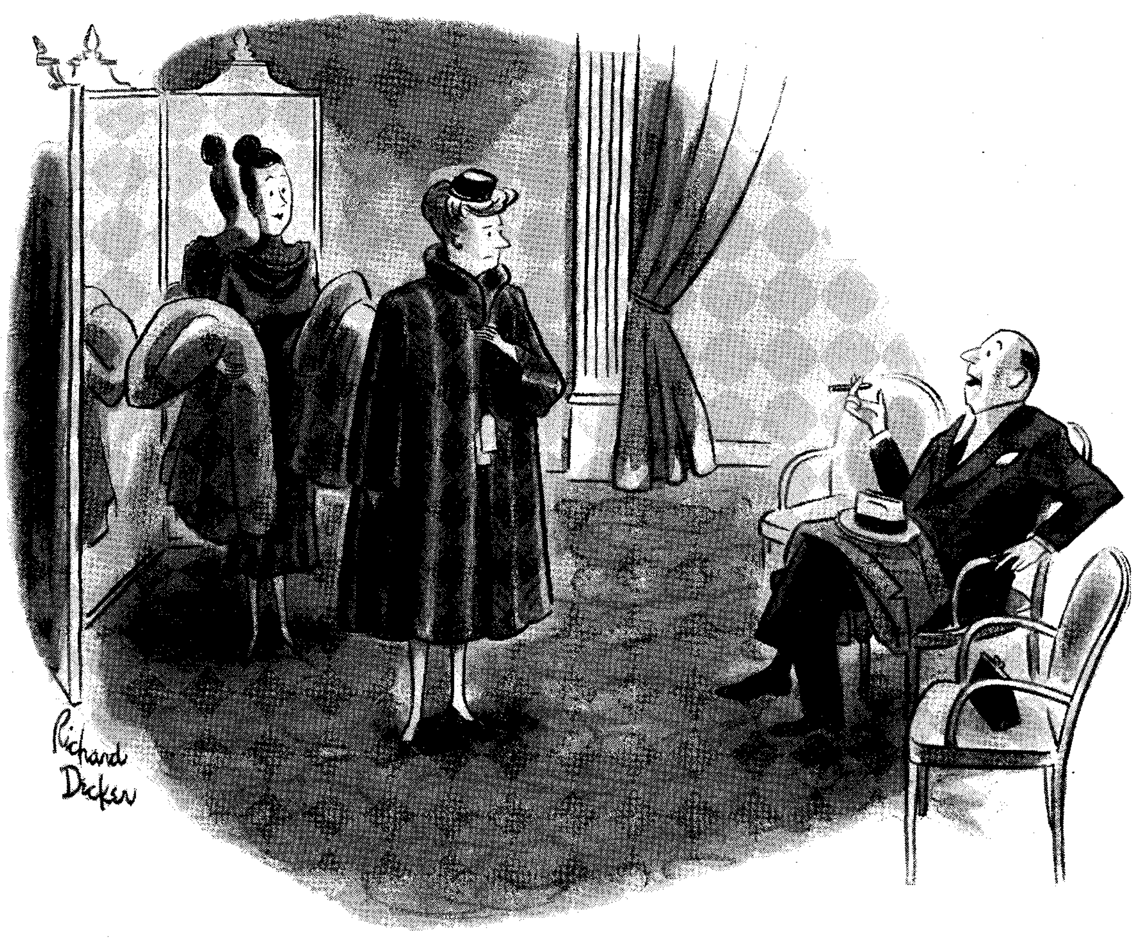
ABOUT THE HOUSE



ANYONE who hasn't been paying proper attention all along to what the shops are offering in the way of window curtains—the glass, or casement, variety, as opposed to draperies—will probably find that the season's crop is full of agreeable surprises. Take lace curtains. In the minds of most householders, they are esteemed—if at all—for a certain quaintness, suitable to today's reconstructions of the prim Victorian parlor, but the lace curtains being offered currently by E. C. Carter & Son, at 49 East 53rd Street, would serve as handsome decorations for almost any formal and highly stylized interior. It's not that the Carter people, who have been going strong for nearly seventy years, have brought out new and original designs; what they have done is re-create with meticulous exactness some of those magnificent lace hangings that for nearly a century adorned the windows of palaces and really posh private dwellings in Europe, and whatever your prejudice against this genre of window treatment, you must admit that these laces are not unworthy representatives of the elegance, the insistence on fine workmanship, and the richness of the Victorian-Edwardian tradition. For example, the Belgian Princess Appliqué curtains to be seen at Carter are wonders of decorative needlework, and they reflect the high standard of craftsmanship, as well as the glitter of those golden days; so, for that matter, does their price, which is $262 a pair. (I had better mention that Carter deals only through decorators or through the decorating departments of stores like Sloane, Altman, Lord & Taylor, and McCreery.) The Brussels-lace curtains on hand in this establishment are so like the antique handwork shown in museums that it's hard to believe they were made almost wholly by machine; they start at $54 a pair. At the end of the last century, substantial citizens, especially in this country, were affecting more modest and far less elaborate curtains, made of Irish point, which weren't Irish at all, actually, but were made in St. Gall, Switzerland. Carter has a pair of such curtains at $85, duplicates of which were used in the stage version of "Life With Mother" and might very well have decorated the Day home on Madison Avenue at that period when conservative New Yorkers began demanding house furnishings that looked less expensive than they really were. Most of Carter's Irish-point curtains are rather sparsely embroidered and have deep borders of snow-white scroll patterns done on net, which stands out stiff and decorous, as befits the kind of apartment they were made to adorn. Unlike the Princess Appliqué and Brussels-lace curtains, which are important enough and decorative enough to be used without draperies, the Irish-point variety demands heavy outer hangings—preferably of one of the dark reps or velvets beloved by late Victorians. These curtains are by no means adaptable to most modern settings, but in those reproductions of starched Victorian rooms, which always seem to me more of a charming joke than a style to be lived with, they would be exactly right.

While we're still among the ready-mades, I should bring to your attention Carter's large collection of tambour curtains, which anyone who sleeps in a bedroom at all—no matter what its period—cannot afford to overlook. There are some fifty patterns of these things, copied from eighteenth-century designs and embroidered in Switzerland on the best muslin, and the fresh, billowy look of any of them would make waking up in the morning a less bleak business. Prices run from $24.75, for a pair of simple, unruffled curtains, up to $172.50, for a pair with deep ruffled embroidery.

Passing now from Victorian reproductions to the fabrics that Carter's own



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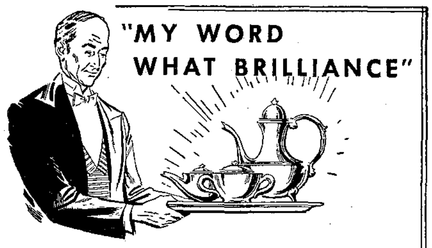
designers have really let themselves go on, we shall examine an almost endless variety of cottons, orlons, nylons, and pure silks, all sold by the yard—the largest and perhaps the most interesting collection of curtain materials in the country. Quite a few of the patterns are extremely modern and vigorous, even though many of the materials were manufactured by the same old mills of Nottingham and Calais that were responsible for the dowdiest ornaments of Victoria's reign. These places, I am told, still turn out Nottingham-lace curtains and *gilets de dame* for the provincial trade, but under the guidance of the Carter people they have produced textiles that are things of beauty and striking originality. Among the yard goods, which are generally around fifty inches wide, are cotton nets from Switzerland, England, and France, that are as fine as a wedding veil; Swiss voiles with delightful designs that look as if they had been drawn on the material with white chalk (these are printed in America, are washable, and cost $6 a yard); a stunning Scotch Jacquard Madras adorned with enormous palm leaves ($7.50); a Swiss organdie sheer, shadow-printed with flowers, in which the woof has been burned away in some mysterious manner, leaving the pattern in an effective sharp relief ($7.50); cotton casement cloth from Italy so splendidly loomed that it looks like silk damask and so skillfully machine-embroidered that it could be taken for handwork ($9.75); heavy Levers laces, some of which have been copied from dress materials; a particularly beautiful French net, embroidered with a pattern of conventional flowers ($9.50); and a number of fetching, tidy-looking materials suitable for kitchens, including an unusual tissue gingham ($1.90) in a red, blue, and yellow plaid—sheer and crisp and bright. Carter also has an assortment of nylon nets and marquisettes, as well as the new orlon materials, in a variety of pretty pastel colors, at around $3 to $4 a yard. Now that this new fabric is on hand to replace nylon at windows, most dealers will doubtless admit that the nylon curtains manufactured in recent years have been behaving very peculiarly—almost literally being reduced to ashes when exposed to strong sunlight for any length of time.

DAN COOPER, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, has four brand-new and lovely sheer linens woven in Scotland, where, it seems to me (I may be mistaken about this), the best contemporary hand weav-



Goddard's superlative silver polish, imported from England, is used in many of Europe's most famous museums to keep priceless treasures gleaming. High lustre is achieved without harsh abrasives, and moreover, Goddard's leaves the silver scrupulously clean so that a final washing is unnecessary.

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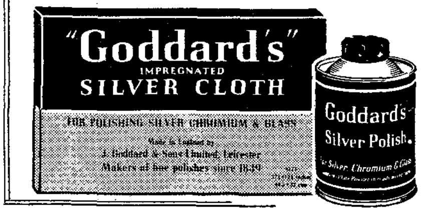

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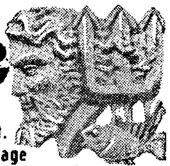
Sea-Fare



RESTAURANTS
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ing is being done. The patterns, all in black and white and all designed by Mr. Cooper, have been hand-blocked in this country. One consists of oversize holly leaves scattered over the white gauze background and another of leaves and acorns. Still another pattern has line drawings of fish that hardly seem to be fish at all, but mere distorted glimpses of something underwater that might be a fish and then again mightn't; at any rate, these pleasant things have shown up just when all those stylish fishes we have been seeing in all sorts of designs this season were beginning to grow tiresome. The last pattern in this group is totally different from the sort of thing you might expect to emerge from an ultramodern penthouse showroom like Cooper's: an allover design of small, conventional black-and-gray flowers that almost cover the white background—it looks for all the world like the muslin worn by particularly gentle old ladies on hot summer afternoons. Oddly, the design turns out to be not in the least quaint, and, like that breed of old ladies whose wardrobes probably inspired it, it has sufficient authority to be at home in any interior. All these materials are fifty inches wide and cost $5.85 a yard.

WHILE we are on the subject of window curtains, we might as well take note of some of the sheer hangings that were recently on view in the Good Design show at the Museum of Modern Art and are now available through the decorating departments of a number of stores—Bloomingdale, for instance. Among the most pleasing of these materials are a fifty-inch-wide linen-and-mohair mixture, designed by Emily Belding, in off-white ($5.25 a yard, and this, by the way, is also avail-

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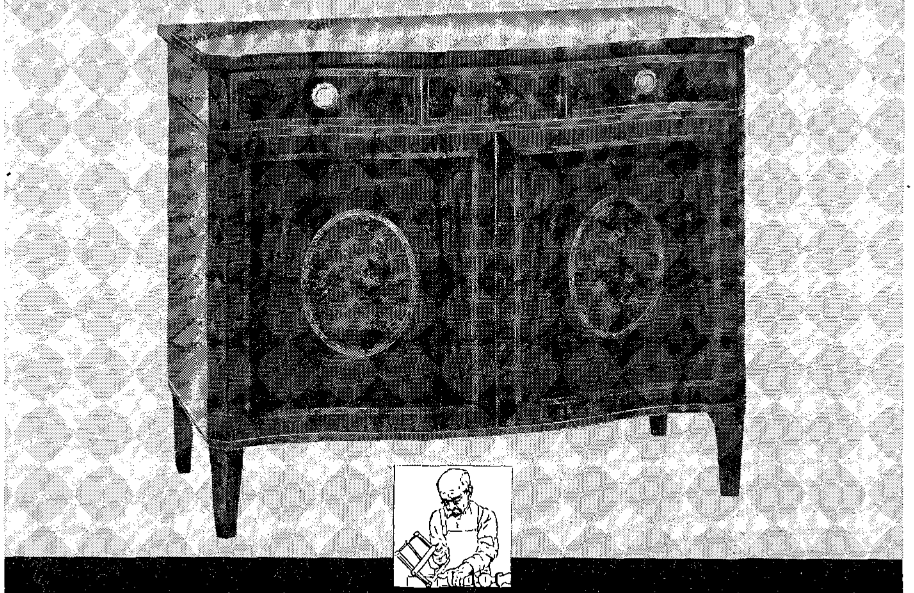

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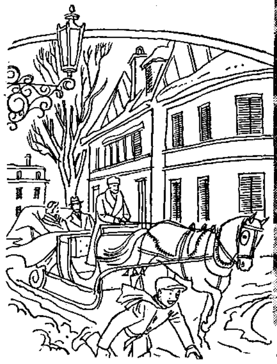

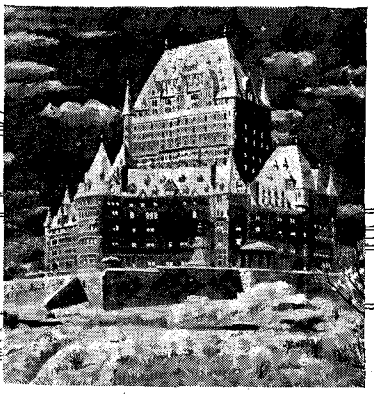

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3. **TINY LINES** *and roughness respond to a smoothing, softening overnight treatment. Rule 3 is LUBRICATE . . . with Special Dry-Skin Mixture . . . $2.25 and $4.*

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able, through decorators, at Arundell Clarke, 31½ East 65th Street); an effective light-beige fabric, forty-eight inches wide, called Donegal Block, woven in alternate heavy and light transparent squares ($5.85); Isabel Scott's Tanglewood, a fifty-inch black-and-beige horizontally striped linen with an occasional gold thread ($7.50); and some fifty-inch cotton casement cloth of a blue-and-yellow or red-and-blue mesh that would be good at kitchen or nursery windows ($2.85).

ALTHOUGH surely enough industrious ladies are stitching away at petit-point and gros-point chair backs to cover all the period furniture in existence, there are—fortunately for professional needlewomen—chairs and footstools of certain eras that demand not needle point at all but elaborate silk or wool embroidery in antique patterns. Anybody in need of this kind of covering would do well to consult Mrs. Enie George, an Englishwoman who comes of a family of ecclesiastical embroiderers and now plies her trade at 25 East 67th Street (Rhinelander 4-1640). Mrs. George is capable of filling orders for practically any kind of traditional embroidery, as you can see by the incredibly intricate and beautiful work scattered about her rooms—samplers showing the complicated stitches turned out by Tudor needlewomen, chair seats with Italian Renaissance designs in heavy wool on hand-woven linen, Victorian patterns for fire stools, chalice veils of satin embroidered in silk, and a quantity of "pictures" so marvellously executed in superb ecclesiastical silks that they simply aren't recognizable as embroidery at all, and could easily be mistaken for elegant candy-box tops or handsome calendars. Mrs. George may have a slight weakness for doing Anne Hathaway's cottage and the pool at Hampton Court in split silks, but if you firmly insist on her sticking to the traditional patterns (Gothic, Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Chippendale)—she can provide an infinite number of samples of them—you will find her work as decorative as it is skillful. Her craftsmanship is by no means confined to the adorning of chairs and stools; when I visited her rooms, she was embroidering bouquets of stiff little flowers on a hand-quilted cotton pram cover, which, if she hadn't been making it to give to a friend, would have sold for around $40. One of the most striking examples of her work is a twelve-inch-square blotter cover of hand-woven linen embroidered in black with touches of gold. It costs $25, and

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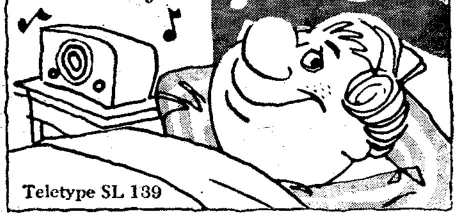

Teletype SL 139

the design, authentic Elizabethan, involves stitches that might well baffle the ablest spider. A long bench cover of Chippendale design, in wool on linen, costs $150. Most of the chair seats are around $60, but there are two—one, on handmade linen, that shows the tree of life, and another, on dark-red rep, that incorporates passionflowers and a bird of paradise—that are $50 each. Mrs. George enjoys doing repair work on all kinds of embroidery and on gros and petit point as well, and is frequently employed for this purpose by collectors. I haven't spoken of the lady's skill at petit point because there is so much amateur competition in this field that it seems hardly worth while. One look, though, at her copy of an Alma-Tadema painting, done in mille point on Swiss net, will convince you of her superlative ability in this line. —S. H.

•

TWENTY-TWENTY

I see the world through plates of glass
Hooked around convenient ears,
Or else the world I see appears
As muddy as a demitasse—
Earth's wonders melt, and all creation
Is spotted like a large Dalmatian
Or speckled like the famous trout.
I could not therefore do without
These masterworks of civilization.

And here I speak for all of those
Who hang their sight upon their nose,
For those whose eyes may be myopic,
For those whose sights are telescopic,
And those whose lenses let them see
All ranges, astigmatically:
The squinting woman who insists
That nothing in the world exists
Beyond the stretching of her fists;
The man who is as quick to say
That all the world one can survey
Begins at least a mile away;
For him who populates all lands
With trees of crooked, shifting sands,
And houses made of rubber bands.
What would opposing eyesights do
Without that civilizing art
That tests the truth against a chart
And reconciles all points of view?

For now we live in concord free,
Inhabiting our freckled world,
Our shining spectacles unfurled
Like banners to the wind. And we
Imagine a day when great supplies
Of spectacles drop from the skies,
And everyone who dons a pair
Agrees at last on what is there—
A sight indeed for sore, sore eyes.

—BURTON LEHRENBAUM

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America's most famous bell

The Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, U.S.A.
Its inspiring inscription reads:
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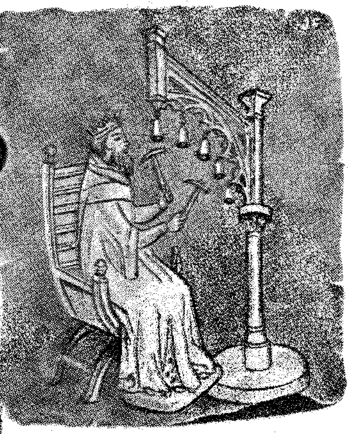

Bell ringing has always been fun

This drawing from a 14th century manuscript depicts a king tapping out a tune. What king or what tune our researcher sayeth not.

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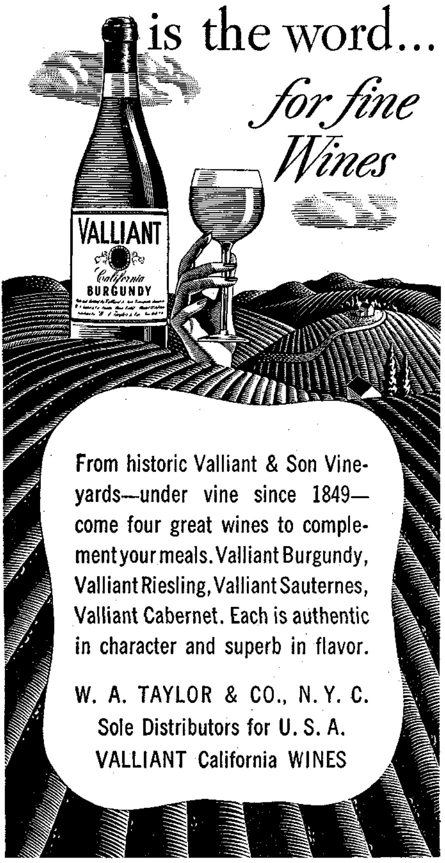

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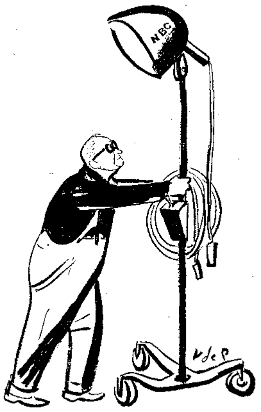
TELEVISION

Burn a Rag

I SUPPOSE it was inevitable, things being what they are in the demoniac world of television, that sooner or later a program would consist entirely of a gigolo-type man appearing on the screen to make love, in silky and seductive tones, to the female members of his audience. One can imagine the desperately serious conferences, attended by layer upon layer of account executives, script writers, network vice-presidents, and ambitious office boys, that would precede the launching of so ambitious a project. First, the conferees would have to determine the most desirable time for such a program, and it would be pretty well agreed, I should think, that if the gigolo type was to be in any way effective, he must make his pitch toward the end of the evening. Next, it would have to be decided what type of gigolo type to employ, and the vote here, without question, would go to a man with a foreign accent, on the theory that the ladies are bored with the hard, dry, unromantic Amurrican tones of their husbands, or, if they don't have husbands, dream wildly of someday meeting a tall, dark man from a foreign land, with sideburns. "I know all about the French as lovers," I can hear a network veep telling his spellbound associates in a cork-lined conference room. "I spent a couple days in Paris myself last summer. But French is too *obvious*, if you know what I mean." The ensuing deadly silence is ultimately broken by one of the office boys, a Phi Bete from Monomgahela, who, taking his courage in his hands, says, "If I may make a suggestion, how about an *Italian*? They are of Mediterranean stock and extremely romantic." The office boy is made a vice-president on the spot, and, amid cries of "Roger!," "Check!," "Good deal!," and "Sockeroo!," the conference happily breaks up.



I cannot guarantee that such a scene preceded the launching, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings from eleven-fifteen to eleven-thirty, over C.B.S., of "The Continental," but I would make book that it did. The Continental is a tall, dark Italian gentleman, approximately forty years of age, with high cheekbones, fierce, penetrating eyes, and a soft, gooey accent. The first time I saw him, a week or so ago, he appeared in white tie and tails, slipping into a real high-class, dimly lighted room that contained, among many manifestations of elegance, a pipe rack, an ashtray, champagne glasses, and a bookshelf. "Don't be afraid, darling," said the Continental quietly, shutting the door behind him and gazing directly at the camera, his eyes alight with passion. "It's only a man's apartment, and here's the man." Then he asked, "You have no objection to champagne?" and poured two glasses, thrusting one toward the camera. The camera presumably took its glass, for the glass disappeared, and the Continental held the other one aloft and toasted the camera, remarking that Buntz, his butler, had retired for the night, and, like it or not, he and the camera were alone. "You know something, darling?" he said, moving closer to the lens. "You look prettiest of all when you are in love. You are like a precious jewel." From somewhere I could hear throbbing organ music. The Continental paused for a moment, and his eyes gleamed like a pair of dime-store onyxes. "Was *I* ever in love?" he said, as though answering a question put to him by the camera. "Was *I* ever a silly man going around with a chip on my shoulder? With me, the world is still young." Then he had a sudden inspiration, and, turning to the bookshelf, he drew forth a volume of verse and began to read. The poem had something to do with "Lying in the hay, games we used to play, only yesterday." The Continental went on to extoll laughter, lights, glamour, beautiful girls ("some of them mine"), and the wonder of lying on one's back under the stars and gazing at apple trees. "Dun't you *see*, darling?" he cried, moving still closer to the camera. He offered the camera a rose, and protested that darling was avoiding his gaze. Finally, coming as close to darling as he could without getting caught in the machinery, he announced that he was going to embrace it, and he let his arms steal tenderly about it. "There I go," he

if he or she smokes...

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said, stepping back several feet, "acting like an orangutan again." The Continental became aware of the time (almost eleven-thirty), and, smiling toothily, he said, "And so good night, darling. *A rivederci, carina.*" And he was gone.

I FOUND it difficult to believe that any such performance would be repeated, and a few nights later, armed with a beer bottle, I lighted up the tiny screen at eleven-fifteen. There, by golly, was old Snakeyes again, this time wearing a business suit and a striped tie, and although his pitch was a shade less torrid, he still had his mind on the same topic. This time, he read the camera some excerpts from Elizabeth Browning, lifted his champagne glass, asked the camera why it was so pensive, and remarked, "I am not ashamed to admit that I have a line. A man without his line is like a Fuller Brush man without brushes." He seated himself at a piano and indulged in a few trills. He appeared tired as he told the camera a tale of magical love in a gondola passing under the Bridge of Sighs, and he seemed ready to fold as he drank a toast, inhaled deeply, said, "Keep dreaming, darling," and went away. He made it just in time. I was about to let fly with the beer bottle.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

After bringing the huge affair successfully to the ground, Phillips comments further:

"The nest gave me a surprise. It was not simple to get the eggs out of the nest cup, and I finally had to put my hand at the opening and tilt the nest. Three eggs rolled out. I put them aside and felt in the nest. Another egg! Four, I thought, a good big set for a tropical bird. Once again I put my hand under the opening, tilted the nest—and out fell three more eggs! So the set is of six. I am not expert enough to say whether or not the eggs are badly incubated or fresh."—*From "Arizona and Its Bird Life," by Herbert Brandt.*

And you'd never make a public accountant.

•

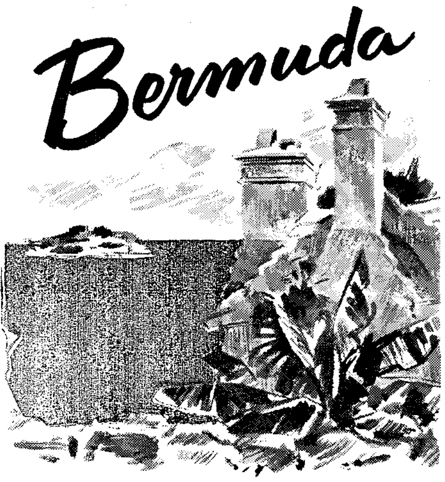
LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(CRAZED HUSBAND DIVISION)

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Robert J. Carter, 51, said in Santa Monica Municipal Court yesterday that he "went crazy" when he went to talk to his estranged wife Wednesday night and he looked through a window to see her embracing another man.

Spotting a car parked outside the house at 1300 W. 18th St., Santa Monica, Carter said that in his rage he took all four hubcaps off the wheels.

You wouldn't carry Emerald Seas to



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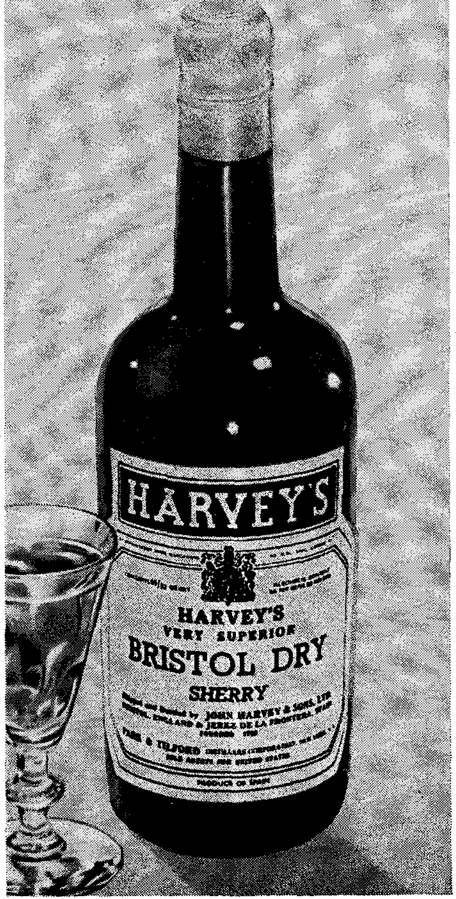

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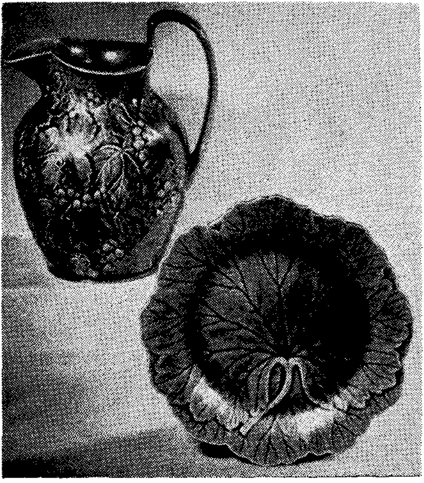
THE RACE TRACK

Jersey Lightning

IT'S probably a safe guess—or at least as safe a guess as you can make about a horse these days—that Spartan Valor is the most up-and-coming racer at Hialeah. First rattle out of the box, he won the Inaugural Handicap, beating Woodchuck, the Tropical Park wonder, among others. A fortnight later, he polished off Woodchuck again. Last weekend, he led all the way in the McLennan Handicap, the stepping stone to the Widener Handicap, and broke the course record, set three years ago by Coaltown, for a mile and a furlong. Few horses have run faster in Florida. He did the first six furlongs in 1:09⅘, the mile in 1:34⅖, and the full distance in 1:47⅕. As for the others, Mass O' Gold was second and Alerted third, and the also-rans included Greek Ship, Three Rings, Oil Capitol, Saxony, and Chicle II. While I'm embarrassed to admit it, Spartan Valor seems to me no more than an addition to the growing collection of topnotch sprinters. Maybe he's another Rippey, who was a wizard at six or seven furlongs; I fancy that William Helis, Jr., who owns him, would settle for that. Anyway, it's obvious that he deserves consideration for the Widener next Saturday.

As you probably know, Spartan Valor is a four-year-old brown colt by Attention, and he was bred by the late William Helis at Rancocas Farm, in New Jersey. Rancocas was, of course, the great racing stud established in the eighteen-seventies by the Lorillard family, who sent many splendid runners to the races. Later, it was owned by Harry F. Sinclair, when his stable was in its heyday, and about ten years ago it was acquired by Helis. It now belongs to his son. Spartan Valor has done most of his racing in Jersey, and he's ridden by Jimmy Stout, Jersey's favorite jockey, who says the colt gives him the fastest ride he's had on anything since Johnstown won the Withers.

THE big news from Santa Anita last week was that Hill Prince is back, apparently better than ever. He never was exactly what I'd call a fast horse, yet he won the San Marcos, at a



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mile, in 1:35⅘ on Saturday. It was the best time for the distance that has been recorded at the meeting. Bryan G., his stablemate, was second, and Be Fleet, who won the San Pasqual on New Year's Day, was third. Moonrush, winner of the Santa Anita Handicap a year ago, finished eighth, if you want to make anything out of that. Hill Prince, I was pleased to learn, hasn't changed his style of running. After a long holiday, racers sometimes do, either on their own hook or because their trainers or jockeys get notions about new tactics, and the result isn't always happy. Needless to say, he'll run in the San Antonio this weekend, and that ought to wind him up for the Santa Anita Handicap two weeks later. A well-fancied contender for the big race was removed the other day when Palestinian went lame during a workout and it was discovered that a bone in his right hind leg was fractured. Hirsch Jacobs, who trains him, may patch him up, as he did Stymie, but that takes a long time. Too bad good horses are so brittle.

There's little need for extended comment on the performance of Windy City II, the Irish colt who galloped off with the San Felipe Handicap, the race that followed Hill Prince's victory. Although he was giving as much as eighteen pounds to some of the starters, it seemed to be merely a question of whether he could go a mile and a sixteenth as well as he'd gone seven furlongs the preceding week. And nobody doubted very much that he could, for he was less than even money in the betting. Actually, the surprise was the dismal showing of Hill Gail, who finished sixth, and of Whither, who finished thirteenth. By the way, Arcaro rode both Hill Prince and Windy City II. That's nice going, but even so I can't quite agree with the United Press dispatch that called him "one of the greatest riders of all time."

PERHAPS you missed it, so I'll record here that a Calumet Farm three-year-old with the name of Unbelievable, if you please, finished eighth in a race at Santa Anita the other afternoon. He's a full brother of Citation. —AUDAX MINOR

•

There is as little fine and sharp delineation in the Jones brothers' photographs as there is in infantry action, which is all to the good. The effect is as if the scenes portrayed were really going on at the instant the pictures were made.—*The Saturday Review.*

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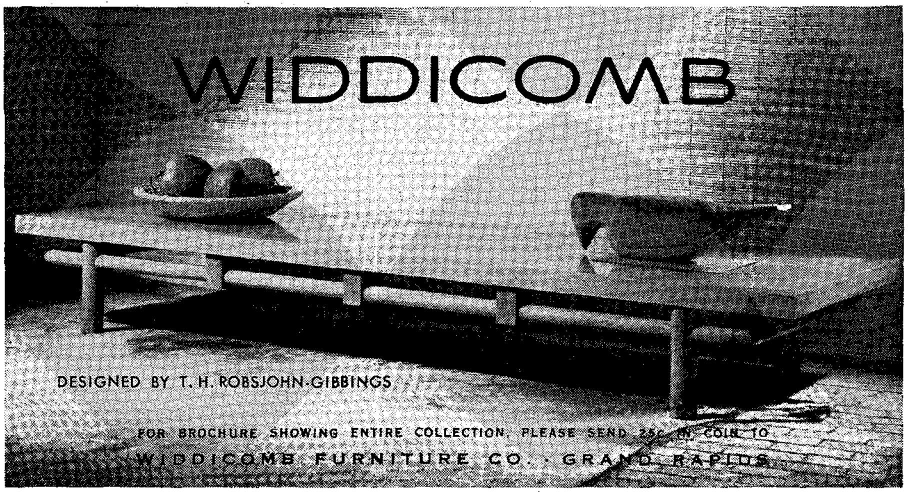

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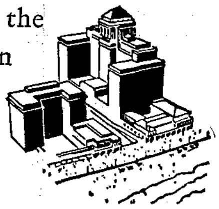

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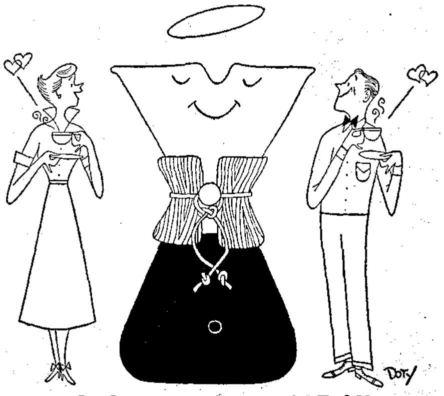

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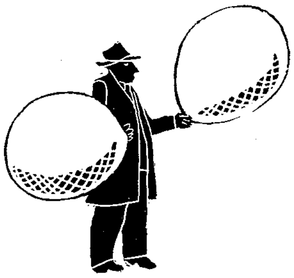
LA REVANCHE

I CAN'T remember any other time when I so badly wanted a large and specific sum of money for such a purely impractical purpose as I did the other day, when I saw a certain ship model in the window of an antique store on Third Avenue. I was all but positive that I had last seen it in the summer of 1914, on a sunny afternoon in the Tuileries Gardens, in Paris, though of course I could not be absolutely certain it was the same one. Like the ship model in the Tuileries Gardens, the one in the window was a scale model, about three feet long, of a French steam frigate of the eighteen-sixties, and though the nameplate had been removed, I was sure it was the Capitaine de Vaisseau Roudouellec. I went into the shop and asked the salesman there to let me have a good look at it. There was no way of identifying it conclusively. The salesman was young, and had an irritatingly roguish manner. He knew nothing of the history of the model beyond the fact that it had been bought by the owner of the shop at a public auction. In spite of an agonizing vestige of uncertainty, I felt so sure it was the one I remembered that I longed to buy it on the spot, but the price tag said three hundred dollars. The salesman told me I could have the ship for two hundred and fifty, but I didn't feel I could afford that much just to give myself an emotional treat. I am not a ship-model collector; it was simply that a model of that particular ship had been intimately connected with a bitter period of my childhood, and I felt that possessing this one, which I really believed was the same, would erase the memory of a wrong that has remained with me for slightly more than thirty-seven years.



IN 1910, when I was eight years old, my mother decided that my younger sister and I must learn French completely and properly, and after dozens of interviews with French-speaking ladies sent by various New York agencies, she selected Madame to be our governess. She was the widow of a Canadian civil servant, who had left her without funds. I will call him McNaughton. "Madame McNaughton" sounded silly to us, so she became just Madame. She was about fifty-five when we acquired her—small, strong, bony, and dynamic. She had a huge aquiline nose, piercing black eyes, sallow skin, high cheekbones, and straight, coarse black hair, parted in the middle and tied in a tight bun at the back of her head. She always dressed the same. In the house, she wore a black shirtwaist with a white jabot, a black skirt, black stockings, and high buttoned shoes. When we went out-of-doors, she wore her widow's weeds, and if it was cold she put on several black sweaters. She had a pair of rimless pince-nez, attached to one of those buttons with a spring wheel inside, but I don't think there was anything wrong with her eyes. At least she never seemed to miss anything.

As far as I know, she was the only real and overt sadist I have ever encountered. In a way, and from a professional point of view, her sadism turned out to be useful. She succeeded in teaching my sister and me French so well that we could speak it like French children, without accent. Her method was simple, and would now be called reactionary, to put it mildly. During the four years she was our governess, we were seldom out of her sight during the daytime, and sometimes we were with her at night, too. We were required to speak French to each other all the time, and if we made a mistake, or if we lapsed into English, we were either slapped hard on the face, given a box on the ear, kicked on the shins, or whipped with a little ash cane Madame kept near her. She had us intimidated—cowed, to use a melodramatic word, for it amounted to that.

My mother had no idea what was going on. She thought Madame was "severe," and she approved of that, but she didn't know about the whippings, and we were afraid to tell her, for fear we'd get worse ones. Madame taught us French songs, which should have provided gay occasions, but she made our music lessons just as grim as she made everything else. She had a loud, harsh voice, excellent pitch, and no musical feeling whatever, though she did play the piano accurately. Somehow she managed to give an ominous, menacing quality even to such nice, light little songs as "Cadet Rousselle," "Le Roi Dagobert," and "Sur le Pont d'Avignon."

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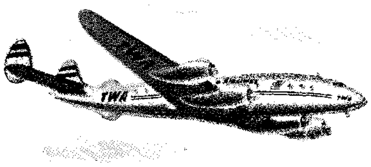

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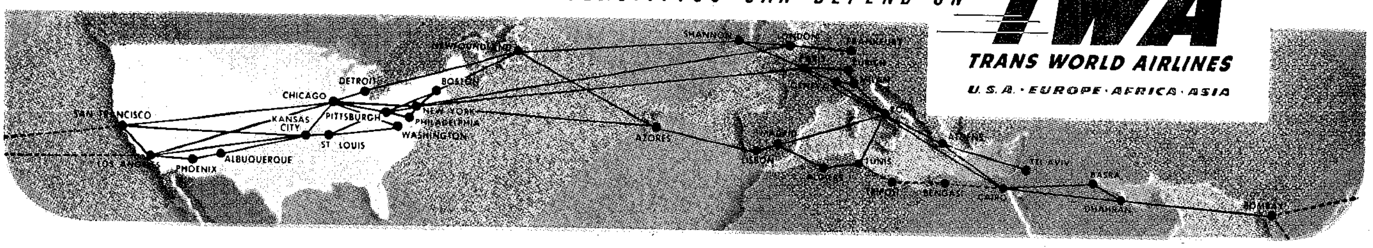
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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY the causes of Madame's outbreaks of cruelty, but I could never find any really good reason for them. My sister and I were fairly well-behaved children. Naturally, I knew nothing about the subconscious, or about complexes, compulsions, and so on. I did think of one reason, which even then seemed rather feeble, but for lack of a better one I clung to it: The first day she was with us, I had asked her if she was an Indian, for she looked to me exactly like an Indian squaw, and she was immediately resentful, making it plain that she considered my question a deep insult.

Later, when I was no longer in her charge, a somewhat better, though still inadequate, reason for her harshness occurred to me. The boy whose governess she had been before she came to us had evidently been a phenomenon, or at least she regarded him very highly and was always scornfully comparing me with him. I was small for my age, even puny, and this seemed to infuriate her. She was fond of reiterating that my predecessor was a great athlete and "*avait six pieds dans ses bas à quatorze ans.*" Also, she clearly implied that his parents were much wealthier and more openhanded than mine. The boy's family had moved to Manila, and had decided the boy was too old for a governess. Apparently this decision had been a great disappointment to Madame, and she took it out as energetically as she could on me.

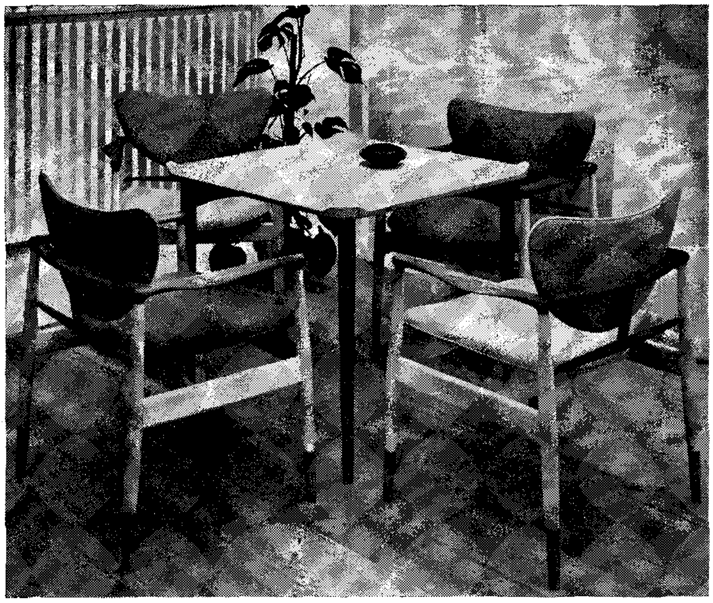
Some color is lent to this theory by the fact that Madame was a little kinder, if that is the word, to my sister than to me. Occasionally, she would very pointedly punish only me for a crime we both were guilty of, though of course my sister got plenty of slaps and snarls herself.

MADAME enjoyed her cruelty. One summer, at a New Jersey beach resort, she developed a characteristic ritual. Every day she would ask my sister and me, "*Alors, mes enfants, voulez-vous aller à la plage, ou au village?*"

If we replied, "*A la plage, Madame,*" she would smirk, and say, "*Très bien, nous irons au village.*"

We caught on to this almost at once, of course, and deliberately reversed our statements of preference, but she was no fool. She caught on to that *démarche* and, no matter how we tried to disguise our choice, we always landed where we didn't want to go.

In the summer of 1913, my mother took my sister and me, accompanied by



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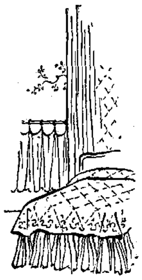

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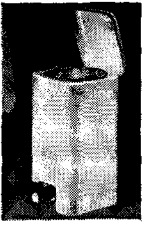

Madame, to Paris, and left the three of us in a hotel suite while she visited two of her sisters, who were married to Europeans and lived in other cities. Among the first things my sister and I noticed in Paris were the huge boxes of black, luscious-looking licorice displayed on the outdoor counters of the *bazars.* We longed to have some of them, but Madame wouldn't let us. However, she did promise us that one day, as a great treat, we might have some. After about two weeks, she appeared to give in, and bought us each one stick. We wondered what had got into her, but we didn't wonder long. The licorice was unsweetened and horribly bitter. It was a medicament—not a candy at all—and we were sick at our stomachs. While we retched and vomited, Madame laughed. It was one of the few times I ever saw her do so.

One day, she took us to see an old schoolmate of hers. She was married to a major in the Chasseurs d'Afrique who had fought in the Moroccan campaign of 1912, and lived in an apartment near the Champ de Mars. The major was home on leave from duty in North Africa. I was terrifically impressed by him and his uniform—the powder-blue tunic, the baggy scarlet pants tucked into embroidered gold-and-red Moorish boots—and he let me take his sabre out of its scabbard and look at it. But the visit had already provided a more satisfying thrill than that. The apartment had a very long entrance hall, and when the maid had let us in, Madame's schoolmate came running down the hall toward us. Madame ran toward her, they collided, and their noses banged together so violently that Madame cried—actually wept—with pain. My sister and I were savagely pleased.

Madame sensed our pleasure and lost no time taking revenge. When we left her schoolmate's apartment, we walked along the bridle path beside the Cours-la-Reine, an avenue that runs beside the Seine. I was watching an infantry soldier trying to sneak his hand inside the shirtwaist of the girl he was walking with. Suddenly I heard a yell behind me. My sister had fallen and cut her knee on one of the sharp yellow flints of the bridle path. I didn't really find this amusing, but as she went on bellowing, her expression became so ludicrous that I couldn't help laughing at it. The soldier let go of his girl, looked at us, and, catching my eye, began to laugh, too. This was Madame's cue. She screamed some insult in French at the soldier and, leaving my sister bleeding

Portrait of Mrs. Robert Goelet

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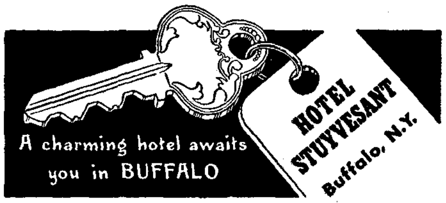


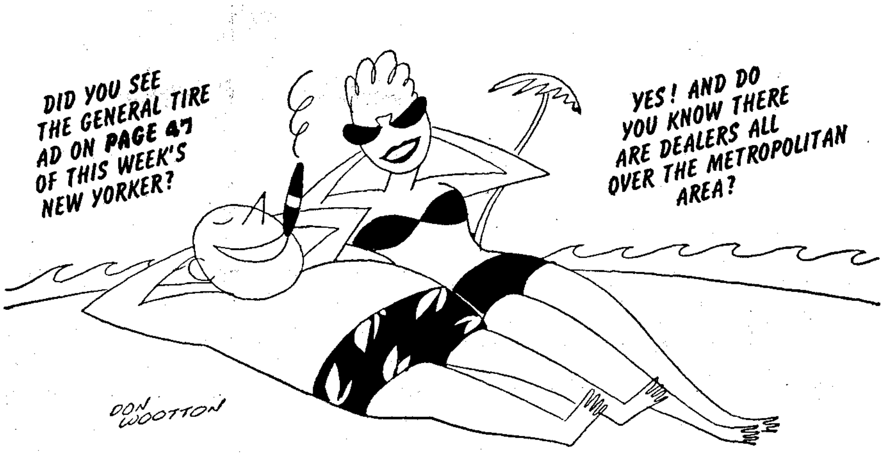
on a bench, rushed up to me and began hitting me ferociously with a rolled-up umbrella she always carried. After a minute, the soldier came over and wrested the umbrella away from her. He wouldn't give it back until her spasm was over and she had snarled that she guessed I'd been punished enough. Even so, he followed us for a few blocks, keeping an eye on her.

SHORTLY before we left for the States in the fall, Madame took us several times to see her first cousin, who was a draftsman in the Ministry of Marine. He was a small, jolly man, with curly brown hair and a forked beard, who looked rather like a mild version of Emile Zola. He had good-natured blue eyes and wore a black straw boater, a short black jacket, striped trousers, and a pair of little French pince-nez with black tin rims. My sister and I took an immediate liking to him, which Madame obviously resented.

Usually our visits to Madame's cousin consisted of spending an hour in the Tuileries Gardens with him after his work. A week or so before we sailed, he asked me if we were coming back to France the next year. I said I thought so (my mother had hinted that we were), and he said he'd make me a toy boat and give it to me then. Madame tried to forbid it, but her cousin managed to talk her down.

That winter, I passed my twelfth birthday and began to resent the domination of Madame more and more acutely. I was going to prep school the following year, and I felt I was too old for a governess. We lived at that time in a brownstone house on East Thirty-ninth Street, where I had a large room to myself. Once, in the middle of the night, I was suddenly awakened by a blow on the face and a stream of French invective. In the dark, I could see absolutely nothing, but in a furious reflex I flung out both legs and kicked violently upward. My feet encountered an obstacle. There was a thump on the floor and an awful groaning. I leaped up and turned on the light. Madame lay beside my bed moaning and gasping. I had kicked her in the solar plexus and knocked her wind out. I can't say that I was at all sorry, but I was scared to death. One of the maids, aroused by the rumpus, came in and threw water on Madame and gave her smelling salts.

Madame had not been seriously hurt. She recovered her breath after a few minutes, and before she left the room she gave me a long, cryptic look. "I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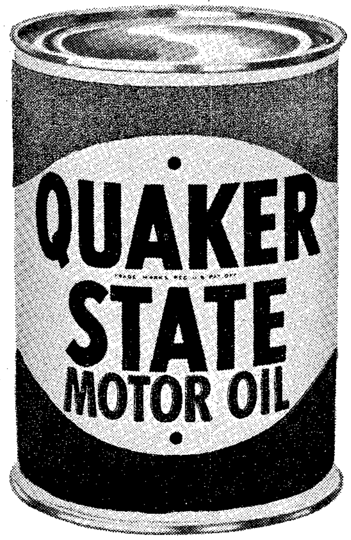

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did not think you were a brute as well as a sneak," she said.

I asked her what she meant.

"You know," she said. "You went through my bureau and read my private letters."

This was so unjust that I sprang toward her, for once forgetting my physical fear of her. "I did not!" I shouted. "I never touched your letters!" (As a matter of fact, I learned afterward that my sister had disturbed—but not read—the letters while looking for a toy Madame had confiscated. Madame never found this out.)

"*Nous verrons*," Madame said, and left the room.

From then on, she treated me with ironic politeness, restricting herself to sarcasm and insults, and refraining from blows. After some weeks, she even eased up a little on the sarcasm, so I thought she had forgotten the incident, and I had almost acquired a feeling of independence by the time we went back to France in the summer.

When we got there, I couldn't wait to see Tonton Jacques, as we called Madame's cousin, whose full name I never knew. The second day we were in Paris, Madame and my sister and I met him at the boat pond in the Tuileries. He had my boat with him! Only, instead of the "toy boat" he had talked about, it was a beautiful full-rigged scale model of a French steam frigate, the Capitaine de Vaisseau Roudouellec, complete with brassbound deck guns, lifeboats, everything—and actually propelled by a small steam engine. Tonton Jacques started it and set the rudder, and the boat chugged thrillingly away among the little model sailboats on the pond.

Nearly weeping with gratitude, I wanted to take the boat back to the hotel at once, in my arms, but Tonton Jacques said that there were a few finishing touches to be added, and that he still had to make a crate for it for the trip home. That decent man had been working on the model for a whole year. After we had watched it for a while, we went to the Ministry, Tonton Jacques carrying the boat. Madame followed him inside, telling my sister and me to wait for her. She came out a few minutes later, her face set, and I asked her when we could come back and get the boat. She turned to me, and I think she looked even happier than she had when we were sick from the licorice. "*Mon cher petit*," she said, "I am sorry, but I have told Tonton that your mother would never consent to your taking that great big thing back

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to the United States. We already have too much luggage to contend with. Besides, your mother told me she considered steam engines too dangerous as toys. You must forget it, and *I forbid you to say anything about this to your mother*."

I know this sounds theatrical, but when she said it, she looked actually murderous, and I was afraid to disobey her.

As it happened, Madame decided to stay in France, so my sister and I returned to New York without a governess. The first night out, it was very rough and the boat pitched like mad. I was seasick, and miserable about the frigate as well. The combination unmanned me, and I cried. My mother, coming into the cabin, found me crying and insisted that I tell her what the trouble was. I told her the whole story. She was silent for a few minutes; then she said, rather unsteadily, "Dearie, it's my fault. I didn't know. We'll write to him. We'll get the boat after all. We'll get it for you." Then—momentarily forgetting my presence, I suppose—she said in a kind of abstracted voice, "My Lord! If I'd realized what an old . . ." She broke off and looked at me once more. "Why, I'd have fired her on the spot," she said.

Then she kissed me good night and went out.

Well, we never did find out what Tonton Jacques' last name was, and I never got the boat. It was obviously useless to write to Madame. World War I broke out almost as soon as we got home, and everything was badly mixed up. So I didn't see that Roudouellec again until early in 1952—that is, if I saw it then.—Frederick Packard

•

Bellefontaine—D. Roscoe Baldwin, R.R.3, Bellefontaine, on Friday night recited from memory a 10,000-word poem he has composed for a gathering of 100 persons in the Goshen Friends church near Zanesfield. He has worked on the poem for 16 years, he said. It is the story of his life. He is 64 years old. The recitation lasted for an hour and a half.—*Dayton (Ohio) Daily News.*

And we missed it!

•

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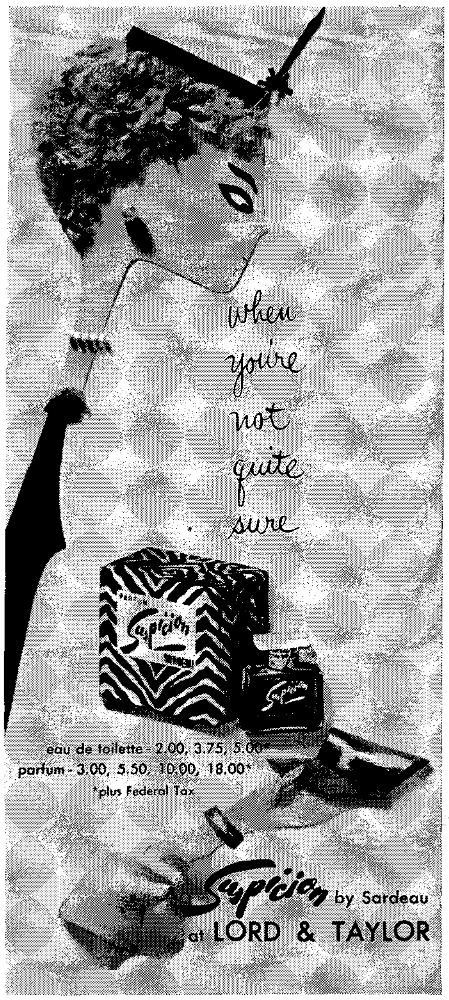
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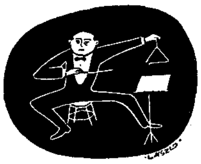

HAVING heard glowing reports over the past year or more about the Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company, a troupe of semi-professionals who put on compact Gilbert and Sullivan productions in the basement of the Jan Hus Presbyterian Church, on East Seventy-fourth Street, between First and Second Avenues, I dropped in there last Thursday night and listened to a performance of "Patience," one of the less frequently presented Savoyard musicals. When I arrived at the church, after a walk through some discouraged-looking streets in the lower part of Yorkville, the place was dark except for the glass panes in a double doorway a few steps down from the level of the pavement. I descended the steps, passed through a small foyer, where I paid a dollar and eighty cents admission, and entered the auditorium, a musty cellar in which some fifty people had gathered to see the performance. Taking my place on a hard pew that had obviously been demoted from upstairs but was still determined to teach people to sit up straight, I glanced at a picture of George Washington on one wall, looked for and found the one of Lincoln on the other, and settled down to watch the entertainment, which was just beginning.

The conductor, a woman, was seated on a low stool directly in front of the stage, which was also low, and a younger woman, off to one side, was playing a piano arrangement of the score. Onstage, in a simple but suitable setting, nine comely girls, all with trained voices and all attractively costumed, were singing the opening chorus, "Twenty Lovesick Maidens We." The discrepancy didn't bother me at all. I listened with pleasure, and particularly to the lovely mezzo-soprano of Lady Angela, played by Jane Orth, who, I was later told, has been doing secretarial work in television. The choral work was clean, so every word was distinguishable, and in no time at all I was having a lot of fun with Gilbert and Sullivan—more than I had the last time the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company was in town. The voices were fresh, the players were young yet experienced (the company has been singing together about three

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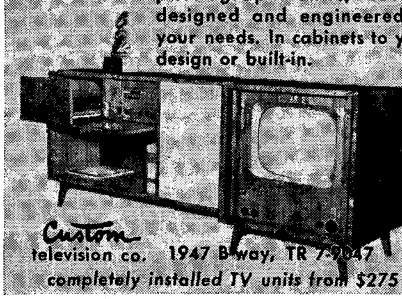
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years), and they had been excellently directed. The dairymaid, Patience, was portrayed by Sally Knapp, a singularly pretty brunette model who has a delicate lyric-soprano voice and an accurate sense of Gilbertian archness. In handling the part of Reginald Bunthorne, the "fleshly poet," a young bass-baritone named Ronald Bush, who also designed costumes for the troupe, showed an expert sense of comedy. As a matter of fact, he and Mary-Ellen Thompson, a splendid contralto who played Lady Jane with a winning mixture of imperiousness and charm, gave the most resourceful performances of the evening. Miss Thompson is a voice teacher. Another young man, Rue Knapp, who, I learned, is Sally Knapp's brother and has a number of duties with the company, including that of designing its scenery—he is an artist by trade—spoke and sang the part of the Duke of Dunstable, a lieutenant of dragoons, in a stylishly impressive tenor. And a hospital orderly, Josef Lemmen, who had the baritone role of Colonel Calverly, led the chorus of six dragoons manfully in "When I First Put This Uniform On." It was a thoroughly engaging production, professional in manner, the only weak spot being the thin-sounding piano accompaniment.

After the show, the conductor, Dorothy Raedler, who, as the founder of the group, has been its managing director from the start and now devotes her whole time to the enterprise, faced the audience and announced that the company, which has been operating on a profit-sharing basis whenever there have been any profits, will turn completely professional next fall and tour the country for ten weeks under the name of American Savoyards, Inc. This was greeted with an encouraging burst of applause, and Miss Raedler invited the spectators to meet the cast informally in an adjoining room.

The Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company gives performances every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night and on alternate Saturday afternoons. The bill is changed every two weeks.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, a master hand, was in charge of the Philadelphia Orchestra last week during its most recent visit to Carnegie Hall. Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony, which opened the evening, went off beautifully, and Rossini's "Semiramide" Overture, which closed it, was equally delightful from beginning to end. There were four numbers on the program, and the only dead one—for me, at any

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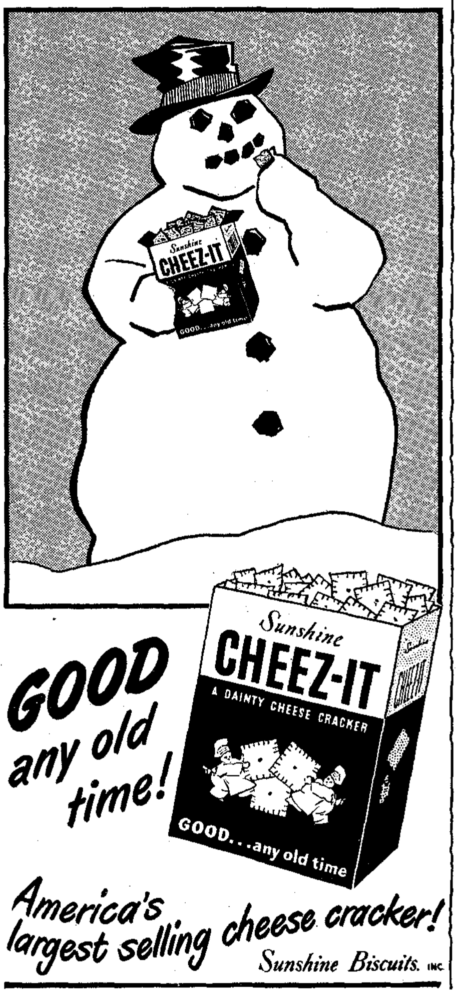
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rate—was Sibelius's Symphony No. 6. The other offering was a suite consisting of nine fairly short numbers from "The Triumph of Neptune," a ballet scored by the English composer Lord Berners, who died two years ago. Berners, a musical satirist of modest aims, whose works are seldom played here, put "The Triumph of Neptune" together with a kind of friendly impudence, poking fun at dancing fairy princesses and other forms of romantic life. He doesn't do much more here than toss up a catchy tune and repeat it a few times in sprightly orchestral arrangements, but the novelty of the work, and its cheerfulness, fitted nicely into this particular program. Beecham's conducting was, of course, admirably assured throughout the concert.

THE Metropolitan Opera revived Verdi's "Otello" last Saturday afternoon in an engrossing performance under the musical direction of Fritz Stiedry. The gripping quality of Shakespeare's story, worked into a sound operatic libretto by Arrigo Boito, was greatly intensified by the forceful singing and acting of Ramon Vinay, in the title role, and of Leonard Warren, as Iago. Their contributions were vigorously set off by Eleanor Steber's appealing work as Desdemona, a new role for this soprano. It was remarkable how caught up everyone seemed to be in the villainy of Iago, the sick-mindedness of Otello, and his deplorable treatment of Desdemona. A pert, elderly lady sitting behind me clucked softly every time Iago's depravity took a fresh turn. . . . At the beginning of the week, Graciela Rivera, an attractive little slip of a coloratura soprano, made her Met début, singing the name part in "Lucia di Lammermoor," no less. It was too formidable an enterprise for her, but it didn't throw her entirely, and despite her somewhat timid portrayal, she managed to use her small yet beautifully clear voice to excellent effect.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

GOSSIP

Gossip blows the curtains straight
  All across the town.
Latch the door and bar the gate,
  Close the window down,

Keep the chimney damper tight,
  Let no air be stirred.
Now that we are safe from spite,
  Tell me, have you heard . . .?

—CHARLES MALAM

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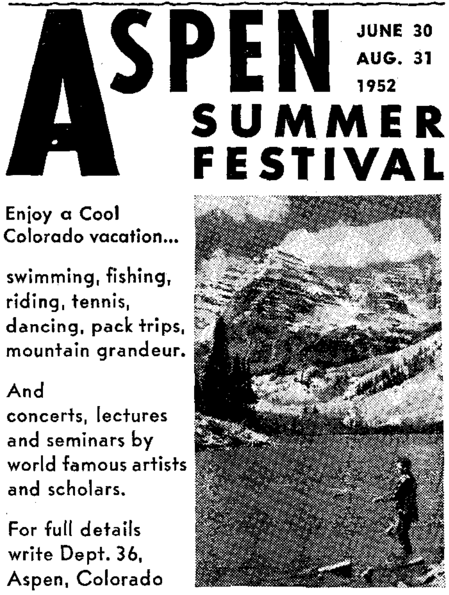
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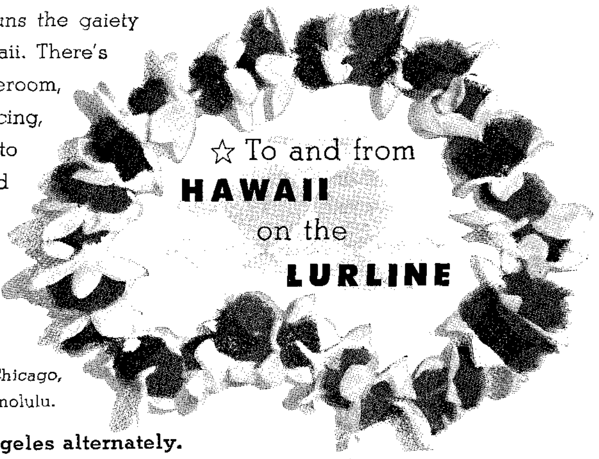

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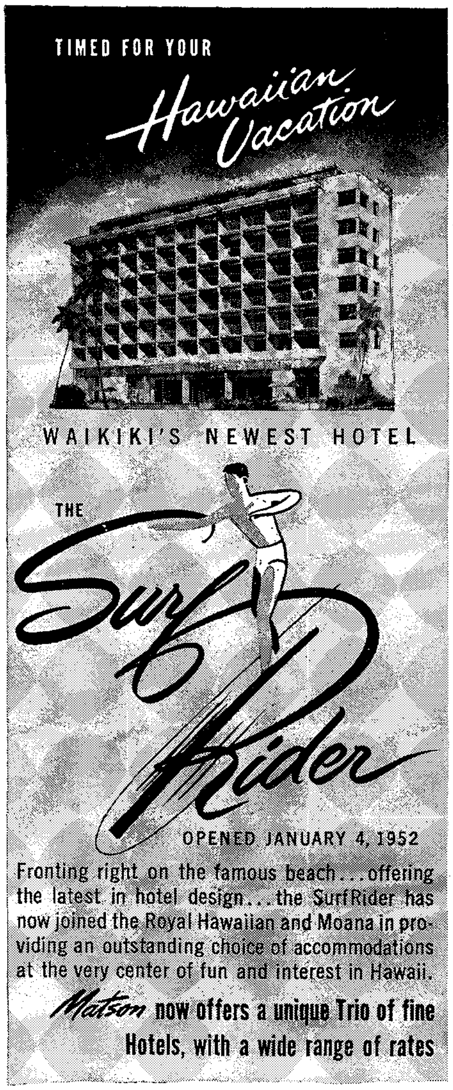

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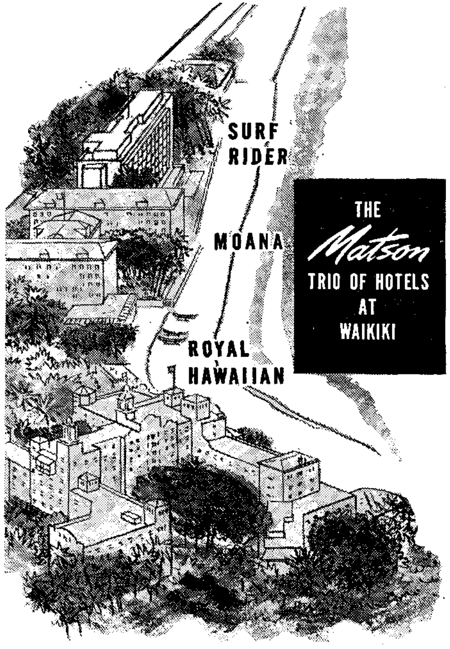
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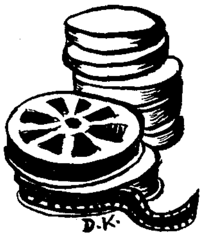
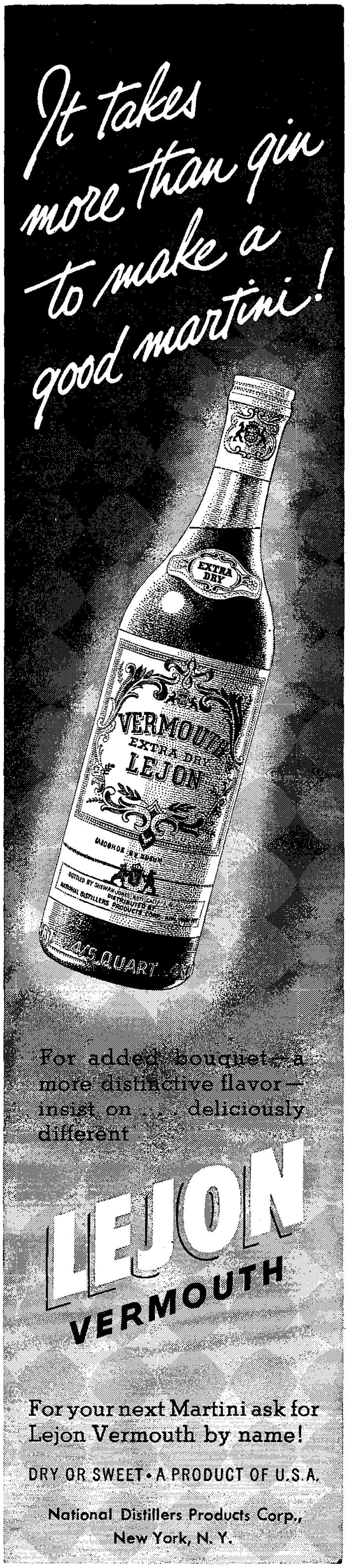
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Wool from the West



"'VIVA ZAPATA!' is one of the most exciting films I ever saw.... It is savagely directed by Elia Kazan, played fanatically by Marlon Brando, and shepherded through production by Darryl F. Zanuck." This effusion, with its troublesome syntax, appeared over John Steinbeck's signature in a newspaper advertisement the other day. I was, naturally, awed, until I realized that Mr. Steinbeck was indulging in a bit of special pleading for a movie whose script he had written. Then along came an even stronger pronouncement: "Recently, at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, I saw a motion picture that I cannot get out of my mind. As I watched it, the walls of the projection room seemed to disappear. There was no longer a screen, no longer actors. As 'Viva Zapata!' unfolded, I was swept into the time, the place, the life of Emiliano Zapata, one of the last and most spectacular of Mexico's men on horseback." This one was signed George P. Skouras, and it carried a lot of weight with me until I remembered that his brother Spyros is the head man at Twentieth Century-Fox. In this wilderness of self-congratulation, I am a stranger and afraid. Perhaps nobody will be too offended with me if I timorously suggest that it is not Mr. Kazan, or Mr. Brando, or Mr. Zanuck, or Mr. Steinbeck who is really responsible for whatever merit "Viva Zapata!" has. Let us, while our two-footed friends are reeling under their own accolades, honor the noble horses who charge about in the picture, giving more of themselves than any horses have since William S. Hart hung up his tack.

Mr. Kazan is obviously a skilled hand with horses, but I'm not sure that his direction of humans is so felicitous. Mr. Brando, for example, would have been well advised not to play Zapata as if the man were a pal of Abe Reles, and possibly Jean Peters, as his beloved, would be better off if she behaved a little less like a Stork Club ingénue. It is plainly a necessity in any movie about Mexico to include panoramas of gentlemen in what look like pajamas moving tidally against their oppressors, but in "Viva Zapata!" Mr. Kazan seems to have had



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the idea that if masses in motion are effective in the first reel, even bigger masses will be even more effective in the last. Of Mr. Steinbeck's script, I can say only that it makes many of the actors sound as if they were speaking an alien, and possibly dead, tongue and that some of the sequences of his plot are a trifle hard to credit. I very much doubt, for instance, whether an ardent gentleman on his wedding night would suggest to his beloved that the occasion is a dandy one for her to start teaching him how to read, and I just can't believe that an illiterate like Zapata would suddenly blossom into a sort of West Coast La Rochefoucauld, as he does here, kicking around ideas as steamy as a laundry about men and women and how they are seared by destiny, and such.

What "Viva Zapata!" really adds up to is an old-fashioned Western, and taken as that it's quite entertaining. As a matter of fact, if Mr. Steinbeck's murky views on revolution and Mr. Kazan's art-for-art's-sake shots were played down a bit, there wouldn't be any room for complaint about the picture at all. Among those earnestly engaged in the support of Mr. Brando and Miss Peters are Anthony Quinn, Joseph Wiseman, and Frank Silvera. The last, in thick-lensed glasses, portrays Huerta, yet another Mexican strong man, as if he were an uneasy relic of those anti-Japanese films we used to see during the war.

HAVING explored the miseries of Johannesburg in "Cry, the Beloved Country," the film-makers in Africa have now come up with a sprightly little comedy about the place, called "The Magic Garden." This has to do chiefly with the adventures of a treasure of forty pounds, from the time it is stolen from a priest until the harried thief puts it back in the clergyman's pocket. As enacted by a cast of colored amateurs, who break out with some lively singing and dancing now and then, "The Magic Garden" is fresh and funny, and you ought to have a good time watching it. —J. McC.

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE TO ONESELF

[*From "Under Whatever Sky," by Irwin Edman*]

"How fortunate an age we are living in," I said to myself, "when a busy young woman can provide, out of a can, so exotically interesting a soup, one that would have been attainable earlier only at an expensive French restaurant or after hours of labor."

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One publisher, Harian Publications, is known throughout the world for its devotion, for 16 years, to the idea of publishing hard-to-learn facts about how to travel on a shoestring. Among its research staff are the internationally known Norman D. Ford and Fredric E. Tyarks, who have spent a lifetime learning methods of low cost travel. They have combed the four corners of the world to find out just how one can travel on the least amount of money, what countries are best to visit, and just where you can get the most for your money.

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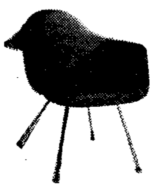

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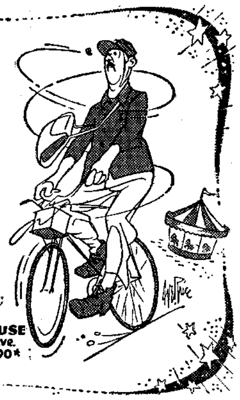

BOOKS

Verse

WHEN Goethe stated that the shudder expressed mankind's best side, he was thinking not of the Gothic atmosphere fashionable in his day so much as of the general feeling of awe at the mysteries of the universe, to which the most hardened materialist is not entirely immune. In modern poetry, this larger emotion is rare indeed; the whole emotional set of the period is against it. The Gothic shudder, on the other hand, appears with fair regularity. The Surrealists revived it while exploiting the dark marvels of the subconscious, and traces of Surrealist influence continue to crop up in modern verse, although the movement, on the whole, is exhausted. Four poets who have published recent volumes illustrate the methods—precarious at best and open to failure more than to success—by which the modern imagination tries to project feelings of mystery and awe.

One method involves a putting on of masks, or personae, through which the poet speaks. This seems a simple procedure; Browning was good at it, as well as Pound and Yeats. It is, nonetheless, a difficult feat, for, as Yeats quickly discovered, "there must be a living face behind the mask." The poet, that is, must take infinite care not to stiffen into an effigy of the character he assumes; he must remain integrated, alive, and himself behind his disguises. And if he holds to this method, he will soon be forced to provide landscapes for his figures, thereby involving himself with growing problems, both imaginative and structural.

Horace Gregory, from the beginning of his career, has occupied himself with building up such an allegorical world. He derives his scene from the most diverse sources: the reality of the furnished room and the corner bar-and-grill, the artifice of settings drawn from art, literature, or myth. He has peopled his backgrounds with a crowd of characters, ancient and modern, real and imagined. His later work, as it appears in "Selected Poems" (Viking), has taken a slightly different turn; his backgrounds tend to be real enough while his characters become more and more ghostly and decorative—passive figurants rather than actors. Gregory, too, is now fascinated not only by ghosts but by other kinds of magic. In his later poems, some final, transcendent, hair-raising event seems imminent. That it never occurs is not because of his lack either of ingenuity or of expressive range, for he has both. What is lacking is an ultimate daring that would crack the surface of his too carefully manipulated world, wherein the mask has come to disguise the face only too well.

Randall Jarrell, in his new volume, "The Seven-League Crutches" (Harcourt, Brace), is another poet who is obsessed with problems of reality and non-reality. Much of his recent work is wrapped in gauze—in the dreams and fantasies of childhood, in literary allusiveness, or in the distorting light of the legend or the fairy tale. His "adaptations" of poems by Rilke and Corbière are more vivid than his original writing; he catches the tone of both men and is particularly successful in bringing over into English Corbière's roughness, deliberate dislocation of meaning, and alternate coarseness and tenderness. But when Jarrell attempts these effects on his own, his suspension of meaning, quirks of language, and tenuous dramatic sense show signs of artificial inducement. There is something not so much eerie as bloodless in Jarrell's world, inhabited almost exclusively, as it is, with beings too young to have known life or too baffled to act. These creatures revolve in a limbo of pain and fear. It is difficult to animate such shadows or to attach any dramatic substance to them.

Richard Eberhart, on the other hand, is a poet who can turn the cube of reality (in William James' phrase) so that another facet comes into view. At his best, he does this with the mystic's ease. His "Selected Poems" (Oxford) finally brings his gifts into focus. Eberhart, possessing the innocent unself-consciousness of one to whom the spirit is a reality, in earlier volumes displayed the faults of his virtues: tendencies toward diffuseness of language and dilution of idea. The poems in this collection are concentrated, both in mood and form, and the total effect is remarkable. "The Groundhog" and "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment," already justly famous in the annals of modern verse, are by no means solitary successes. Eberhart continues to be original because his vision is constantly self-refreshing, and he needs no masks to

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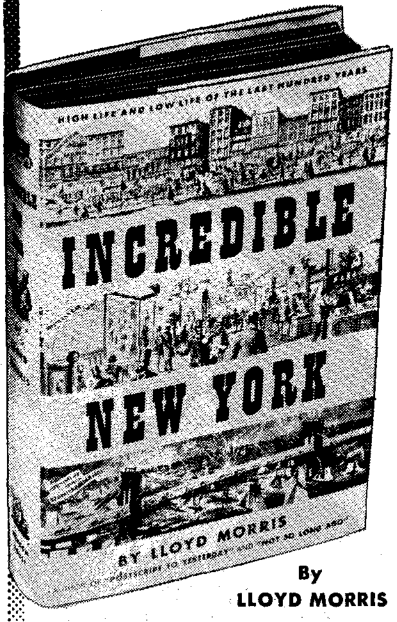

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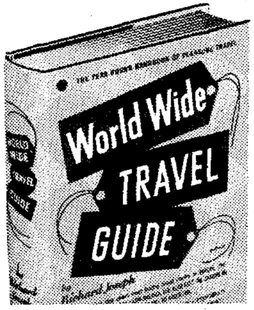

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If Theodore Roethke's poetry in "Praise to the End!" (Doubleday) seems at first glance more consciously produced than Eberhart's, it is soon evident that the two poets share an unforced power of imaginative penetration into the obscure, the hidden, and the inarticulate, and that they are both capable of that larger awe of which Goethe spoke. Roethke has added several long poems to passages from "The Lost Son," published a few years ago, and these additions accent his original theme—the journey from the child's primordial subconscious world, through the regions of adult terror, guilt, and despair, toward a final release into the freedom of conscious being. Roethke's description of this progress attaches itself to recognizable myth and legend hardly at all; his rendition of a sub- or pre-conscious world is filled with coiling and uncoiling, nudging and creeping images that often can be expressed only with the aid of nonsense and gibberish. But it is witty nonsense and effective gibberish, since the poet's control over this difficult material is always formal; he knows exactly when to increase and when to decrease pressure, and he comes to a stop just before the point of monotony is reached. Behind Roethke's method exists the example of Joyce, but Roethke has invented a symbolism, in his searching out of these terrors, marginal to our consciousness, that is quite his own. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MARIANNE, by Rhys Davies (Doubleday). Mr. Davies, who is a magnificent writer when he wants to be, has written an artificial and rather dull book about a very dull girl named Barbara, who tries, in a very effortful and unlikely way, to avenge her twin sister's death. It all takes place somewhere in Wales.

GENERAL

THROUGH CHARLEY'S DOOR, by Emily Kimbrough (Harper). A retrospective survey of behind-the-scenes life in a big department store—in this instance, Marshall Field during the nineteen-twenties—which, possibly because of the relative changelessness of such establishments, has a remarkably up-to-date air about it. Miss Kimbrough's narrative is concerned primarily with her own metamorphosis from privileged customer, en-

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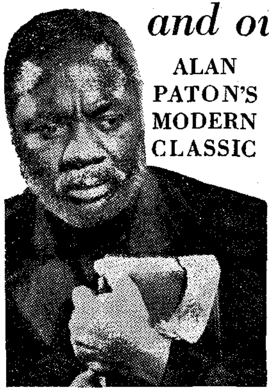

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The Lovely Leave. This "gem" has a very special meaning for all young lovers and married couples who know the poignancy of war-time meetings and farewells. Here is humor, sentimentalism, irony . . . and devastating truth concerning love.

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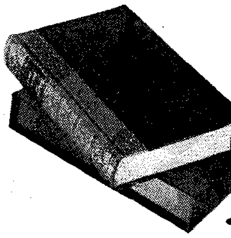

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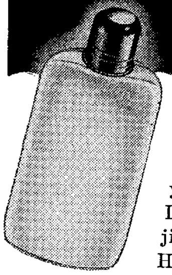

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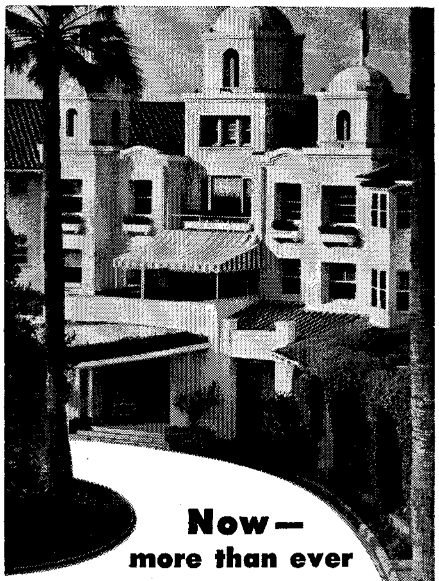
RELICS OF AN UN-COMMON ATTORNEY, by Reginald L. Hine (Macmillan). A collection of papers from the literary estate of Reginald Hine, the Hertfordshire lawyer, bibliophile, historian, antiquary, and amateur of the gentle arts, who died in 1949, five years after the publication of his memorable "Confessions of an Uncommon Attorney." The introduction to the book is a memoir of Mr. Hine by his friend and fellow-historiographer Dr. Richenda Scott. The contents include a biographical portrait of a seventeenth-century country squire, constructed from his account book, which the author discovered; a number of pieces on the history of Hitchin, Mr. Hine's home town; and oddments like an address on graffiti before a church antiquarian society, a scalding imprecation against boring biographers of tiresome people, a description of an iron fiddle constructed by John Bunyan, and a good murder story, along with many excursions into Hertfordshire history. The whole crackles with the author's unique personality and wit. Many illustrations.

WE SHARED AN ISLAND, by Guy Morrison (Norton). To escape the vexations of civilized existence, the author, an Australian newspaperman, chucked everything to go live, with his cheerfully compliant wife and their two children, on a tiny island off Queensland. The island, only a square mile in area, was shared with their friend Paul, a painter who had settled there five years before, and a newcomer named Merton, who was also a painter. Mr. Morrison built his own thatch-roofed house, planted a garden, and settled down to enjoy his freedom. Apparently, people get on one another's nerves easier on an island than in a city, because the Morrisons and Paul fell out very soon. Next, it became clear that the family couldn't exist if it didn't trade with the mainland; this required money, and money was what the



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author had hoped to do without. Then a pair of rich and quarrelsome Americans, fleeing taxes, moved in and put up a regular house, and the Morrisons began to long for civilization far more than they had longed to escape it. A tornado tore their house down and sent them on their way. A well-written and engaging narrative, not without humor.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELINGS, by George Dangerfield (Harcourt, Brace). A sort of anatomy of James Monroe's administration (1817-25), known then and since by the descriptive phrase the author uses as his title. It really wasn't quite as halcyon a time as all that (what eight years of history ever were?), but it was a time of resurgent national optimism. We had terminated, if not precisely won, a war with Great Britain that had almost cost us our sovereignty; there was general prosperity during the early part of the period; and there was little serious political dissension—indeed, there was only one party in operation. The nation was still small, but its President was able to proclaim a doctrine ordering the big and greedy nations of Europe to keep off our hemispheric preserves and make it stick. (Mr. Dangerfield explains how we were able to get away with it.) The book embraces more than Monroe's Presidential years, which constituted a bridge between Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democracy, and much of it is necessarily concerned with European politics vis-à-vis America. It is an agile piece of historical writing—witty, selective, and illuminating.

EMILY DICKINSON, by Richard Chase (Sloane's American Men of Letters Series). Mr. Chase succeeds, where other biographers have failed, in breaking through the romantic and sentimental picture of the forlorn and eccentric New England spinster who loved to play childish games to the powerful and determined woman of genius who wrote great poetry. He places this complex woman in her historic and social milieu, and divides her work, as her more ardent admirers hesitate to divide it, into various categories of excellence. A slight touch of fashionable academic theory-spinning is noticeable in Mr. Chase's critical method, but on the whole he comes through with solid results.

LONDON LADIES, by Lucy Poate Stebbins (Columbia University Press). An oddly assorted collection of bio-

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graphical sketches of some eighteenth- and nineteenth-century women, most of them London residents, whose outstanding common characteristic seems to have been emotional dishevelment, generally of lifelong duration. By far the most successful of the pieces is one dealing with the ladylike but lethal warfare that developed between the Misses Sally and Maria Siddons, the daughters of the celebrated actress, over Sir Thomas Lawrence, the painter (here presented as a singularly wishy-washy young man), which ended only when Maria, on her deathbed, extracted a promise from her sister never to marry him. Other more or less distraught ladies are Martha Ray, the mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, who was murdered by a deranged clergyman; Elizabeth Inchbald, an actress and writer whom Mrs. Stebbins refers to as "My Lady Restless" and who she apparently feels was the prototype of the modern movie actress; Amelia Opie, a minor novelist; Dorothea Lieven, a Russian lady with a taste for illustrious lovers; and Jane Welsh Carlyle, who is given a very skimpy treatment. Interesting material, which would have been much improved by the excision of Mrs. Stebbins' moral asides.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BLACK GARDENIA, by Elliot Paul (Random House). Homer Evans, Mr. Paul's erudite sleuth, and his admiring aide, Finke Maguire, are a considerable help to the Los Angeles police in solving a series of poisonings. Others in the cast are a popular film star and his fiancée, a Texas millionaire, a beautiful Mexican (the Black Gardenia), three gangsters from Chicago, a little psychiatrist and his formidable nurse, and a great many press agents, directors, and studio hangers-on. There is also a mysterious contingent that frequents the Omar Garden bungalows and knows far too much about the plants—Sarracenia, Venus's-flytrap, and many others—that kill insects just for the fun of it. In spite of three murders, this is a dull book, and a confusing and pretentious one as well, especially after the gaiety of "Murder on the Left Bank."

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